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THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS

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THE INGOLDSBY

LEGENDS

By the

REV. RICHARD H. BARHAM

Cassell and Company, Limited
London, Paris, New York and
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THE INGOLDSBY

LEGENDS

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THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

The Purse's Story.

THE HAND OF GLORY.

ON the lone bleak moor, At the midnight hour,
Beneath the Gallows Tree,
Hand in hand The Murderers stand,
By one, by two, by three !
And the Moon that night With a grey, cold light
Each baleful object tips ;
One half of her form Is seen through the storm,
The other half's hid in Eclipse !
And the cold Wind howls, And the Thunder growls,
And the Lightning is broad and bright ;
And altogether It's very bad weather,
And an unpleasant sort of a night !
“ Now mount who list, And close by the wrist,
Sever me quickly the Dead Man's fist !
Now climb who dare Where he swings in air,
And pluck me five locks of the Dead Man's hair ! ”

There's an old woman dwells upon Tappington Moor,
She hath years on her back at the least fourscore,
And some people fancy a great many more ;
Her nose it is hook'd, Her back it is crook'd,
Her eyes blear and red : On the top of her head
Is a mutch, and on that A shocking bad hat,
Extinguisher-shaped, the brim narrow and flat !
Then,—My Gracious !—her beard !—it would sadly perplex
A spectator at first to distinguish her sex ;

Nor, I'll venture to say, without scrutiny could he
 Pronounce her, off-handed, a Punch or a Judy.
 Did you see her, in short, that mud-hovel within,
 With her knees to her nose, and her nose to her chin,
 Leering up with that queer, indescribable grin,
 You'd lift up your hands in amazement, and cry,
 "—Well!—I never *did* see such a regular Guy!"

And now before That old Woman's door,
 Where nought that's good may be,
 Hand in hand The Murderers stand,
 By one, by two, by three!
 Oh! 'tis a horrible sight to view,
 In that horrible hovel, that horrible crew,
 By the pale blue glare of that flickering flame,
 Doing the deed that hath never a name!

'Tis awful to hear Those words of fear!
 The prayer mutter'd backwards, and said with a sneer!
 (Matthew Hopkins himself has assured us that when
 A witch says her prayers, she begins with "Amen.")—

—'Tis awful to see On that old Woman's knee
 The dead, shrivell'd hand, as she clasps it with glee!—
 And now with care, The five locks of hair
 From the skull of the Gentleman dangling up there,
 With the grease and the fat Of a black Tom Cat
 She hastens to mix, And to twist into wicks,
 And one on the thumb and each finger to fix.—
 (For another receipt the same charm to prepare,
 Consult Mr. Ainsworth and *Petit Albert*.)

"Now open lock To the Dead Man's knock!
 Fly bolt, and bar, and band!—
 Nor move, nor swerve, Joint, muscle, or nerve,
 At the spell of the Dead Man's hand!
 Sleep all who sleep!—Wake all who wake!—
 But be as the Dead for the Dead Man's sake!"

All is silent! all is still,
 Save the ceaseless moan of the bubbling rill
 As it wells from the bosom of Tappington Hill,
 And in Tappington Hall Great and Small,

Gentle and Simple, Squire and Groom,
 Each one hath sought his separate room,
 And sleep her dark mantle hath o'er them cast,
 For the midnight hour hath long been past !
 All is darksome in earth and sky,
 Save from yon casement, narrow and high,
 A quivering beam On the tiny stream
 Plays, like some taper's fitful gleam
 By one that is watching wearily.

Within that casement, narrow and high,
 In his secret lair, where none may spy,
 Sits one whose brow is wrinkled with care,
 And the thin grey locks of his failing hair
 Have left his little bald pate all bare ;

For his full-bottom'd wig Hangs, bushy and big,
 On the top of his old-fashion'd, high-back'd chair.

Unbraced are his clothes, Ungarter'd his hose,
 His gown is bedizen'd with tulip and rose,
 Flowers of remarkable size and hue,
 Flowers such as Eden never knew ;
 —And there by many a sparkling heap

Of the good red gold, The tale is told
 What powerful spell avails to keep
 That careworn man from his needful sleep !

Haply, he deems no eye can see
 As he gloats on his treasure greedily,—

The shining store Of glittering ore,
 The fair rose-noble, the bright moidore,
 And the broad Double-Joe from ayont the sea,—
 But there's one that watches as well as he ;

For, wakeful and sly, In a closet hard by,
 On his truckle bed lieth a little Foot-page,
 A boy who's uncommonly sharp of his age,

Like young Master Horner, Who erst in a corner
 Sat eating a Christmas pie :

And, while that Old Gentleman's counting his hoards,
 Little Hugh peeps through a crack in the boards !

There's a voice in the air, There's a step on the stair,
 The old man starts in his cane-back'd chair ;

At the first faint sound He gazes around,
And holds up his dip of sixteen to the pound.

Then half arose From beside his toes
His little pug-dog with his little pug nose,
But, ere he can vent one inquisitive sniff,
That little pug-dog stands stark and stiff,

For low, yet clear, Now fall on the ear
—Where once pronounced for ever they dwell—
The unholy words of the Dead Man's spell !

“Open lock To the Dead Man's knock !
Fly bolt, and bar, and band !—

Nor move, nor swerve, Joint, muscle, or nerve,
At the spell of the Dead Man's hand !
Sleep all who sleep !—Wake all who wake !—
But be as the Dead for the Dead Man's sake !”

Now lock, nor bolt, nor bar avails,
Nor stout oak panel thick-studded with nails.
Heavy and harsh the hinges creak,
Though they had been oil'd in the course of the week ;
The door opens wide as wide may be
And there they stand, That murderous band,
Lit by the light of that GLORIOUS HAND,
By one !—by two !—by three !

They have pass'd through the porch, they have pass'd through
the hall,

Where the Porter sat snoring against the wall ;

The very snore froze In his very snub nose.
You'd have verily deem'd he had snored his last
When the GLORIOUS HAND by the side of him pass'd !
E'en the little wee mouse, as it ran o'er the mat,
At the top of its speed to escape from the cat,

Though half dead with affright, Paused in its flight ;
And the cat that was chasing that little wee thing
Lay couch'd as a statue in act to spring !

And now they are there, On the head of the stair,
And the long crooked whittle is gleaming and bare !
—I really don't think any money would bribe
Me the horrible scene that ensued to describe,

Or the wild, wild glare of that old man's eye,
His dumb despair, and deep agony.

The kid from the pen, and the lamb from the fold,
Unmoved may the blade of the butcher behold ;
They dream not—ah, happier they !—that the knife,
Though uplifted, can menace their innocent life ;
It falls ;—the frail thread of their being is riven,
They dread not, suspect not, the blow till 'tis given.—
But, oh ! what a thing 'tis to see and to know
That the bare knife is raised in the hand of the foe,
Without hope to repel, or to ward off the blow !—
—Enough !—let's pass over as fast as we can
The fate of that grey, that unhappy old man !

But fancy poor Hugh, Aghast at the view,
Powerless alike to speak or to do !

In vain doth he try To open the eye
That is shut, or close that which is clapt to the chink,
Though he'd give all the world to be able to wink !—
No !—for all that this world can give or refuse,
I would not be now in that little boy's shoes,
Or indeed any garment at all that is Hugh's !
—'Tis lucky for him that the chink in the wall
He has peep'd through so long is so narrow and small !

Wailing voices, sounds of woe

Such as follow departing friends,
That fatal night round Tappington go,
Its long-drawn roofs and its gable ends :
Ethereal Spirits, gentle and good,
Aye weep and lament o'er a deed of blood.

'Tis early dawn—the morn is grey,
And the clouds and the tempest have pass'd away,
And all things betoken a very fine day ;
But, while the lark her carol is singing,
Shrieks and screams are through Tappington ringing !

Upstarting all, Great and small.

Each one who's found within Tappington Hall,
Gentle and Simple, Squire or Groom,
All seek at once that old Gentleman's room :

And there, on the floor, Drench'd in its gore,
A ghastly corpse lies exposed to the view,
Carotid and jugular both cut through !

And there, by its side, 'Mid the crimson tide,
Kneels a little Foot-page of tenderest years ;
Adown his pale cheek the fast-falling tears
Are coursing each other round and big,
And he's staunching the blood with a full-bottom'd wig.
Alas ! and alack for his staunching !—'tis plain,
As anatomists tell us, that never again
Shall life revisit the foully slain,
When once they've been cut through the jugular vein

There's a hue and a cry through the County of Kent,
And in chase of the cut-throats a Constable's sent,
But no one can tell the man which way they went :
There's a little Foot-page with that Constable goes,
And a little pug-dog with a little pug nose.

In Rochester town, At the sign of the Crown,
Three shabby-genteel men are just sitting down
To a fat stubble-goose, with potatoes done brown ;
When a little Foot-page Rushes in, in a rage.
Upsetting the apple-sauce, onions, and sage.
That little Foot-page takes the first by the throat,
And a little pug-dog takes the next by the coat,
And the Constable seizes the one more remote ;
And fair rose-nobles and broad moidores,
The Waiter pulls out of their pockets by scores,
And the Boots and the Chambermaids run in and stare ;
And the Constable says, with a dignified air,
" You're *wanted*, Gen'lemen, one and all,
For that 'ere precious lark at Tappington Hall !"

There's a black gibbet frowns upon Tappington Moor,
Where a former black gibbet has frowned before ;

It is as black as black may be,

And murderers there Are dangling in air,

By one !—by two !—by three !

There's a horrid old hag in a steeple-crown'd hat,
 Round her neck they have tied to a hempen cravat
 A dead Man's hand, and a dead Tom Cat !
 They have tied up her thumbs, they have tied up her toes,
 They have tied up her eyes, they have tied up her limbs :
 Into Tappington mill-dam souse she goes,
 With a whoop and a halloo !—"She swims !—She swims !"
 They have dragg'd her to land, And every one's hand
 Is grasping a faggot, a billet, or brand,
 When a queer-looking horseman, drest all in black,
 Snatches up that old harridan just like a sack
 To the crupper behind him, puts spurs to his hack,
 Makes a dash through the crowd, and is off in a crack
 No one can tell, Though they guess pretty well,
 Which way that grim rider and old woman go,
 For all see he's a sort of infernal Ducrow ;
 And she scream'd so, and cried, We may fairly decide
 That the old woman did not much relish her ride !

MORAL.

This truest of stories confirms beyond doubt
 That truest of adages—"Murder will out !"
 In vain may the blood-spiller "double" and fly,
 In vain even witchcraft and sorcery try :
 Although for a time he may 'scape, by-and-by
 He'll be sure to be caught by a Hugh and a Cry !

Patty Morgan the Milkmaid's Story.

"LOOK AT THE CLOCK!"

FYTT E L

"Look at the Clock !" quoth Winifred Pryce,
 As she open'd the door to her husband's knock,
 Then paused to give him a piece of advice,
 "You nasty Warmint, look at the Clock !

Is this the way, you Wretch, every day you
Treat her who vow'd to love and obey you?—

Out all night! Me in a fright;
Staggering home as it's just getting light!
You intoxicated brute!—you insensible block!—
Look at the clock!—Do!—Look at the Clock!”

Winifred Pryce was tidy and clean,
Her gown was a flower'd one, her petticoat green,
Her buckles were bright as her milking cans,
And her hat was a beaver, and made like a man's;
Her little red eyes were deep-set in their socket-holes,
Her gown-tail was turn'd up, and tuck'd through the pocket-
holes;

A face like a ferret Betoken'd her spirit:
To conclude, Mrs Pryce was not over young,
Had very short legs, and a very long tongue.

Now David Pryce Had one darling vice:
Remarkably partial to anything nice;
Nought that was good to him came amiss,
Whether to eat, to drink, or to kiss!

Especially ale— If it was not too stale
I really believe he'd have emptied a pail:

Not that in Wales They talk of their Ales;
To pronounce the word they make use of might trouble you,
Being spelt with a C, two Rs, and a W.

That particular day, As I've heard people say,
Mr. David Pryce had been soaking his clay,
And amusing himself with his pipe and cheroots,
The whole afternoon, at the Goat-in-Boots,

With a couple more soakers, Thoroughbred smokers,
Both, like himself, prime singers and jokers;

And long after day had drawn to a close,
And the rest of the world was wrapp'd in repose,
They were roaring out “Shenkin!” and “Ar hydd y nos;”
While David himself, to a Sassenach tune,
Sang, “We've drunk down the Sun, boys! let's drink down
the Moon!

What have we with day to do?

Mrs. Winifred Pryce, 'twas made for you.”

At length, when they couldn't well drink any more,
Old "Goat-in-Boots" showed them the door :

And then came that knock, And the sensible shock
David felt when his wife cried, "Look at the Clock !"
For the hands stood as crooked as crooked might be,
The long at the Twelve, and the short at the Three !

That self-same clock had long been a bone
Of contention between this Darby and Joan,
And often, among their pother and rout,
When this otherwise amiable couple fell out,

Pryce would drop a cool hint, With an ominous squint
At its case, of an "Uncle" of his, who'd a "Spout."

That horrid word "Spout" No sooner came out
Than Winifred Pryce would turn her about,

And with scorn on her lip, And a hand on each hip,
"Spout" herself till her nose grew red at the tip.

"You thundering willin, I know you'd be killing
Your wife—ay, a dozen of wives—for a shilling !

You may do what you please, You may sell my chemise,
(Mrs. P. was too well-bred to mention her smock)
But I never will part with my Grandmother's Clock !"

Mrs. Pryce's tongue ran long and ran fast ;
But patience is apt to wear out at last,
And David Pryce in temper was quick,
So he stretch'd out his hand, and caught hold of a stick :
Perhaps in its use he might mean to be lenient,
But walking just then wasn't very convenient.

So he threw it instead Direct at her head ;
It knock'd off her hat ; Down she fell flat ;
Her case, perhaps, was not much mended by that :
But whatever it was,—whether rage and pain
Produced apoplexy, or burst a vein,
Or her tumble produced a concussion of brain,
I can't say for certain—but *this* I can,
When, sober'd by fright, to assist her he ran,
Mrs. Winifred Pryce was as dead as Queen Anne !

The fearful catastrophe, Named in my last strophe,
As adding to grim Death's exploits such a vast trophy,

Made a great noise ; and the shocking fatality
 Ran over, like wildfire, the whole Principality.
 And then came Mr. Ap Thomas, the Coroner,
 With his jury to sit, some dozen or more, on her.

Mr. Pryce, to commence His "ingenious defence,"
 Made a "powerful appeal" to the jury's "good sense :"

"The world he must defy Ever to justify
 Any presumption of 'Malice Prepense.'"

The unlucky lick From the end of his stick
 He "deplored,"—he was "apt to be rather too quick ;" —

But, really, her prating Was so aggravating :
 Some trifling correction was just what he meant :—all
 The rest, he assured them, was "quite accidental !"

Then he calls Mr. Jones, Who depones to her tones,
 And her gestures, and hints about "breaking his bones ;"
 While Mr. Ap Morgan, and Mr. Ap Rhys

Declare the deceased Had styled him "a Beast,"
 And swear they had witness'd, with grief and surprise,
 The allusion she made to his limbs and his eyes.

The jury, in fine, having sat on the body
 The whole day, discussing the case, and gin toddy,
 Return'd about half-past eleven at night
 The following verdict, "We find, *Sarve her right !*"

Mr. Pryce, Mrs. Winifred Pryce being dead,
 Felt lonely, and moped ; and one evening he said
 He would marry Miss Davis at once in her stead.

Not far from his dwelling, From the vale proudly swelling,
 Rose a mountain ; its name you'll excuse me from telling,
 For the vowels made use of in Welsh are so few
 That the A and the E, the I, O, and the U,
 Have really but little or nothing to do ;
 And the duty, of course, falls the heavier by far,
 On the L, and the H, and the N, and the R.

Its first syllable, "PEN," Is pronounceable ;—then
 Come two L Ls, and two H Hs, two F Fs, and an N ;
 About half a score Rs, and some Ws follow,
 Beating all my best efforts at euphony hollow :
 But we shan't have to mention it often, so when
 We do, with your leave, we'll curtail it to "PEN."

Well—the moon shone bright Upon "PEN" that night,
 When Pryce, being quit of his fuss and his fright,
 Was scaling its side With that sort of stride
 A man puts out when walking in search of a bride.
 Mounting higher and higher, He began to perspire,
 'Till, finding his legs were beginning to tire,
 And feeling oppress'd By a pain in his chest,
 He paused, and turn'd round to take breath and to rest :
 A walk all up hill is apt, we know,
 To make one, however robust, puff and blow,
 So he stopp'd and look'd down on the valley below.

O'er fell and o'er fen, Over mountain and glen,
 All bright in the moonshine, his eye roved, and then
 All the Patriot rose in his soul, and he thought
 Upon Wales, and her glories, and all he'd been taught
 Of her Heroes of old, So brave and so bold,—
 Of her Bards with long beards, and harps mounted in gold ;
 Of King Edward the First, Of memory accurst ;
 And the scandalous manner in which he behaved,
 Killing poets by dozens, With their uncles and cousins,
 Of whom not one in fifty had ever been shaved—
 Of the Court Ball, at which, by a lucky mishap,
 Owen Tudor fell into Queen Katherine's lap ;
 And how Mr. Tudor Successfully woo'd her,
 Till the Dowager put on a new wedding ring,
 And so made him Father-in-law to the King.

He thought upon Arthur and Merlin of yore,
 On Gryffith ap Conan and Owen Glendour ;
 On Pendragon, and Heaven knows how many more.
 He thought of all this, as he gazed, in a trice,
 And on all things, in short, but the late Mrs. Pryce ;
 When a lumbering noise from behind made him start,
 And sent the blood back in full tide to his heart,
 Which went pit-a-pat As he cried out, "What's that?"—
 That very queer sound ?—Does it come from the ground ?
 Or the air,—from above,—or below,—or around ?—
 It is not like Talking, It is not like Walking,
 It's not like the clattering of pot or of pan,
 Or the tramp of a horse,—or the tread of a man,—

Or the hum of a crowd, or the shouting of boys,—
 It's really a deuced odd sort of a noise !
 Not unlike a cart's,—but that can't be ; for when
 Could "all the King's horses, and all the King's men,"
 With old Nick for a waggoner, drive one up "PEN ?"

Pryce, usually brimful of valour when drunk,
 Now experienced what schoolboys denominate "funk."

In vain he look'd back On the whole of the track
 He had traversed ; a thick cloud, uncommonly black,
 At this moment obscured the broad disc of the moon,
 And did not seem likely to pass away soon ;

While clearer and clearer, 'Twas plain to the hearer,
 Be the noise what it might, it grew nearer and nearer,
 And sounded, as Pryce to this moment declares,
 Very much "like a Coffin a-walking up-stairs."

Mr. Pryce had begun To "make up" for a run,
 As in such a companion he saw no great fun.

When a single bright ray Shone out on the way
 He had pass'd, and he saw, with no little dismay,
 Coming after him, bounding o'er crag and o'er rock,
 The deceased Mrs. Winifred's "Grandmother's Clock !"
 'Twas so !—it had certainly moved from its place,
 And come lumbering on thus, to hold him in chase ;
 'Twas the very same Head, and the very same Case,
 And nothing was altered at all—but the Face !
 In that he perceived, with no little surprise,
 The two little winder-holes turned into eyes

Blazing with ire, Like two coals of fire ;
 And the "Name of the Maker" was changed to a Lip,
 And the Hands to a Nose with a very red tip.
 No !—he could not mistake it,—'twas SHE to the life !
 The identical face of his poor defunct wife !

One glance was enough, Completely "*Quant. suff.*"
 As the doctors write down when they send you their "stuff."
 Like a Weather-cock whirl'd by a vehement puff,

David turn'd himself round ; Ten feet of ground
 He cleared, in his start, at the very first bound !

I've seen people run at West-end Fair for cheeses—
 I've seen ladies run at Bow Fair for chemises—

At Greenwich Fair twenty men run for a hat,
And one from a Bailiff much faster than that :
At foot-ball I've seen lads run after the bladder—
I've seen Irish bricklayers run up a ladder—
I've seen little boys run away from a cane—
And I've seen (that is, *read of*) good running in Spain ;

But I never did read Of, or witness, such speed
As David exerted that evening.—Indeed,
All I have ever heard of boys, women, or men,
Falls far short of Pryce, as he ran over "PEN!"

He reaches its brow,— He has past it, and now
Having once gain'd the summit, and managed to cross it, he
Rolls down the side with uncommon velocity ;

But run as he will, Or roll down the hill,
The bugbear behind him is after him still !
And close at his heels, not at all to his liking,
The terrible clock keeps on ticking and striking,

Till exhausted and sore, He can't run any more,
But falls as he reaches Miss Davis's door,
And screams when they rush out, alarm'd at his knock,
"Oh ! Look at the Clock !—Do !—Look at the Clock !!"
Miss Davis look'd up, Miss Davis look'd down,
She saw nothing there to alarm her ;—a frown

Came o'er her white forehead ; She said "it was horrid
A man should come knocking at that time of night,
And give her Mamma and herself such a fright ;—

To squall and to bawl About nothing at all !"
She begg'd "he'd not think of repeating his call :

His late wife's disaster By no means had past her ;"
She'd "have him to know she was meat for his Master !"
Then regardless alike of his love and his woes,
She turn'd on her heel and she turn'd up her nose.

Poor David in vain Implored to remain ;
He "dared not," he said, "cross the mountain again."

Why the fair was obdurate None knows,—to be sure, it
Was said she was setting her cap at the Curate.
Be that as it may, it is certain the sole hole
Pryce found to creep into that night was the Coal-hole !

In that shady retreat, With nothing to eat,
And with very bruised limbs, and with very sore feet,

All night close he kept ; I can't say he slept ;
 But he sigh'd, and he sobb'd, and he groan'd, and he wept ;
 Lamenting his sins, And his two broken shins,
 Bewailing his fate with contortions and grins,
 And her he once thought a complete *Rara Avis*,
 Consigning to Satan—viz, cruel Miss Davis !

Mr. David has since had a "serious call,"
 He never drinks ale, wine, or spirits, at all,
 And they say he is going to Exeter Hall

To make a grand speech, And to preach and to teach
 People that "they can't brew their malt liquor too small."
 That an ancient Welsh poet, one PYNDAR AP TUDOR,
 Was right in proclaiming "ARISTON MEN UDOR !"

Which means "The pure Element
 Is for Man's belly meant !"
 And that *Gin's* but a *Snare* of Old Nick the deluder.

And "still on each evening when pleasure fills up,"
 At the old Goat-in-Boots, with Metheglin, each cup,
 Mr. Pryce, if he's there, Will get into "The Chair,"
 And make all his *quondam* associates stare
 By calling aloud to the Landlady's daughter,
 "Patty, bring a cigar, and a glass of Spring Water !"
 The dial he constantly watches ; and when
 The long hand's at the "XII.," and the short at the "X.,"

He gets on his legs, Drains his glass to the dregs,
 Takes his hat and great-coat off their several pegs,
 With his President's hammer bestows his last knock,
 And says solemnly— "Gentlemen,
 "LOOK AT THE CLOCK !!!"

The Ghost.

THERE stands a City,—neither large nor small,—
 Its air and situation sweet and pretty ;
 At matters very little—if at all—
 Whether its denizens are dull or witty,

Whether the ladies there are short or tall,
 Brunettes or blondes, only, there stands a city !—
 Perhaps 'tis also requisite to minute
 That there's a Castle and a Cobbler in it.

A fair Cathedral, too, the story goes,
 And kings and heroes lie entomb'd within her ;
 There pious Saints in marble pomp repose,
 Whose shrines are worn by knees of many a sinner ;
 There, too, full many an Aldermanic nose
 Roll'd its loud diapason after dinner ;
 And there stood high the holy sconce of Becket,
 —Till four assassins came from France to crack it.

The Castle was a huge and antique mound,
 Proof against all th' artillery of the quiver,
 Ere those abominable guns were found,
 To send cold lead through gallant warrior's liver.
 It stands upon a gently rising ground,
 Sloping down gradually to the river,
 Resembling (to compare great things with smaller)
 A well-scoop'd, mouldy Stilton cheese—but taller.

The Keep, I find, 's been sadly alter'd lately,
 And, 'stead of mail-clad knights, of honour jealous,
 In martial panoply so grand and stately,
 Its walls are fill'd with money-making fellows,
 And stuff'd, unless I'm misinformed greatly,
 With leaden pipes, and coke, and coals, and bellows :
 In short, so great a change has come to pass,
 'Tis now a manufactory of Gas.

But to my tale.—Before this profanation,
 And ere its ancient glories were cut short all,
 A poor, hard-working Cobbler took his station
 In a small house, just opposite the portal ;
 His birth, his parentage, and education,
 I know but little of—a strange, odd mortal ;
 His aspect, air, and gait, were all ridiculous ;
 His name was Mason—he'd been christen'd Nicholas.

Nick had a wife possess'd of many a charm,
 And of the Lady Huntingdon persuasion ;

But, spite of all her piety, her arm
She'd sometimes exercise when in a passion ;
And, being of a temper somewhat warm,
Would now and then seize, upon small occasion,
A stick, or stool, or anything that round did lie,
And baste her lord and master most confoundedly.

No matter !—'tis a thing that's not uncommon,
'Tis what we all have heard, and most have read of—
I mean, a bruising, pugilistic woman,
Such as I own I entertain a dread of ;
—And so did Nick, whom sometimes there would come on
A sort of fear his Spouse might knock his head off,
Demolish half his teeth, or drive a rib in,
She shone so much in " facers " and in " fibbing."

"There's time and place for all things," said a sage,
(King Solomon, I think,) and this I can say,
Within a well-roped ring, or on a stage,
Boxing may be a very pretty *Fancy*,
When Messrs. Burke or Bendigo engage :
—"Tis not so well in Susan, Jane, or Nancy :—
To get well mill'd by any one's an evil,
But by a lady—'tis the very Devil.

And so thought Nicholas, whose only trouble
(At least his worst) was this his rib's propensity :
For sometimes from the alehouse he would hobble,
His senses lost in a sublime immensity
Of cogitation—then he couldn't cobble—
And then his wife would often try the density
Of his poor skull, and strike with all her might,
As fast as kitchen-wenches strike a light.

Mason, meek soul, who ever hated strife,
Of this same striking had a morbid dread ;
He hated it like poison—or his wife—
A vast antipathy !—but so he said—
And very often, for a quiet life,
On these occasions he'd sneak up to bed,
Grope darkling in, and, soon as at the door
He heard his lady—he'd pretend to snore.

One night, then, ever partial to society,
 Nick, with a friend (another jovial fellow),
 Went to a club—I should have said Society—
 At the “City Arms,” once called the Porto Bello ;
 A Spouting party, which, though some decry it, I
 Consider no bad lounge when one is mellow :
 There they discuss the tax on salt and leather,
 And change of ministers and change of weather.

In short, it was a kind of British Forum,
 Like John Gale Jones’s, erst in Piccadilly,
 Only they managed things with more decorum,
 And the orations were not *quite* so silly ;
 Far different questions, too, would come before ’em
 Not always Politics, which, will ye nill ye,
 Their London prototypes were always willing
 To give one *quantum suff.* of—for a shilling.

It more resembled one of later date,
 And ten-fold talent, as I’m told, in Bow-street,
 Where kindlier-natured souls do congregate ;
 And, though there are who deem that same a low street
 Yet, I’m assured, for frolicsome debate
 And genuine humour it’s surpass’d by no street,
 When the “Chief Baron” enters, and assumes
 To “rule” o’er mimic “Thesigers” and “Broughams.”

Here they would oft forget their Rulers’ faults,
 And waste in ancient lore the midnight taper ;
 Inquire if Orpheus first produced the Waltz,
 How Gas-lights differ from the Delphic Vapour,
 Whether Hippocrates gave Glauber’s Salts,
 And what the Romans wrote on ere they’d paper—
 This night the subject of their disquisitions
 Was Ghosts, Hobgoblins, Sprites, and Apparitions.

One learned gentleman, “a sage, grave man,”
 Talk’d of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, “sheath’d in steel”—
 His well-read friend, who next to speak began,
 Said, “That was Poetry, and nothing real ;”
 A third, of more extensive learning, ran
 To Sir George Villiers’ Ghost, and Mrs. Veal ;

Of sheeted Spectres spoke with shorten'd breath,
And thrice he quoted "Drelincourt on Death."

Nick smoked, and smoked, and trembled as he heard
The point discuss'd, and all they said upon it,
How, frequently, some murder'd man appear'd,
To tell his wife and children who had done it ;
Or how a Miser's ghost, with grizzly beard,
And pale lean visage, in an old Scotch bonnet,
Wander'd about, to watch his buried money !
When all at once Nick heard the clock strike One,—he

Sprang from his seat, not doubting but a lecture
Impended from his fond and faithful She ;
Nor could he well to pardon him expect her,
For he had promised to "be home to tea ;"
But having luckily the key o' the back door,
He fondly hoped that, unperceived, he
Might creep up-stairs again, pretend to doze,
And hoax his spouse with music from his nose.

Vain, fruitless hope !—the wearied sentinel
At eve may overlook the crouching foe,
Till, ere his hand can sound the alarum-bell,
He sinks beneath the unexpected blow ;
Before the whiskers of Grimalkin fell,
When slumb'ring on her post, the mouse may go—
But woman, wakeful woman, 's never weary,
—Above all, when she waits to thump her deary.

Soon Mrs. Mason heard the well-known tread ;
She heard the key slow creaking in the door,
Spied, through the gloom obscure, towards the bed,
Nick creeping soft, as oft he had crept before ;
When, bang, she threw a something at his head,
And Nick at once lay prostrate on the floor ;
While she exclaim'd, with her indignant face on—
"How dare you use your wife so, Mr. Mason ?"

Spare we to tell how fiercely she debated,
Especially the length of her oration—
Spare we to tell how Nick expostulated,
Roused by the bump into a good set passion,

So great, that more than once he execrated,
 Ere he crawl'd into bed in his usual fashion :
 —The Muses hate brawls ; suffice it then to say,
 He duck'd below the clothes—and there he lay !

'Twas now the very witching time of night,
 When churchyards groan, and graves give up their dead,
 And many a mischievous, enfranchised Sprite
 Had long since burst his bonds of stone or lead,
 And hurried off with schoolboy-like delight,
 To play his pranks near some poor wretch's bed,
 Sleeping, perhaps serenely as a porpoise,
 Nor dreaming of this fiendish Habeas Corpus.

Not so our Nicholas : his meditations
 Still to the same tremendous theme recurr'd,
 The same dread subject of the dark narrations,
 Which, back'd with such authority, he'd heard :
 Lost in his own horrific contemplations,
 He ponder'd o'er each well-remember'd word ;
 When at the bed's foot, close beside the post,
 He verily believed he saw—a Ghost !

Plain, and more plain, the unsubstantial Sprite
 To his astonish'd gaze each moment grew ;
 Ghastly and gaunt, it rear'd its shadowy height,
 Of more than mortal seeming to the view,
 And round its long, thin, bony fingers drew
 A tatter'd winding-sheet, of course *all white* ;—
 The moon that moment peeping through a cloud,
 Nick very plainly saw it *through the shroud* !

And now those matted locks, which never yet
 Had yielded to the comb's unkind divorce,
 Their long-contracted amity forget,
 And spring asunder with elastic force ;
 Nay, e'en the very cap, of texture coarse,
 Whose ruby cincture crown'd that brow of jet,
 Uprose in agony—the Gorgon's head
 Was but a type of Nick's up-squatting in the bed.

From every pore distill'd a clammy dew,
 Quaked every limb—the candle, too, no doubt,

En règle, would have burnt extremely blue,
But Nick unluckily had put it out ;
And he, though naturally bold and stout,
In short, was in a most tremendous stew ;—
The room was fill'd with a sulphureous smell,
But where that came from Mason could not tell.

All motionless the Spectre stood—and now
Its rev'rend form more clearly shone confest ;
From the pale cheek a beard of purest snow
Descended o'er its venerable breast ;
The thin grey hairs, that crown'd its furrow'd brow,
Told of years long gone by.—An awful guest
It stood, and with an action of command,
Beckon'd the Cobbler with its wan right hand.

' Whence, and what art thou, Execrable Shape ?'
Nick *might* have cried, could he have found a tongue,
But his distended jaws could only gape,
And not a sound upon the welkin rung :
His gooseberry orbs seem'd as they would have sprung
Forth from their sockets—like a frighten'd Ape
He sat upon his haunches, bolt upright,
And shook, and grinn'd, and chatter'd with affright.

And still the shadowy finger, long and lean,
Now beckon'd Nick, now pointed to the door ;
And many an ireful glance, and frown, between,
The angry visage of the Phantom wore,
As if quite vex'd that Nick would do no more
Than stare, without e'en asking, " What d'ye mean ?"
Because, as we are told—a sad old joke, too—
Ghosts, like the ladies, " never speak till spoke to."

Cowards, 'tis said, in certain situations.

Derive a sort of courage from despair,
And then perform, from downright desperation,
Much more than many a bolder man would dare.
Nick saw the Ghost was getting in a passion,
And therefore, groping till he found the chair,
Seized on his awl, crept softly out of bed,
And follow'd, quaking, where the Spectre led.

And down the winding stair, with noiseless tread,
The tenant of the tomb pass'd slowly on,
Each mazy turning of the humble shed
Seem'd to his step at once familiar grown ;
So safe and sure the labyrinth did he tread
As though the domicile had been his own,
Though Nick himself, in passing through the shop,
Had almost broke his nose against the mop.

Despite its wooden bolt, with jarring sound,
The door upon its hinges open flew ;
And forth the Spirit issued—yet around
It turn'd, as if its follower's fears it knew,
And, once more beckoning, pointed to the mound,
The antique Keep, on which the bright moon threw
With such effulgence her mild silvery gleam,
The visionary form seem'd melting in her beam.

Beneath a pond'rous archway's sombre shade,
Where once the huge portcullis swung sublime,
'Mid ivied battlements in ruin laid,
Sole, sad memorials of the olden time,
The Phantom held its way—and though afraid
Even of the owls that sung their vesper chime,
Pale Nicholas pursued, its steps attending,
And wondering what on earth it all would end in.

Within the mouldering fabric's deep recess,
At length they reach'd a court obscure and lone—
It seem'd a drear and desolate wilderness,
The blacken'd walls with ivy all o'ergrown ;
The night-bird shriek'd her note of wild distress,
Disturb'd upon her solitary throne,
As though indignant mortal step should dare,
So led, at such an hour, to venture there !

—The Apparition paused, and would have spoke,
Pointing to what Nick thought an iron ring,
But then a neighbouring chancicleer awoke,
And loudly 'gan his early matins sing ;
And then "it started like a guilty thing,"
As that shrill clarion the silence broke.

—We know how much dead gentlefolks eschew
The appalling sound of “Cock-a-doodle-do!”

The vision was no more—and Nick alone—

“His streamers waving” in the midnight wind,
Which through the ruins ceased not to groan ;

—His garment, too, was somewhat short behind,—
And, worst of all, he knew not where to find

The ring,—which made him most his fate bemoan—
The iron-ring,—no doubt of some trap-door,
’Neath which the old dead Miser kept his store.

“What’s to be done?” he cried : “’Twere vain to stay
Here in the dark without a single clue—

Oh, for a candle now, or moonlight ray !

’Fore George, I’m vastly puzzled what to do.”

(Then clapped his hand behind)—“’Tis chilly, too—

I’ll mark the spot, and come again by day.

What can I mark it by ?—Oh, here’s the wall—

The mortar’s yielding—here I’ll stick my awl !”

Then rose from earth to sky a withering shriek,

A loud, a long-protracted note of woe,

Such as when tempests roar, and timbers creak,

And o’er the side the masts in thunder go ;

While on the deck resistless billows break,

And drag their victims to the gulfs below ;—

Such was the scream when, for the want of candle,

Nick Mason drove his awl in up to the handle.

Scared by his Lady’s heart-appalling cry,

Vanish’d at once poor Mason’s golden dream—

For dream it was ;—and all his visions high,

Of wealth and grandeur, fled before that scream.—

And still he listens with averted eye,

When gibing neighbours make “the Ghost” their theme ;

While ever from that hour they all declare

That Mrs. Mason used a cushion in her chair !

The Cynotaph.

Poor Tray charmant !

Poor Tray de mon ami !

Dog-bury and Vergers.

OH ! where shall I bury my poor dog Tray,
Now his fleeting breath has passed away ?—
Seventeen years, I can venture to say,
Have I seen him gambol, and frolic, and play,
Evermore happy, and frisky, and gay,
As though every one of his months was May,
And the whole of his life one long holiday—
Now he's a lifeless lump of clay,
Oh ! where shall I bury my faithful Tray ?

I am almost tempted to think it hard
That it may not be there, in yon sunny churchyard,
Where the green willows wave O'er the peaceful grave,
Which holds all that once was honest and brave,
Kind, and courteous, and faithful, and true !
Qualities, Tray, that were found in you.
But it may not be—yon sacred ground
By holiest feelings fenced around,
May ne'er within its hallow'd bound
Receive the dust of a soul-less hound.

I would not place him in yonder fane,
Where the mid-day sun through the storied pane
Throws on the pavement a crimson stain ;
Where the banners of chivalry heavily swing
O'er the pinnacled tomb of the Warrior King,
With helmet and shield, and all that sort of thing.

No !—come what may, My gentle Tray
Shan't be an intruder on bluff Harry Tudor,
Or panoplied monarchs yet earlier and ruder

Whom you see on their backs, In stone or in wax,
Though the Sacristans now are "forbidden to ax"
For what Mr. Hume calls "a scandalous tax ;"
While the Chartists insist they've a right to go snacks—
No !—Tray's humble tomb would look but shabby
'Mid the sculptured shrines of that gorgeous Abbey.

Besides, in the place They say there's not space
 To bury what wet-nurses call "a Babby."
 Even "Rare Ben Jonson," that famous wight,
 I am told, is interr'd there bolt upright,
 In just such a posture, beneath his bust,
 As Tray used to sit in to beg for a crust.

The epitaph, too, Would scarcely do :
 For what could it say, but, "Here lies Tray,
 A very good kind of a dog in his day !"
 And satirical folks might be apt to imagine it
 Meant as a quiz on the House of Plantagenet.

No ! no !—The Abbey may do very well
 For a feudal "Nob," or poetical "Swell,"
 "Crusaders," or "Poets," or "Knights of St. John,"
 Or Knights of St. John's Wood, who once went on
 To the Castle of Good Lord Eglintoun.
 Count Fiddle-fumkin, and Lord Fiddle-faddle,
 "Sir Craven," "Sir Gael," and "Sir Campbell of Saddell,"
 (Who, as poor Hook said, when he heard of the feat,
 "Was somehow knock'd out of his family-seat ;")

The Esquires of the body To my Lord Tomnoddy ;
 "Sir Fairlie," "Sir Lamb,"
 And the "Knight of the Ram,"
 The "Knight of the Rose," and the "Knight of the Dragon,"
 Who, save at the flagon, And prog in the wagon,
 The newspapers tell us did little "to brag on ;"

And more, though the Muse knows but little concerning 'em,
 "Sir Hopkins," "Sir Popkins," "Sir Gage," and "Sir Jerning-
 ham."

All *Preux Chevaliers*, in friendly rivalry
 Who should best bring back the glory of Chi-valry.—
 —(Pray be so good, for the sake of my song,
 To pronounce here the ante-penultimate long ;
 Or some hyper-critic will certainly cry,
 "The word 'Chivalry' is but a rhyme to the eye."

And I own it is clear A fastidious ear
 Will be, more or less, always annoy'd with you when you
 Insert any rhyme that's not perfectly genuine.

As to pleasing the "eye," 'Tisn't worth while to try,

Since Moore and Tom Campbell themselves admit "Spinach
Is perfectly antiphetetic to Greenwich.")—

But stay !—I say !

Let me pause while I may—

This digression is leading me sadly astray
From my object—A grave for my poor dog Tray !

I would not place him beneath thy walls,
And proud o'ershadowing dome, St. Paul's !
Though I've always consider'd Sir Christopher Wren,
As an architect, one of the greatest of men ;
And, talking of Epitaphs,—much I admire his,
"*Circumspice, si Monumentum requiris ;*"
Which an erudite Verger translated to me,
"If you ask for his monument, *Sir-come-spy-see !—*"

No !—I should not know where To place him there ;
I would not have him by surly Johnson be ;—
Or that queer-looking horse that is rolling on Ponsonby ;—

Or those ugly minxes The sister Sphynxes
Mix'd creatures, half lady, half lioness, *ergo*,
(Denon says,) the emblems of *Leo* and *Virgo* ;
On one of the backs of which singular jumble,
Sir Ralph Abercrombie is going to tumble,
With a thump which alone were enough to despatch him,
If the Scotchman in front shouldn't happen to catch him.

No ! I'd not have him there,—nor nearer the door,
Where the man and the Angel have got Sir John Moore,
And are quietly letting him down through the floor,
By Gillespie, the one who escaped, at Vellore,

Alone from the row ;— Neither he nor Lord Howe
Would like to be plagued with a little Bow-wow.

No, Tray, we must yield, And go further a-field ;
To lay you by Nelson were downright effron'try ;
—We'll be off from the City, and look at the country.

It shall not be there, In that sepulchred square,
Where folks are interr'd for the sake of the air,
(Though, pay but the dues, they could hardly refuse
To Tray what they grant to Thuggs, and Hindoos,
Turks, Infidels, Heretics, Jumpers, and Jews,)

Where the tombstones are placed In the very *best taste*,

At the feet and the head Of the elegant Dead,
 And no one's received who's not "buried in lead :"
 For, there lie the bones of Deputy Jones,
 Whom the widow's tears and the orphan's groans
 Affected as much as they do the stones
 His executors laid on the Deputy's bones ;
 Little rest, poor knave ! Would Tray have in his grave,
 Since Spirits, 'tis plain, Are sent back again,
 To roam round their bodies,—the bad 'ones in pain,—
 Dragging after them sometimes a heavy jack-chain ;
 Whenever they met, alarmed by its groans, his
 Ghost all night long would be barking at Jones's.

Nor shall he be laid By that cross Old Maid,
 Miss Penelope Bird,—of whom it is said
 All the dogs in the parish were ever afraid.

He must not be placed By one so strait-laced
 In her temper, her taste, her morals, and waist.
 For 'tis said, when she went up to Heaven, and St. Peter,
 Who happened to meet her, Came forward to greet her
 She pursed up with scorn every vinegar feature,
 And bade him "Get out for a horrid Male Creature !"
 So the Saint, after looking as if he could eat her,
 Not knowing, perhaps, very well how to treat her,
 And not being willing,—or able,—to beat her,
 Sent her back to her grave till her temper grew sweeter,
 With an epithet which I decline to repeat here.

No,—if Tray were interr'd By Penelope Bird,
 No dog would be e'er so be-"whelp"'d and be-"cur"r'd—
 All the night long her cantankerous Sprite
 Would be running about in the pale moonlight,
 Chasing him round, and attempting to lick
 The ghost of poor Tray with the ghost of a stick.

Stay !—let me see !— Ay—here it shall be
 At the root of this gnarled and time-worn tree,
 Where Tray and I Would often lie,
 And watch the bright clouds as they floated by
 In the broad expanse of the clear blue sky,
 When the sun was bidding the world good-bye ;
 And the plaintive Nightingale, warbling nigh,
 Pour'd forth her mournful melody ;

While the tender Wood-pigeon's cooing cry
 Has made me say to myself, with a sigh,
 "How nice you would eat with a steak in a pie!"
 Ay, here it shall be!—far, far from the view
 Of the noisy world and its maddening crew.

Simple and few, Tender and true
 The lines o'er his grave.—They have, some of them, too,
 The advantage of being remarkably new.

Epitaph.

Affliction sore Long time he bore,
 Physicians were in vain!—
 Grown blind, alas! he'd Some Prussic Acid,
 And that put him out of his pain!

Legend of Hamilton Tighe.

THE Captain is walking his quarter-deck,
 With a troubled brow and a bended neck;
 One eye is down through the hatchway cast,
 The other turns up to the truck on the mast,
 Yet none of the crew may venture to hint
 "Our Skipper hath gotten a sinister squint!"

The Captain again the letter hath read
 Which the bum-boat woman brought out to Spithead—
 Still, since the good ship sail'd away,
 He reads that letter three times a-day;
 Yet the writing is broad and fair to see
 As a Skipper may read, in his degree,
 And the seal is as black, and as broad, and as flat,
 As his own cockade in his own cock'd hat:
 He reads, and he says, as he walks to and fro,
 "Curse the old woman—she bothers me so!"

He pauses now, for the topmen hail—
 "On the larboard quarter a sail! a sail!"
 That grim old Captain he turns him quick,
 And bawls through his trumpet for Hairy-faced Dick,

"The breeze is blowing—huzza ! huzza !
 The breeze is blowing—away ! away !
 The breeze is blowing—a race ! a race !
 The breeze is blowing—we near the chase !
 Blood will flow, and bullets will fly,—
 Oh, where will be then young Hamilton Tighe ?"

—"On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,
 With a sword in his hand, and his foe at his knee.
 Cockswain, or boatswain, or reefer may try,
 But the first man on board will be Hamilton Tighe !"

Hairy-faced Dick hath a swarthy hue,
 Between a gingerbread-nut and a Jew,
 And his pig-tail is long, and bushy, and thick,
 Like a pump-handle stuck on the end of a stick.
 Hairy-faced Dick understands his trade ;
 He stands by the breech of a long carronade,
 The linstock glows in his bony hand,
 Waiting that grim old Skipper's command.

"The bullets are flying—huzza ! huzza !
 The bullets are flying—away ! away !"

The brawny boarders mount by the chains,
 And are over their buckles in blood and in brains :
 On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,
 Young Hamilton Tighe Waves his cutlass high,
 And *Capitaine Crapaud* bends low at his knee.

Hairy-faced Dick, linstock in hand,
 Is waiting that grim-looking Skipper's command :—

 A wink comes sly From that sinister eye—
 Hairy-faced Dick at once lets fly,
 And knocks off the head of young Hamilton Tighe !

There's a lady sits lonely in bower and hall,
 Her pages and handmaidens come at her call ;
 "Now, haste ye, my handmaidens, haste and see
 How he sits there and glow'rs with his head on his knee !"
 The maidens smile, and, her thought to destroy,
 They bring her a little, pale, mealy-faced boy ;
 And the mealy-faced boy says, "Mother, dear,
 Now Hamilton's dead, I've a thousand a-year !"

The lady has donn'd her mantle and hood,
She is bound for shrift at St. Mary's Rood :—

Oh! the taper shall burn, and the bell shall toll
And the mass shall be said for my step-son's soul,
And the tablet fair shall be hung on high,
“*Orate pro animâ Hamilton Tighe.*”

Her coach and four Draws up to the door,
With her groom, and her footman, and half-a score more ;
The lady steps into her coach alone,
They hear her sigh, and they hear her groan,
They close the door, and they turn the pin,
But there's One rides with her that never slept in !
All the way there, and all the way back,
The harness strains, and the coach-springs crack,
The horses snort, and plunge, and kick.
Till the coachman thinks he is driving Old Nick ;
And the grooms and the footmen wonder, and say,
“What makes the old coach so heavy to-day ?”
But the mealy-faced boy peeps in and sees
A man sitting there with his head on his knees !
’Tis ever the same,—in hall or in bower,
Wherever the place, whatever the hour,
That lady mutters, and talks to the air,
And her eye is fix’d on an empty chair ;
But the mealy-faced boy still whispers with dread,
“She talks to a man with never a head !”

There’s an old Yellow Admiral living at Bath,
As grey as a badger, as thin as a lath ;
And his very queer eyes have such very queer leers,
They seem to be trying to peep at his ears.
That old Yellow Admiral goes to the Rooms,
And he plays long whist, but he frets and he fumes,
For all his Knaves stand upside down,
And the Jack of Clubs does nothing but frown ;
And the Kings, and the Aces, and all the best trumps
Get into the hands of the other old frumps ;
While, close to his partner, a man he sees
Counting the tricks with his head on his knees.

In Ratcliffe Highway there's an old marine store,
 And a great black doll hangs out of the door ;
 There are rusty locks, and dusty bags,
 And musty phials, and fusty rags,
 And a lusty old woman, call'd Thirsty Nan,
 And her crusty old husband's a Hairy-faced man !

That Hairy-faced man is sallow and wan,
 And his great thick pigtail is wither'd and gone ;
 And he cries " Take away that lubberly chap
 That sits there and grins with his head in his lap !"
 And the neighbours say, as they see him look sick,
 " What a rum old covey is Hairy-faced Dick !"

That Admiral, Lady, and Hairy-faced man
 May say what they please, and may do what they can ;
 But one thing seems remarkably clear—
 They may die to-morrow, or live till next year,—
 But wherever they live, or whenever they die,
 They'll never get quit of young Hamilton Tighe !

The Witches' Frolic.

[Scene, the " Snuggery " at Tappington—Grandpapa in a high-backed cane-bottomed elbow-chair of carved walnut-tree, dozing ; his nose at an angle of forty-five degrees,—his thumbs slowly perform the rotatory motion described by lexicographers as " twiddling."—The " Hope of the family " astride on a walking-stick, with burnt-cork mustachios, and a pheasant's tail pinned in his cap, solaceth himself with martial music.—Roused by a strain of surpassing dissonance, Grandpapa *loquitur*.]

COME hither, come hither, my little boy Ned !
 Come hither unto my knee—
 I cannot away with that horrible din,
 That sixpenny drum, and that trumpet of tin.
 Oh, better to wander frank and free,
 Through the Fair of good Saint Bartlemy,
 Than list to such awful minstrelsie.

Now lay, little Ned, those nuisances by,
And I'll rede ye a lay of Grammarye.

[Grandpapa riseth, yawneth like the crater of an extinct volcano, proceedeth slowly to the window, and apostrophiseth the Abbey in the distance.]

I love thy tower, Gray Ruin,
I joy thy form to see,
Though reft of all, Cell, cloister, and hall,
Nothing is left save a tottering wall
That, awfully grand and darkly dull,
Threaten'd to fall and demolish my skull,
As, ages ago, I wander'd along
Careless thy grass-grown courts among,
In sky-blue jacket, and trousers laced,
The latter uncommonly short in the waist.
Thou art dearer to me, thou Ruin gray,
Than the Squire's verandah over the way ;
And fairer, I ween, The ivy sheen
That thy mouldering turret binds,
Than the Alderman's house about half a mile off,
With the green Venetian blinds.

Full many a tale would my Grandam tell,
In many a bygone day,
Of darksome deeds, which of old befell,
In thee, thou Ruin gray !
And I the readiest ear would lend,
And stare like frighten'd pig !
While my Grandfather's hair would have stood up on end,
Had he not worn a wig.

One tale I remember of mickle dread—
Now lithe and listen, my little boy Ned !

Thou mayest have read, my little boy Ned,
Though thy mother thine idlesse blames,
In Doctor Goldsmith's history book,
Of a gentleman call'd King James,
In quilted doublet, and great trunk breeches,
Who held in abhorrence Tobacco and Witches.

Well,—in King James's golden days,—
 For the days were golden then,—
 They could not be less, for good Queen Bess
 Had died, aged threescore and ten,
 And her days we know, Were all of them so :
 While the Court poets sung, and the Court gallants swore,
 That the days were as golden still as before.

Some people, 'tis true, a troublesome few,
 Who historical points would unsettle,
 Have lately thrown out a sort of a doubt
 Of the genuine ring of the metal ;
 But who can believe to a monarch so wise
 People would dare tell a parcel of lies !

—Well, then, in good King James's days,—
 Golden or not does not matter a jot,—
 Yon Ruin a sort of a roof had got ;
 For though, repairs lacking, its walls had been cracking
 Since Harry the Eighth sent its people a-packing,
 Though joists, and floors, And windows, and doors
 Had all disappear'd, yet pillars by scores
 Remain'd, and still propp'd up a ceiling or two,
 While the belfry was almost as good as new ;
 You are not to suppose matters look'd just so
 In the Ruin some two hundred years ago.

Just in the farthestmost angle, where
 There are still the remains of a winding-stair,
 One turret especially high in air

Uprear'd its tall gaunt form ;
 As if defying the power of Fate, or
 The hand of "Time the Innovator ;"

And though to the pitiless storm
 Its weaker brethren all around
 Bowing, in ruin had strew'd the ground,
 Alone it stood, while its fellows lay strew'd,
 Like a four-bottle man in a company "screw'd."
 Not firm on his legs, but by no means subdued.

One night—'twas in Sixteen hundred and six,—
 I like when I can, Ned, the date to fix,

The month was May, Though I can't well say
At this distance of time the particular day—
But, oh ! that night, that horrible night !
—Folks ever afterwards said with affright
That they never had seen such a terrible sight.

The Sun had gone down fiery red ;
And if, that evening, he laid his head
In Thetis's lap beneath the seas,
He must have scalded the goddess's knees.
He left behind him a lurid track
Of blood-red light upon clouds so black,
That Warren and Hunt, with the whole of their crew,
Could scarcely have given them a darker hue.

There came a shrill and a whistling sound,
Above, beneath, beside, and around,
Yet leaf ne'er moved on tree !
So that some people thought old Beelzebub must
Have been lock'd out-of-doors, and was blowing the dust
From the pipe of his street-door key.
And then a hollow moaning blast
Came, sounding more dismally still than the last,
And the lightning flash'd, and the thunder growl'd,
And louder and louder the tempest howl'd,
And the rain came down in such sheets as would stagger a
Bard for a simile short of Niagara.

Rob Gilpin "was a citizen ;"
But though of some "renown,"
Of no great "credit" in his own
Or any other town.

He was a wild and roving lad,
For ever in the alehouse boozing ;
Or romping,—which is quite as bad,—
With female friends of his own choosing.

And Rob this very day had made,
Not dreaming such a storm was brewing,
An assignation with Miss Slade,—
Their trysting-place that same gray Ruin.

But Gertrude Slade became afraid,
And to keep her appointment unwilling,
When she spied the rain on her window-pane
In drops as big as a shilling ;
She put off her hat and her mantle again,
" He'll never expect me in all this rain ! "

But little he recks of the fears of the sex,
Or that maiden false to her tryst could be.
He had stood there a good half hour,
Ere yet had commenced that perilous shower,
Alone by the trysting-tree !

Robin looks east, Robin looks west,
But he sees not her whom he loves the best ;
Robin looks up, and Robin looks down,
But no one comes from the neighbouring town.

The storm came at last,—loud roar'd the blast,
And the shades of evening fell thick and fast ;
The tempest grew ; and the straggling yew,
His leafy umbrella, was wet through and through !
Rob was half dead with cold and with fright,
When he spies in the Ruins a twinkling light—
A hop, two skips, and a jump, and straight
Rob stands within that postern gate.

And there were gossips sitting there,
By one, by two, by three :
Two were an old ill-favour'd pair :
But the third was young, and passing fair,
With laughing eyes, and with coal-black hair ;
A daintie quean was she !
Rob would have given his ears to sip
But a single salute from her cherry lip.

As they sat in that old and haunted room,
In each one's hand was a huge birch broom,
On each one's head was a steeple-crown'd hat,
On each one's knee was a coal-black cat :
Each had a kirtle of Lincoln green—
It was, I trow, a fearsome scene.

Now riddle me, riddle me, right, Madge Gray,
 What fool unhallow'd wends this way?
 Goody Price, Goody Price, now areed me right,
 Who roams the old Ruins this drearysome night?

Then up and spake that sonsie quean,
 And she spake both loud and clear :
 " Oh, be it for weal, or be it for woe,
 Enter friend, or enter foe,
 Rob Gilpin is welcome here !—

" Now tread we a measure ! a hall ! a hall !
 Now tread we a measure," quoth she—
 The heart of Robin Beat thick and throbbing—
 " Roving Rob, tread a measure with me !"
 " Ay, lassie !" quoth Rob, as her hand he gripes,
 " Though Satan himself were blowing the pipes !"

Now around they go, and around, and around,
 With hop-skip-and-jump, and frolicsome bound,
 Such sailing and gliding, Such sinking and sliding,
 Such lofty curvetting, And grand pirouetting ;
 Ned, you would swear that Monsieur Gilbert
 And Miss Taglioni were capering there !

And, oh ! such awful music ! ne'er
 Fell sounds so uncanny on mortal ear,
 There were the tones of a dying man's groans
 Mix'd with the rattling of dead men's bones :
 Had you heard the shrieks, and the squeals, and the squeaks
 You'd not have forgotten the sound for weeks.

And around, and around, and around they go,
 Heel to heel, and toe to toe,
 Prance and caper, curvet and wheel,
 Toe to toe, and heel to heel.
 " 'Tis merry, 'tis merry, Cummers, I trow,
 To dance thus beneath the night shade bough !—

" Goody Price, Goody Price, now riddle me right,
 Where may we sup this frolicsome night ?"

" Mine host of the Dragon hath mutton and veal !
 The Squire hath partridge, and widgeon and teal !

But old Sir Thopas hath daintier cheer,
 A pasty made of the good red deer,
 A huge grouse pie, and a fine Florentine,
 A fat roast goose, and a turkey and chine.'

—"Madge Gray, Madge Gray,
 Now tell me, I pray,
 Where's the best wassail bowl to our roundelay?"

—"There is ale in the cellars of Tappington Hall,
 But the Squire is a churl, and his drink is small;
 Mine host of the Dragon Hath many a flagon
 Of double ale, lambs' wool, and *eau de vie*,
 But Sir Thopas, the Vicar, Hath costlier liquor;
 A butt of the choicest *Malvoisie*.

He doth not lack Canary or sack;
 And a good pint stoup of Clary wine
 Smacks merrily off with a turkey and chine!"

"Now away! and away! without delay,
Hey Cockalorum! my Broomstick gay!
 We must be back ere the dawn of the day:
 Hey up the chimney! away! away!"—

Old Goody Price Mounts in a trice,
 In showing her legs she is not over nice;
 Old Goody Jones, All skin and bones,
 Follows "like winking."—Away go the crones,
 Knees and nose in a line with the toes,
 Sitting their brooms like so many Ducrows;

Latest and last The damsel pass'd,
 One glance of her coal-black eye she cast;
 She laughed with glee loud laughter three.
 "Dost fear, Rob Gilpin, to ride with me?"—
 Oh, never might man unscath'd espy
 One single glance from that coal-black eye.

—Away she flew!— Without more ado
 Rob seizes and mounts on a broomstick too,
 "Hey! up the chimney, lass! Hey, after you!"

It's a very fine thing, on a fine day in June,
 To ride through the air in a Nassau Balloon;
 But you'll find very soon, if you aim at the Moon,
 In a carriage like that, you're a bit of a "Spoon,"

For the largest can't fly Above twenty miles high,
And you're not half way then on your journey, nor nigh ;
While no man alive Could ever contrive,
Mr. Green has declared, to get higher than five.
And the soundest Philosophers hold that, perhaps,
If you reach'd twenty miles your balloon would collapse,
Or pass by such action The sphere of attraction,
Getting into the track of some comet—Good-lack !
'Tis a thousand to one that you'd never come back ;
And the boldest of mortals a danger like that must fear,
Rashly protruding beyond our own atmosphere.

No, no ; when I try A trip to the sky,
I shan't go in that thing of yours, Mr. Gye,
Though Messieurs Monck Mason, and Spencer, and Beazly
All join in saying it travels so easily.

No ; there's nothing so good As a pony of wood—
Not like that which, of late, they stuck up on the gate
At the end of the Park, which caused so much debate,
And gave so much trouble to make it stand straight,—
But a regular Broomstick—you'll find that the favourite—
Above all, when, like Robin, you haven't to pay for it.

—Stay—really I dread— I am losing the thread
Of my tale ; and it's time you should be in your bed,
So lithe now, and listen, my little boy Ned !

The Vicarage walls are lofty and thick,
And the copings are stone, and the sides are brick ;
The casements are narrow, and bolted, and barr'd,
And the stout oak door is heavy and hard ;
Moreover, by way of additional guard,
A great big dog runs loose in the yard,
And a horse-shoe is nail'd on the threshold sill,—
To keep out aught that savours of ill,—
But alack ! the chimney-pot's open still !
—That great big dog begins to quail,
Between his hind-legs he drops his tail.
Crouch'd on the ground the terrified hound
Gives vent to a very odd sort of a sound :
It is not a bark, loud, open, and free,
As an honest old watch-dog's bark should be ;

It is not a yelp, it is not a growl,
But a something between a whine and a howl,
And, hark !—a sound from the window high
Responds to the watch-dog's pitiful cry :

It is not a moan, It is not a groan :
It comes from a nose,—but is not what a nose
Produces in healthy and sound repose.
Yet Sir Thopas the Vicar is fast asleep,
And his respirations are heavy and deep !

He snores, 'tis true, but he snores no more
As he's aye been accustom'd to snore before,
And as men of his kidney are wont to snore ;—
(Sir Thopas's weight is sixteen stone four ;)
He draws his breath like a man distress'd
By pain or grief, or like one oppress'd
By some ugly old Incubus perch'd on his breast.

A something seems To disturb his dreams,
And thrice on his ear, distinct and clear,
Falls a voice as of somebody whispering near
In still small accents, faint and few,
"Hey down the chimney-pot !—Hey after you !"

Throughout the Vicarage, near and far,
There is no lack of bolt or of bar ;

There are plenty of locks To closet and box,
Yet the pantry wicket is standing ajar !
And the little low door, through which you must go,
Down some half-dozen steps to the cellar below,
Is also unfasten'd, though no one may know,
By so much as a guess, how it comes to be so ;

For wicket and door, The evening before,
Were both of them lock'd, and the key safely placed
On the bunch that hangs down from the Housekeeper's waist

Oh, 'twas a jovial sight to view
In that snug little cellar that frolicsome crew !—

Old Goody Price Had got something nice,
A turkey-poult larded with bacon and spice ;—

Old Goody Jones Would touch nought that had bones,
She might just as well mumble a parcel of stones.
Goody Jones, in sooth, had got never a tooth,

And a New-College pudding of marrow and plums
Is the dish of all others that suiteth her gums.

Madge Gray was picking The breast of a chicken,
Her coal-black eye, with its glance so sly,
Was fix'd on Rob Gilpin himself, sitting by
With his heart full of love, and his mouth full of pie ;

Grouse pie, with hare In the middle, is fare
Which, duly concocted with science and care,
Doctor Kitchener says, is beyond all compare ;

And a tenderer leveret Robin had never ate :
So, in after times, oft he was wont to asseverate.

"Now pledge we the wine-cup!—a health!—a health!
Sweet are the pleasures obtain'd by stealth!
Fill up! fill up!—the brim of the cup
Is the part that aye holdeth the toothsomest sup!
Here's to thee, Goody Price!—Goody Jones, to thee!—
To thee, Roving Rob! and again to me?
Many a sip, never a slip
Come to us four 'twixt the cup and the lip!"

The cups pass quick, The toasts fly thick,
Rob tries in vain out their meaning to pick,
But hears the words "Scratch," and "Old Bogey," and "Nick."

More familiar grown, Now he stands up alone,
Volunteering to give them a toast of his own.

"A bumper of wine! Fill thine! Fill mine!
Here's a health to old Noah who planted the Vine!"

Oh, then what sneezing, What coughing and wheezing
Ensued in a way that was not over pleasing ;
Goody Price, Goody Jones, and the pretty Madge Gray,
All seem'd as their liquor had gone the wrong way.

But the best of the joke was, the moment he spoke
Those words which the party seem'd almost to choke,
As by mentioning Noah some spell had been broke,
Every soul in the house at that instant awoke!
And, hearing the din from barrel and binn,
Drew at once the conclusion that thieves had got in.
Up jump'd the Cook and caught hold of her spit ;
Up jump'd the Groom and took bridle and bit ;

Up jump'd the Gardener and shoulder'd his spade ;
 Up jump'd the Scullion,—the Footman,—the Maid ;
 (The two last, by the way, occasion'd some scandal,
 By appearing together with only one candle,
 Which gave for unpleasant surmises some handle ;)
 Up jump'd the Swineherd,—and up jump'd the big boy,
 A nondescript under him, acting as Pig-boy ;
 Butler, Housekeeper, Coachman—from bottom to top
 Everybody jump'd up without parley or stop,
 With the weapon which first in their way chance to drop,—
 Whip, warming-pan, wig-block, mug, musket, and mop.
 Last of all doth appear, With some symptoms of fear,
 Sir Thopas in person to bring up the rear,
 In a mix'd kind of costume half *Pontificalibus*,
 Half what scholars denonimate Pure *Naturalibus* ;

Nay, the truth to express, As you'll easily guess,
 They have none of them time to attend much to dress ;

But He, or She, As the case may be,
 He or She seizes what He or She pleases,
 Trunk-hosen or kirtles, and shirts or chemises,
 And thus one and all, great and small, short and tall,
 Muster at once in the Vicarage hall,
 With upstanding locks, starting eyes, shorten'd breath,
 Like the folks in the Gallery Scene in Macbeth,
 When Macduff is announcing their Sovereign's death.
 And hark !—what accents clear and strong,
 To the listening throng came floating along !
 'Tis Robin encoring himself in a song—

“ Very good song ! very well sung !

Jolly companions every one ! ”

On, on to the cellar ! away ! away !
 On, on to the cellar without more delay !
 The whole *posse* rush onwards in battle-array—
 Conceive the dismay of the party so gay,
 Old Goody Jones, Goody Price, and Madge Gray,
 When the door bursting wide, they descried the allied
 Troops, prepared for the onslaught, roll in like a tide.
 And the spits, and the tongs, and the pokers beside !—
 “ Boot and saddle's the word ! mount, Cummers, and
 ride ! ”

Alarm was ne'er caused more strong and indigenuous
By cat among rats, or a hawk in a pigeon-house ;

Quick from the view Away they all flew,
With a yell, and a screech, and a halliballoo,

Hey up the chimney ! Hey after you !"
The Volscians themselves made an exit less speedy
From Corioli, "flutter'd like doves" by Macready.

They are gone—save one, Robin alone !
Robin, whose high state of civilisation
Precludes all idea of aërostation ;

And who now has no notion Of more locomotion
Than suffices to kick, with much zeal and devotion,
Right and left at the party, who pounced on their victim,
And mau'd him, and kick'd him, and lick'd him, and prick'd
him,

As they bore him away scarce aware what was done,
And believing it all but a part of the fun,
Hic—hicoughing out the same strain he'd begun,
"Jol—jolly companions every one !"

* * * * *

Morning grey Scarce bursts into day
Ere at Tappington Hall there's the deuce to pay ;
The tables and chairs are all placed in array
In the old oak-parlour, and in and out

Domestics and neighbours, a motley rout,
Are walking, and whispering, and standing about ;

And the Squire is there In his large arm-chair,
Leaning back with a grave magisterial air ;

In the front of a seat a Huge volume, called *Fleta*,
And *Bracton*, a tome of an old-fashioned look,
And *Coke* upon *Lyttelton*, then a new book ;

And he moistens his lips With occasional sips
From a luscious sack-posset that smiles in a tankard
Close by on a side-table—not that he drank hard,

But because at that day, I hardly need say,
The Hong Merchants had not yet invented *How Qua* ;
Nor as yet would you see *Souchong* or *Bohea*
At the tables of persons of any degree :

How our ancestors managed to do without tea,
I must fairly confess is a mystery to me ;

Yet your Lydgates and Chaucers
 Had no cups and saucers ;
 Their breakfast, in fact, and the best they could get,
 Was a sort of a *déjeuner à la fourchette* ;
 Instead of our slops They had cutlets and chops,
 And sack-possets, and ale in stoups, tankards, and pots ;
 And they wound up the meal with rumpsteaks and 'schalots.

Now the Squire lifts his hand With an air of command,
 And gives them a sign, which they all understand,
 To bring in the culprit ; and straightway the carter
 And huntsman drag in that unfortunate martyr,
 Still kicking, and crying, "Come,—what are you arter ?"
 The charge is prepared, and the evidence clear,
 "He was caught in the cellar a-drinking the beer
 And came there, there's very great reason to fear,
 With companions,—to say but the least of them,—queer,
 Such as Witches, and creatures With horrible features,
 And horrible grins, And hook'd noses and chins,
 Who'd been playing the deuce with his Reverence's binns."
 The face of his worship grows graver and graver,
 As the parties detail Robin's shameful behaviour ;
 Mister Buzzard, the clerk, while the tale is reciting,
 Sits down to reduce the affair into writing,
 With all proper diction, And due "legal fiction :"
 Viz : "That he, the said prisoner, as clearly was shown,
 Conspiring with folks to deponents unknown,
 With divers, that is to say, two thousand people,
 In two thousand hats, each hat peak'd like a steeple,
 With force and with arms, And with sorcery and charms,
 Upon two thousand brooms ;
 Enter'd four thousand rooms,
 To wit, two thousand pantries, and two thousand cellars,
 Put in bodily fear twenty thousand in-dwellers,
 And with sundry—that is to say, two thousand—forks,
 Drew divers—that is to say, ten thousand—corks,
 And, with malice prepense, down their two thousand throttles
 Emptied various—that is to say, ten thousand—bottles ;
 All in breach of the peace,—moved by Satan's malignity—
 And in spite of King James, and his Crown, and his
 Dignity."

At words so profound Rob gazes around,
 But no glance sympathetic to cheer him is found.
 —No glance, did I say? Yes, one?—Madge Gray!—
 She is there in the midst of the crowd standing by,
 And she gives him one glance from her coal-black eye,
 One touch to his hand, and one word to his ear,—
 (That's a line which I've stolen from Sir Walter, I fear,)—

While nobody near Seems to see her or hear :
 As his worship takes up, and surveys, with a strict eye,
 The broom now produced as the *corpus delicti*,
 Ere his fingers can clasp, It is snatched from his grasp,
 The end poked in his chest with a force makes him gasp,
 And, despite the decorum so due to the *Quorum*,
 His worship's upset, and so too is his jorum ;
 And Madge is astride on the broomstick before 'em.
 "Hocus Pocus! Quick, Presto! and Hey Cockalorum!
 Mount, mount for your life, Rob!—Sir Justice, adieu!—
 —Hey up the chimney-pot! hey after you!"

Through the mystified group,
 With a halloo and a whoop,
 Madge on the pommel, and Robin *en croupe*,
 The pair through the air ride as if in a chair,
 While the party below stand mouth open and stare ;
 "Clean bumbaized" and amazed, and fix'd, all the room stick,
 "Oh! what's gone with Robin,—and Madge,—and the
 broomstick?"
 Ay, "what's gone" indeed, Ned?—of what befell
 Madge Gray, and the broomstick, I never heard tell :
 But Robin was found, that morn, on the ground,
 In yon old grey Ruin again, safe and sound
 Except that at first he complain'd much of thirst,
 And a shocking bad headache, of all ills the worst,
 And close by his knee A flask you might sec,
 But an empty one, smelling of *eau de vie*.

Rob from this hour is an alter'd man ;
 He runs home to his lodgings as fast as he can,
 Sticks to his trade, Marries Miss Slade,
 Becomes a Tee-totaller—that is the same
 As Tee-totallers now, one in all but the name ;

Grows fond of Small-beer, which is always a steady sign,
 Never drinks spirits except as a medicine ;
 Learns to despise Coal-black eyes,
 Minds pretty girls no more than so many Guys ;
 Has a family, lives to be sixty, and dies !

Now, my little boy Ned, Brush off to your bed,
 Tie your nightcap on safe, or a napkin instead,
 Or these terrible nights, you'll catch cold in your head.
 And remember my tale, and the moral it teaches,
 Which you'll find much the same as what Solomon preaches :
 Don't flirt with young ladies ! don't practice soft speeches ;
 Avoid waltzes, quadrilles, pumps, silk hose, and knee-
 breeches ;—
 Frequent not grey Ruins,—shun riot and revelry,
 Hocus Pocus, and Conjuring, and all sorts of devilry ;—
 Don't meddle with broomsticks,—they're Beelzebub's
 switches,
 Of cellars keep clear,—they're the devil's own ditches ;
 And beware of balls, banquetings, brandy, and—witches !
 Above all ! don't run after black eyes !—if you do,—
 Depend on't you'll find what I say will come true,—
 Old Nick, some fine morning, will “ hey after you ! ”

The Jackdaw of Rheims.

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair
 Bishop and abbot and prior were there ;
 Many a monk, and many a friar,
 Many a knight, and many a squire,
 With a great many more of lesser degree,—
 In sooth a goodly company ;
 And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
 Never, I ween, Was a prouder seen,
 Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
 Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims !

In and out Through the motley rout,
 That little Jackdaw kept hopping about ;

Here and there Like a dog in a fair,
 Over comfits and cakes, And dishes and plates,
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
 Mitre and crosier ! he hopp'd upon all !

With saucy air, He perched on the chair
 Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat ;

And he peer'd in the face Of his Lordship's Grace,
 With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
 " We two are the greatest folks here to-day ! "

And the priests, with awe, As such freaks they saw,
 Said, " The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw ! "

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
 The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
 And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls !
 In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,

Came, in order due, Two by two,
 Marching that grand refectory through !
 A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
 Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
 As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
 Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
 Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
 Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne ;
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more A napkin bore,
 Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
 And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in " permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
 Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white :

From his finger he draws His costly turquoise ;
 And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,

Deposits it straight By the side of his plate,
 While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;
 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
 That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

There's a cry and a shout, And a deuce of a rout.
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out ;

The friars are kneeling, And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.

The Cardinal drew Off each plum-colour'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;

He peeps, and he feels In the toes and the heels ;
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,

—They turn up the rugs, They examine the mugs :—

But, no!—no such thing ;— They can't find THE RING
And the Abbot declared that, “when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it !”

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book !

In holy anger, and pious grief,

He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !

He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;

From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;

He cursed him in sleeping, that every night

He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright ;

He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,

He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking ;

He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;

He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,

He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying !—

Never was heard such a terrible curse !

But what gave rise To no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse !

The day was gone, The night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn ;

When the Sacristan saw, On crumpled claw,
Came limping a poor little lame Jackdaw ?

No longer gay, As on yesterday ;

His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way ;—

His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—

His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;

His eye so dim, So wasted each limb,

That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, “THAT'S HIM :—

That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing !
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring !

The poor little Jackdaw, When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
" Pray be so good as to walk this way ! "

Slower and slower He limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door.

When the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw !

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took ;

The mute expression Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution !

—When those words were heard, That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd,
He grew sleek, and fat ; In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat !

His tail wagged more Even than before ;
But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.

He hopp'd now about With a gait devout ;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out ;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—

Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happen'd to snore,
That good Jackdaw Would give a great " Caw."
As much as to say, " Don't do so any more ! "

While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they " never had known such a pious Jackdaw ! "

He long lived the pride Of that country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died ;

When, as words were too faint, His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint !
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonised him by the name of Jim Crow !

A Lay of St. Dunstan.

ST. DUNSTAN stood in his ivied tower,
Alembic, crucible, all were there ;
When in came Nick to play him a trick,
In guise of a damsel passing fair.

Every one knows How the story goes :
He took up the tongs and caught hold of his nose.
But I beg that you wont for a moment suppose
That I mean to go through, in detail, to you
A story at least as trite as it's true !

Nor do I intend An instant to spend
On the tale, how he treated his monarch and friend.
When bolting away to a chamber remote,
Inconceivably bored by his Witen-gemote,

Edwy left them all joking, And drinking, and smoking,
So tipsily grand, they'd stand nonsense from no King,

But sent the Archbishop Their Sovereign to fish up,
With a hint that perchance on his crown he might feel taps
Unless he came back straight and took off his heel-taps.
You must not be plagued with the same story twice,
And perhaps have seen this one by W. DYCE,
At the Royal Academy, very well done,
And mark'd in the catalogue Four, seven, one.

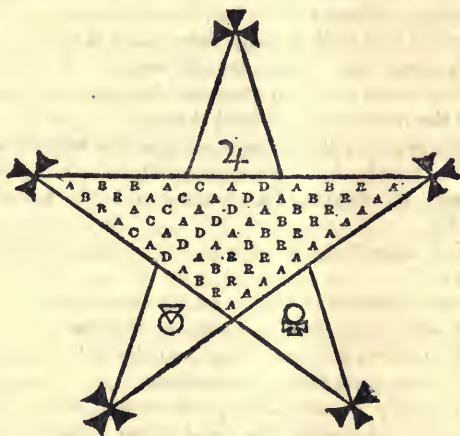
You might there view the Saint, who in sable array'd is,
Coercing the Monarch away from the Ladies ;
His right hand has hold of his Majesty's jerkin,
His left shows the door, and he seems to say, " Sir King,
Your most faithful Commons won't hear of your shirking !
Quit your tea, and return to your Barclai and Perkyn,
Or, by Jingo, ere morning, no longer alive, a
Sad victim you'll lie to your love for Elgiva ! "

No farther to treat Of this ungallant feat,
What I mean to do now is succinctly to paint
One particular fact in the life of the Saint,
Which, somehow, for want of due care, I presume
Has escaped the researches of Rapin and Hume,

In recounting a miracle, both of them men, who a
Great deal fall short of Jacques, Bishop of Genoa,
An Historian who likes deeds like these to record—
See his *Aurea Legenda*, by Wynkyn de Worde.

St. Dunstan stood again in his tower,
Alembic, crucible, all complete ;
He had been standing a good half-hour,
And now he utter'd the words of power,
And call'd to his Broomstick to bring him a seat.

The words of power!—and what be they
To which e'en Broomsticks bow and obey ?
Why,—'twere uncommonly hard to say,
As the prelate I named has recorded none of them,
What they may be, But I know they are three,
And ABRACADABRA, I take it, is one of them,
For I'm told that most Cabalists use that identical
Word, written thus, in what they call a "Pentacle."



However that be, You'll doubtless agree
It signifies little to you or to me,
As not being dabblers in Grammarye ;
Still, it must be confess'd, for a Saint to repeat
Such language aloud is scarcely discreet ;

For, as Solomon hints to folks given to chatter,
 "A bird of the air may carry the matter ;"

And in sooth, From my youth, I remember a truth
 Insisted on much in my earlier years,
 To wit, "Little Pitchers have very long ears !"
 Now, just such a "Pitcher" as those I allude to
 Was outside the door, which his "ears" appear'd glued to.

Peter, the Lay-brother, meagre and thin,
 Five feet one in his sandal shoon,
 While the Saint thought him sleeping,
 Was listening and peeping,
 And watching his master the whole afternoon.

This Peter the Saint had picked out from his fellows,
 To look to his fire, and to blow with the bellows,
 To put on the Wall's-Ends and Lambtons whenever he
 Chose to indulge in a little *orfevrerie* ;

—Of course you have read, That St. Dunstan was bred
 A Goldsmith, and never quite gave up the trade !
 The Company—richest in London, 'tis said—
 Acknowledged him still as their Patron and Head ;

Nor is it so long Since a capital song
 In his praise—now recorded their archives among—
 Delighted the noble and dignified throng
 Of their guests, who, the newspapers told the whole town,
 With cheers "pledged the wine cup to Dunstan's renown,"
 When Lord Lyndhurst, THE DUKE, and Sir Robert, were
 dining

At the Hall some time since with the Prime Warden Twin-
 ing.—

—I am sadly digressing—a fault which sometimes
 One can hardly avoid in these gossiping rhymes—
 A slight deviation's forgiven ! but then this is
 Too long, I fear, for a decent parenthesis,
 So I'll rein up my Pegasus sharp, and retreat, or
 You'll think I've forgotten the Lay-brother Peter,

Whom the Saint, as I said, Kept to turn down his bed,
 Dress his palfreys and cobs, And do other odd jobs,—

As reducing to writing Whatever he might, in
 The course of the day or the night, be inditing,
 And cleaning the plate of his mitre with whiting ;

Performing, in short, all those duties and offices
Abbots exact from Lay-brothers and Novices.

It occurs to me here You'll perhaps think it queer
That St. Dunstan should have such a personage near,

When he'd only to say,

Those words,—be what they may,—

And his Broomstick at once his commands would obey.—

That's true—but the fact is 'Twas rarely his practice

Such aid to resort to, or such means apply,

Unless he'd some "dignified knot" to untie,

Adopting, though sometimes, as now, he'd reverse it,

Old Horace's maxim "*nec Broomstick intersit*."—

—Peter, the Lay-brother, meagre and thin,

Heard all the Saint was saying within ;

Peter, the Lay-brother, sallow and spare,

Peep'd through the key-hole, and—what saw he there ?—

Why,—A BROOMSTICK BRINGING A RUSH-BOTTOM'D CHAIR.

What Shakspeare observes, in his play of King John,

Is undoubtedly right, That "ofttimes the sight
Of means to do ill deeds will make ill deeds done."

Here's Peter, the Lay-brother, pale-faced and meagre,

A good sort of man, only rather too eager

To listen to what other people are saying

When he ought to be minding his business or praying,

Gets into a scrape,—and an awkward one, too,—

As you'll find, if you've patience enough to go through

The whole of the story I'm laying before ye,—

Entirely from having "the means" in his view

Of doing a thing which he ought not to do !

Still rings in his ear, Distinct and clear,

Abacadabra ! that word of fear !

And the two which I never yet happen'd to hear.

Still doth he spy, With Fancy's eye,

The Broomstick at work, and the Saint standing by ;

And he chuckles, and says to himself, with glee.

"Aha ! that Broomstick shall work for *me* !"

Hark !—that swell O'er flood and o'er fell,
Mountain, and dingle, and moss-cover'd dell !

List!—'tis the sound of the Compline bell :
 And St. Dunstan is quitting his ivied cell ;
 Peter, I wot, Is off like a shot,
 Or a little dog scalded by something that's hot,
 For he hears his Master approaching the spot
 Where he'd listen'd so long, though he knew he ought not :
 Peter remember'd his Master's frown—
 He trembled—he'd not have been caught for a crown ;
 Howe'er you may laugh He'd rather, by half,
 Have run up to the top of the tower and jump'd down.

The Compline hour is past and gone,
 Evening service is over and done !
 The monks repair To their frugal fare,
 A snug little supper of something light
 And digestible, ere they retire for the night.
 For, in Saxon times, in respect of their cheer,
 St. Austin's rule was by no means severe,
 But allow'd, from the Beverley Roll 'twould appear,
 Bread and cheese, and spring onions, and sound table-beer,
 And even green peas when they were not too dear ;
 Not like the Rule of La Trappe, whose chief merit is
 Said to consist in its greater austerities ;
 And whose monks, if I rightly remember their laws,
 Ne'er are suffer'd to speak, Think only in Greek,
 And subsist, as the Bears do, by sucking their paws.
 Astonish'd I am The gay Baron Geramb,
 With his head sav'ring more of the Lion than Lamb,
 Could e'er be persuaded to join such a set—I
 Extend the remark to Signor Ambrogetti.—
 For a monk off La Trappe is as thin as a rat,
 While an Austin Friar was jolly and fat ;
 Though, of course, the fare to which I allude,
 With as good table-beer as ever was brew'd,
 Was all "caviare to the multitude,"
 Extending alone to the clergy, together in
 Hall assembled, and not to Lay-brethren.
 St. Dunstan himself sits there at his post,
 On what they say is Called a Dais,

O'erlooking the whole of his clerical host,
 And eating poach'd eggs with spinach and toast ;
 Five Lay-brothers stand behind his chair,
 But where is the sixth ?—where's Peter ?—Ay, WHERE ?

'Tis an evening in June, And a little half-moon,
 A brighter no fond lover ever set eyes on,
 Gleaming and beaming, And dancing the stream in,
 Has made her appearance above the horizon ;
 Just such a half-moon as you see, in a play,
 On the turban of Mustapha Muley Bey,
 Or the fair Turk who weds with the " Noble Lord Bateman ;"
 —*Vide* plate in George Cruikshank's memoirs of that great
 man.

She shines on a turret remote and lone,
 A turret with ivy and moss overgrown,
 And lichens that thrive on the cold dank stone ;
 Such a tower as a poet of no mean *calibre*
 I once knew and loved, poor, dear Reginald Heber,
 Assigns to oblivion—a den for a She bear ;
 Within it are found, Strew'd above and around,
 On the hearth, on the table, the shelves, and the ground,
 All sorts of instruments, all sorts of tools,
 To name which, and their uses, would puzzle the Schools,
 And make very wise people look very like fools :

Pincers and hooks, And black-letter books,
 All sorts of pokers and all sorts of tongs,
 And all sorts of hammers, and all that belongs
 To Goldsmiths' work, chemistry, alchymy,—all,
 In short, that a Sage, In that erudite age,
 Could require, was at hand, or at least within call.
 In the midst of the room lies a Broomstick !—and there
 A Lay-brother sits in a rush-bottom'd chair !

Abracadabra, that fearful word,
 And the two which, I said, I have never yet heard,
 Are utter'd.—'Tis done ! Peter, full of his fun,
 Cries, " Broomstick ! you lubberly son of a gun !
 Bring ale !—bring a flagon—a hogshead—a tun !
 'Tis the same thing to you ; I have nothing to do :
 And, 'fore George, I'll sit here, and I'll drink till all's blue !

No doubt you've remark'd how uncommonly quick
 A Newfoundland puppy runs after a stick,
 Brings it back to his master, and gives it him—Well,
 So potent the spell,
 The Broomstick perceived it was vain to rebel,
 So ran off like that puppy ;—some cellar was near,
 For in less than ten seconds 'twas back with the beer !
 Peter seizes the flagon ; but ere he can suck
 Its contents, or enjoy what he thinks his good luck,
 The Broomstick comes in with a tub in a truck ;

Continues to run At the rate it begun,
 And, *au pied de lettre*, next brings in a tun !
 A fresh one succeeds, then a third, then another,
 Discomfiting much the astounded Lay-brother ;
 Who, had he possess'd fifty pitchers or stoops,
 They all had been too few ; for, arranging in groups,
 The barrels, the Broomstick next *started the hoops* :

The ale deluged the floor, But, still, through the door
 Said Broomstick kept bolting, and bringing in more.

Even Macbeth to Macduff

Would have cried " Hold ! enough ! "

If half as well drench'd with such " perilous stuff."
 And Peter, who did not expect such a rough visit,
 Cried lustily, " Stop !—that will do, Broomstick !—*Sufficit !* "

But ah, well-a-day ! The Devil, they say,
 'Tis easier at all times to raise than to lay.

Again and again Peter roared out in vain
 His Abracadabra, and t'other words twain :—

As well might one try A pack in full cry
 To check, and call off from their headlong career,
 By bawling out " Yoicks ! " with one's hand at one's ear.
 The longer he roar'd, and the louder and quicker,
 The faster the Broomstick was bringing in liquor.

The poor Lay-brother knew Not on earth what to do—
 He caught hold of the Broomstick and snapt it in two.—

Worse and worse !—Like a dart, Each part made a start,
 And he found he'd been adding more fuel to fire,
 For *both* now came loaded with Meux's entire ;
 Combe's, Delafield's, Hanbury's, Truman's—no stopping—

Goding's, Charrington's, Whitbread's continued to drop in,
 With Hodson's pale ale, from the Sun Brewhouse, Wapping.
 The firms differ'd then, but I can't put a tax on
 My memory to say what their names were in Saxon.

To be sure the best beer Of all did not appear,
 For I've said 'twas in June, and so late in the year
 The "Trinity Audit Ale" is not come-at-able,
 As I've found to my great grief when dining at that table.

Now extremely alarm'd, Peter scream'd without ceasing,
 For a flood of brown stout he was up to his knees in.
 Which, thanks to the Broomstick, continued increasing ;

He fear'd he'd be drown'd, And he yell'd till the sound
 Of his voice, wing'd by terror, at last reach'd the ear
 Of St. Dunstan himself, who had finish'd *his* beer,
 And had put off his mitre, dalmatic, and shoes,
 And was just stepping into his bed for a snooze.

His Holiness paused when he heard such a clatter ;
 He could not conceive what on earth was the matter.
 Slipping on a few things, for the sake of decorum,
 He issued forthwith from his *Sanctum sanctorum*,
 And calling a few of the Lay-brothers near him,
 Who were not yet in bed, and who happen'd to hear him,
 At once led the way, Without further delay,
 To the tower, where he'd been in the course of the day.

Poor Peter !—alas ! though St. Dunstan was quick,
 There were two there before him—Grim Death, and Old
 Nick !—

When they open'd the door out the malt liquor flow'd,
 Just as when the great Vat burst in Tott'n'am Court Road ;
 The Lay-brothers nearest were up to their necks
 In an instant, and swimming in strong double X ;
 While Peter, who, spite of himself now had drank hard,
 After floating awhile, like a toast in a tankard,

To the bottom had sunk, and was spied by a monk,
 Stone-dead, like poor Clarence, half drown'd and half drunk.
 In vain did St. Dunstan exclaim, "*Vade retro*
Strongbeerum !—discede a Lay-fratre Petro !"—

Queer Latin, you'll say, That preface of "*Lay*,"

And *Strongbeerum* !—I own they'd have called me a block-head if

At school I had ventured to use such a Votive ;

'Tis a barbarous word, and to me it's a query

If you'll find it in Patrick, Morell, or Moreri ;

But, the fact is, the Saint was uncommonly flurried,

And apt to be loose in his Latin when hurried ;

The brown-stout, however, obeys to the letter,

Quite as well as if talk'd to in Latin much better,

By a grave Cambridge Johnian, Or graver Oxonian

Whose language, we all know, is quite Ciceronian.

It retires from the corpse, which is left high and dry ;

But in vain do they snuff and hot towels apply,

And other means used by the faculty try,

When once a man's dead, There's no more to be said ;

Peter's "Beer with an e" was his "Bier with an i."

MORAL.

By way of a moral, permit me to pop in

The following maxims :—beware of eaves-dropping !

Don't make use of language that isn't well-scann'd !—

Don't meddle with matters you don't understand !—

Above all, what I'd wish to impress on both sexes

Is,—Keep clear of Broomsticks, Old Nick, and three XXX's.

L'Envoje.

In Goldsmiths' Hall there's a handsome glass-case,

And in it a stone figure, found on the place,

When, thinking the old Hall no longer a pleasant one,

They pull'd it all down, and erected the present one.

If you look, you'll perceive that this stone figure twists

A thing like a broomstick in one of its fists.

It's so injured by time, you can't make out a feature ;

But it is not St. Dunstan,—so doubtless it's Peter.

A Lay of St. Gengulphus.

GENGULPHUS comes from the Holy Land,
 With his scrip, and his bottle, and sandal shoon ;
 Full many a day hath he been away,
 Yet his lady deems him return'd full soon.

Full many a day hath he been away,
 Yet scarce had he cross'd ayont the sea,
 Ere a spruce young spark of a Learned Clerk
 Had call'd on his Lady, and stopp'd to tea.

This spruce young guest, so trimly drest,
 Stay'd with that Lady her revels to crown ;
 They laugh'd, and they ate and they drank of the best,
 And they turned the old Castle quite upside down.

They would walk in the park, that spruce young Clerk,
 With that frolicsome Lady so frank and free,
 Trying balls and plays, and all manner of ways,
 To get rid of what French people call'd *Ennui*.

Now the festive Board with viands is stored,
 Savoury dishes be there, I ween,
 Rich puddings and big, a barbecued pig,
 And ox-tail soup in a China tureen.

There's a flagon of ale as large as a pail—
 When, cockle on hat, and staff in hand,
 When on nought they are thinking save eating and drinking,
 Gengulphus walks in from the Holy Land !

"You must be pretty deep to catch weazels asleep,"
 Says the proverb ; that is, "take the Fair unawares :"
 A maid o'er the banisters chancing to peep,
 Whispers, "Ma'am, here's Gengulphus a-coming up-stairs."

Pig, pudding, and soup, the electrified group,
 With the flagon, pop under the sofa in haste,
 And contrive to deposit the Clerk in the closet,
 As the dish least of all to Gengulphus's taste,

Then oh ! what rapture, what joy was exprest,
 When "poor dear Gengulphus" at last appear'd !

She kiss'd and she press'd "the dear man" to her breast,
In spite of his great, long, frizzly beard.

Such hugging and squeezing ! 'twas almost displeasing,
A smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye ;
She was so very glad, that she seem'd half mad,
And did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

Then she calls up the maid, and the table-cloth's laid,
And she sends for a pint of the best Brown Stout ;
On the fire, too, she pops some nice mutton-chops,
And she mixes a stiff glass of "Cold Without."

Then again she began at the "poor dear" man ;
She press'd him to drink, and she press'd him to eat,
And she brought a foot-pan, with hot water and bran,
To comfort his "poor dear" travel-worn feet.

"Nor night nor day since he'd been away,
Had she had any rest" she "vowed and declar'd,"
She "never could eat one morsel of meat,
For thinking how 'poor dear' Gengulphus fared."

She "really did think she had not slept a wink
Since he left her, although he'd been absent so long."
He here shook his head,—right little he said,
But he thought she was "coming it rather too strong."

Now his palate she tickles with the chops and the pickles,
Till, so great the effect of that stiff gin grog,
His weaken'd body, subdued by the toddy,
Falls out of the chair, and he lies like a log,

Then out comes the Clerk from his secret lair ;
He lifts up the legs, and she lifts up the head,
And, between them, this most reprehensible pair
Undress poor Gengulphus and put him to bed.

Then the bolster they place athwart his face,
And his night-cap into his mouth they cram ;
And she pinches his nose underneath the clothes,
Till the "poor dear soul" goes off like a lamb.

And now they tried the deed to hide ;
For a little bird whisper'd, " Perchance you may swing ;
Here's a corpse in the case with a sad swell'd face,
And a Medical Crowner's a queer sort of thing ! "

So the Clerk and wife, they each took a knife,
And the nippers that nipp'd the loaf-sugar for tea ;
With the edges and points they severed the joints
At the clavicle, elbow, hip, ankle, and knee.

Thus, limb from limb they dismember'd him
So entirely, that e'en when they came to his wrists,
With those great sugar-nippers they nipp'd off his " flippers,"
As the Clerk, very flippantly, termed his fists.

When they'd cut off his head, entertaining a dread
Lest folks should remember Gengulphus's face,
They determined to throw it where no one could know it,
Down the well,—and the limbs in some different place.

But first the long beard from the chin they shear'd,
And managed to stuff that sanctified hair,
With good deal of pushing, all into the cushion
That fill'd up the seat of a large arm-chair.

They contrived to pack up the trunk in a sack,
Which they hid in an osier-bed outside the town,
The Clerk bearing arms, legs, and all on his back,
As that vile Mr. Greenacre served Mrs. Brown.

But to see now how strangely things sometimes turn out,
And that in a manner the least expected !
Who could surmise a man ever could rise
Who'd been thus carbonado'd, cut up, and dissected ?

No doubt 'twould surprise the pupils at Guy's ;
I am no unbeliever—no man can say that o' me—
But St. Thomas himself would scarce trust his own eyes
If he saw such a thing in his School of Anatomy.

You may deal as you please with Hindoos and Chinese,
Or a Mussulman making his heathen *salaam*, or
A Jew or a Turk, but it's other guess work
When a man has to do with a Pilgrim or Palmer.

By chance the Prince Bishop, a Royal Divine,
Sends his cards round the neighbourhood next day, and
urges his

Wish to receive a snug party to dine
Of the resident clergy, the gentry, and burgesses.

At a quarter past five they are all alive
At the palace, for coaches are fast rolling in ;
And to every guest his card had express'd
"Half-past" as the hour for "a greasy chin."

Some thirty are seated, and handsomely treated
With the choicest Rhine wines in his Highness's stock,
When a Count of the Empire, who felt himself heated,
Requested some water to mix with his Hock.

The Butler, who saw it, sent a maid out to draw it,
But scarce had she given the windlass a twirl,
Ere Gengulphus's head, from the well's bottom, said
In mild accents, "Do help us out, that's a good girl !"

Only fancy her dread when she saw a great head
In her bucket ;—with fright she was ready to drop :—
Conceive, if you can, how she roar'd and she ran,
With the head rolling after her, bawling out "Stop !"

She ran and she roar'd till she came to the board
Where the Prince Bishop sat with his party around,
When Gengulphus's poll, which continued to roll
At her heels, on the table bounced up with a bound.

Never touching the cates, or the dishes or plates,
The decanters or glasses, the sweetmeats or fruits,
The head smiles, and begs them to bring him his legs,
As a well-spoken gentleman asks for his boots.

Kicking open the casement, to each one's amazement,
Straight a right leg steps in, all impediment scorns ;
And near the head stopping, a left follows hopping
Behind,—for the left leg was troubled with corns.

Next, before the beholders, two great brawny shoulders,
And arms on their bent elbows dance through the throng,
While two hands assist, though nipp'd off at the wrist,
The said shoulders in bearing a body along.

They march up to the head, not one syllable said,
 For the thirty guests all stare in wonder and doubt,
 As the limbs in their sight arrange and unite,
 Till Gengulphus, though dead, looks as sound as a trout.

I will venture to say, from that hour to this day,
 Ne'er did such an assembly behold such a scene ;
 Or a table divide fifteen guests of a side
 With a dead body placed in the centre between.

Yes, they stared—well they might at so novel a sight :
 No one utter'd a whisper, a sneeze, or a hem,
 But sat all bolt upright, and pale with affright ;
 And they gazed at the dead man, the dead man at them.

The Prince Bishop's Jester, on punning intent,
 As he view'd the whole thirty, in jocular terms
 Said, "They put him in mind of a Council of *Trente*
 Engaged in reviewing the Diet of Worms."

But what should they do ?—Oh ! nobody knew
 What was best to be done, either stranger or resident ;
 The Chancellor's self read his Puffendorf through
 In vain, for his books could not furnish a precedent.

The Prince Bishop mutter'd a curse and a prayer,
 Which his double capacity hit to a nicety :
 His Princely, or Lay, half induced him to swear,
 His Episcopal moiety said "*Benedicite !*"

The Coroner sat on the body that night,
 And the jury agreed,—not a doubt could they harbour—
 "That the chin of the corpse—the sole thing brought to light—
 Had been recently shaved by a very bad barber."

They sent out Von Taünsend, Von Bürnle, Von Róe,
 Von Maine, and Von Rowantz—through châteaux and
 châteaux,
 Towns, villages, hamlets, they told them to go,
 And they stuck up placards on the walls of the Stadthaus :

"MURDER !!

"WHEREAS, a dead gentleman, surname unknown,
 Has been recently found at his Highness's banquet,

Rather shabbily drest in an Amice, or gown,
In appearance resembling a second-hand blanket ;

"And WHEREAS, there's great reason indeed to suspect
That some ill-disposed person, or persons, with malice
Aforethought, have kill'd and begun to dissect
The said Gentleman, not very far from the palace :

"THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE !—Whoever shall seize,
And such person, or persons, to justice surrender,
Shall receive—such REWARD—as his Highness shall please,
On conviction of him, the aforesaid offender.

"And, in order the matter more clearly to trace
To the bottom, his Highness, the Prince Bishop, further,
Of his clemency, offers free PARDON and Grace
To all such as have *not* been concern'd in the murther.

"Done this day, at our palace,—July twenty-five,—
By command,

(Signed)

Johann Von Rüssell,
N.B.

Deceased rather in years—had a squint when alive :
And smells slightly of gin—linen mark'd with a G."

The Newspapers, too, made no little ado,
Though a different version each managed to dish up ;
Some said "The Prince Bishop had run a man through,"
Others said "an assassin had kill'd the Prince Bishop."

The "Ghent Herald" fell foul of the "Bruxelles Gazette,"
The "Bruxelles Gazette," with much sneering ironical,
Scorn'd to remain in the "Ghent Herald's" debt,
And the "Amsterdam Times" quizz'd the "Nuremberg
Chronicle."

In one thing, indeed, all the journals agreed.
Spite of "politics," "bias," or "party collision ;"
Viz. : to "give," when they'd "further accounts" of the
deed,

"Full particulars" soon, in "a later Edition."

But now, while on all sides they rode and they ran,
Trying all sorts of means to discover the caitiffs,

Losing patience, the holy Gengulphus began
To think it high time to "astonish the natives."

First, a Rittmeister's Frau, who was weak in both eyes,
And supposed the most short-sighted woman in Holland,
Found greater relief, to her joy and surprise,
From one glimpse of his "squint" than from glasses by
Dollond.

By the slightest approach to the tip of his Nose,
Megrims, headache, and vapours were put to the rout ;
And one single touch of his precious Great Toes
Was a certain specific for chilblains and gout.

Rheumatics,—sciatica,—tic-doloureux !
Apply to his shin-bones—not one of them lingers ;—
All bilious complaints in an instant withdrew
If the patient was tickled with one of his fingers.

Much virtue was found to reside in his thumbs ;
When applied to the chest they cured scantness of breathing,
Sea-sickness, and colic ; or, rubb'd on the gums,
Were "A blessing to Mothers," for infants in teething.

Whoever saluted the nape of his neck,
Where the mark remain'd visible still of the knife ;
Notwithstanding east winds perspiration might check,
Was safe from sore-throat for the rest of his life.

Thus while each acute and each chronic complaint
Giving way, proved an influence clearly divine,
They perceived the dead gentleman must be a Saint,
So they lock'd him up, body and bones, in a shrine.

Through country and town his new Saintship's renown
As a first-rate physician kept daily increasing,
Till, as Alderman Curtis told Alderman Brown,
It seem'd as if "Wonders had never *done ceasing*."

The Three Kings of Cologne began, it was known,
A sad falling off in their off'rings to find,
His feats were so many—still the greatest of any,—
In every sense of the word, was—behind ;

For the German Police were beginning to cease
From exertions which each day more fruitless appear'd,

When Gengulphus himself, his fame still to increase,
Unravell'd the whole by the help of—his beard !

If you look back you'll see the aforesaid *barbe gris*,
When divorced from the chin of its murder'd proprietor,
Had been stuff'd in the seat of a kind of settee,
Or double-arm'd chair, to keep the thing quieter.

It may seem rather strange, that it did not arrange
Itself in its place when the limbs join'd together ;
Prhaps it could not get out, for the cushion was stout,
And constructed of good, strong, maroon-colour'd leather.

Or, what is more likely, Gengulphus might choose,
For Saints, e'en when dead, still retain their volition,
It should rest there, to aid some particular views,
Produced by his very peculiar position.

Be that as it may, on the very first day
That the widow Gengulphus sat down on that settee,
What occur'd almost frighten'd her senses away,
Beside scaring her handmaidens, Gertrude and Betty.

They were telling their mistress the wonderful deeds
Of the new Saint, to whom all the town said their orisons ;
And especially how, as regards invalids,
His miraculous cures far outrivall'd Von Morison's.

"The cripples," said they, fling their crutches away,
And people born blind now can easily see us !"—
But she (we presume, a disciple of Hume)
Shook her head, and said angrily, "*Credat Judæus !*"

"Those rascally liars, the Monks and the Friars,
To bring grist to their mill, these devices have hit on.—
He works miracles !—pooh !—I'd believe it of you
Just as soon, you great Geese,—or the Chair that I sit on !"

The Chair !—at that word,—it seems really absurd,
But the truth must be told,—what contortions and grins
Distorted her face !—she sprang up from her place
Just as though she'd been sitting on needles and pins.

For, as if the Saint's beard the rash challenge had heard
Which she utter'd, of what was beneath her forgetful,

Each particular hair stood on end in the chair,
 Like a porcupine's quills when the animal's fretful
 That stout maroon leather, they pierced altogether,
 Like tenter-hooks holding when clench'd from within";
 And the maids cried "Good gracious! how very tenacious!"
 —They as well might endeavour to pull off her skin!—
 She shriek'd with the pain, but all efforts were vain;
 In vain did they strain every sinew and muscle,—
 The cushion stuck fast!—From that hour to her last
 She could never get rid of that comfortless "Bustle!"
 And e'en as Macbeth, when devising the death
 Of his King, heard "the very stones prate of his where-
 abouts;"
 So this shocking bad wife heard a voice all her life
 Crying "Murder!" resound from the cushion,—or there-
 abouts.

With regards to the Clerk, we are left in the dark
 As to what his fate was; but I cannot imagine he
 Got off scot-free, though unnoticed it be
 Both by Ribadaneira and Jacques de Voragine:
 For cut-throats, we're sure can be never secure,
 And "History's Muse" still to prove it her pen holds,
 As you'll see, if you look in a rather scarce book,
 "*God's Revenge against Murder*," by one Mr. Reynolds.

MORAL.

Now, you grave married Pilgrims, who wander away,
 Like Ulysses of old (*vide* Homer and Naso),
 Don't lengthen your stay to three years and a day,
 And when you *are* coming home, just write and say so
 And you, learned Clerks, who're *not* given to roam,
 Stick close to your books, nor lose sight of decorum;
 Don't visit a house when the master's from home!
 Shun drinking,—and study the "*Vitæ Sanctorum*!"
 Above all, you gay ladies, who fancy neglect
 In your spouses, allow not your patience to fail;
 But remember Gengulphus's wife!—and reflect
 On the moral enforced by her terrible tale!

The Lay of St. Odille.

ODILLE was a maid of a dignified race :
 Her father, Count Otto, was lord of Alsace ;
 Such an air, such a grace, Such a form, such a face,
 All agreed, 'twere a fruitless endeavour to trace
 In the Court, or within fifty miles of the place.
 Many ladies in Strasburg were beautiful, still
 They were beat all to sticks by the lovely Odille.

But Odille was devout, and before she was nine,
 Had "experienced a call" she consider'd divine,
 To put on the veil at St. Ermengarde's shrine.—
 Lords, Dukes, and Electors, and Counts Palatine
 Came to seek her in marriage from both sides the Rhine,

But vain their design, They are all left to pine,
 Their ogles and smiles are all useless ; in fine
 Not one of these gentlefolks, try as they will,
 Can draw, "Ask my papa" from the cruel Odille.

At length one of her suitors, a certain Count Herman,
 A highly respectable man as a German,
 Who smoked like a chimney, and drank like a Merman,
 Paid his court to her father, conceiving his firman

Would soon make her bend, And induce her to lend
 An ear to a love-tale in lieu of a sermon.
 He gain'd the old Count, who said, "Come, Mynheer, fill !—
 Here's luck to yourself and my daughter Odille !"

The Lady Odille was quite nervous with fear
 When a little bird whisper'd that toast in her ear :

She murmur'd, "Oh, dear ! My papa has got queer,
 I am sadly afraid, with that nasty strong beer !
 He's so very austere, and severe, that it's clear
 If he gets in his "tantrums," I can't remain here ;
 But St. Ermengarde's convent is luckily near ;

It were folly to stay, *Pour prendre congé*,
 I shall put on my bonnet, and e'en run away !"

—She unlock'd the back door and descended the hill,
 On whose crest stood the towers of the sire of Odille.

—When he found she'd levanted, the Count of Alsace
 At first turn'd remarkably red in the face ;

He anathematised, with much unction and grace,
Every soul who came near, and consigned the whole race
Of runaway girls to a very warm place ;

With a frightful grimace, He gave orders for chase
His vassals set off at a deuce of a pace,
And of all whom they met, high or low, Jack or Jill,
Ask'd, " Pray have you seen anything of Lady Odille ? "

Now I think I've been told,—for I'm no sporting man,—
That the " knowing-ones " call this by far the best plan,
" Take the lead and then keep it ! "—that is, if you can.—
Odille thought so too, so she set off and ran,

Put her best leg before, Starting at score,
As I said some lines since, from that little back door,
And not being miss'd until half after four,
Had what hunters call " law " for a good hour and more ;

Doing her best, Without stopping to rest,
Like " young Lochinvar who came out of the West."
" 'Tis done !—I am gone !—over briar, brook, and rill !
They'll be sharp lads who catch me ! " said young Miss
Odille.

But you've all read in Æsop, or Phædrus, or Gay,
How a tortoise and hare ran together one day ;

How the hare, making play,
" Progress'd right slick away,"

As " them tarnation chaps," the Americans say ;
While the tortoise, whose figure is rather *outré*
For racing, crawl'd straight on, without let or stay,
Having no post-horse duty or turnpikes to pay,

Till, ere noon's ruddy ray changed to Eve's sober grey,
Though her form and obesity caused some delay,
Perseverance and patience brought up her lee-way,
And she chased her fleet-footed " praycursor " until
She o'ertook her at last ;—so it fared with Odille !
For although, as I said, she ran gaily at first,
And show'd no inclination to pause, if she durst ;
She at length felt oppress'd with the heat, and with thirst,
Its usual attendant ; nor was that the worst,
Her shoes went down at heel ; at last one of them burst.

Now a gentleman smiles At a trot of ten miles ;
But not so the Fair : then consider the stiles,

And as then ladies seldom wore things with a frill
Round the ankle, these stiles sadly bother'd Odille.

Still, despite all the obstacles placed in her track,
She kept steadily on, though the terrible crack
In her shoe made of course her progression more slack,
Till she reach'd the Swartz Forest (in English the Black).

I cannot divine, How the boundary line
Was pass'd which is somewhere there form'd by the Rhine—

Perhaps she'd the knack To float o'er on her back—
Or, perhaps, cross'd the old bridge of boats at Brisach
(Which Vauban, some years after, secured from attack
By a bastion of stone which the Germans call "Wacke");
All I know is, she took not so much as a snack,
Till, hungry and worn, feeling wretchedly ill,
On a mountain's brow sank down the weary Odille.

I said on its "brow," but I should have said "crown,"
For 'twas quite on the summit, bleak, barren, and brown;
And so high that 'twas frightful indeed to look down
Upon Friburg, a place of some little renown,
That lay at its foot; but imagine the frown
That contracted her brow, when full many a clown
She perceived coming up from that horrid post-town,

They had follow'd her trail,

And now thought without fail,

As little boys say, to "lay salt on her tail;"

While the Count, who knew no other law but his will,
Swore that Herman that evening should marry Odille.

Alas, for Odille! poor dear! what could she do?
Her father's retainers now had her in view,
As she found from their raising a joyous halloo:
While the Count, riding on at the head of his crew,
In their snuff-colour'd doublets, and breeches of blue,
Was huzzaing and urging them on to pursue—

What, indeed, *could* she do? She very well knew
If they caught her how much she should have to go through;
But then—she'd so shocking a hole in her shoe!
And to go further on was impossible;—true
She might jump o'er the precipice;—still there are few
In her place, who could manage their courage to screw

Up to bidding the world such a sudden adieu :—
 Alack ! how she envied the birds as they flew ;
 No Nassau balloon, with its wicker canoe,
 Came to bear her from him she loath'd worse than a Jew ;
 So she fell on her knees in a terrible stew,

Crying "Holy St. Ermengarde!

Oh, from these vermin guard

Her whose last hope rests entirely on you ;—
 Don't let papa catch me, dear Saint !—rather kill
 At once—*sur-le-champ*, your devoted Odille !"

Its delightful to see those who strive to oppress,
 Get baulk'd when they think themselves sure of success.
 The Saint came to the rescue !—I fairly confess
 I don't see, as a Saint, how she well could do less
 Than to get such a votary out of her mess.

Odille had scarce closed her pathetic address
 When the rock, gaping wide as the Thames at Sheerness,
 Closed again, and secured her within its recess,

In a natural grotto, Which puzzled Count Otto,
 Who could not conceive where the deuce she had got to.
 'Twas her voice !—but 'twas *Vox et præterea Nil* !
 Nor could any one guess what was gone with Odille !

Then burst from the mountain a splendour that quite
 Eclipsed, in its brilliance, the finest Bude light,
 And there stood St. Ermengarde, drest all in white,
 A palm-branch in her left hand, her beads in her right ;
 While, with faces fresh gilt, and with wings burnish'd bright,
 A great many little boys' heads took their flight
 Above and around to a very great height,
 And seem'd pretty lively considering their plight,

Since every one saw, With amazement and awe,
 They could never sit down, for they hadn't *de quoi*.—

All at the sight, From the knave to the knight,
 Felt a very unpleasant sensation, call'd fright ;

While the Saint looking down, With a terrible frown,
 Said " My Lords, you are done most remarkably brown !—
 I am really ashamed of you both ;—my nerves thrill
 At your scandalous conduct to poor, dear Odille !

" Come, make yourselves scarce !—it is useless to stay,
 You will gain nothing here by a longer delay.

‘Quick! Presto! Begone!’ as the conjurors say ;
 For as to the Lady, I’ve stow’d her away
 In this hill, in a stratum of London blue clay ;
 And I shan’t, I assure you, restore her to-day
 Till you faithfully promise no more to say ‘Nay,’
 But declare, ‘If she will be a nun, why she may.’
 For this you’ve my word, and I never yet broke it,
 So put that in your pipe, my Lord Otto, and smoke it !—
 One hint to your vassals,—a month at ‘the mill’
 Shall be nuts to what they’ll get who worry Odille !”

The Saint disappear’d as she ended, and so
 Did the little boys’ heads, which, above and below,
 As I told you a very few stanzas ago,
 Had been flying about her, and jumping Jim Crow ;
 Though,—without any body, or leg, foot, or toe,
 How they managed such antics, I really don’t know ;
 Be that as it may, they all “melted like snow
 Off a dyke,” as the Scotch say in Sweet Edinbro’.

And there stood the Count, With his men on the mount,
 Just like “twenty-four jackasses all on a row,”
 What was best to be done—’twas a sad bitter pill—
 But gulp it he must, or else lose his Odille.

The lord of Alsace therefore alter’d his plan,
 And said to himself, like a sensible man,
 “I can’t do as I would,—I must do as I can ;
 It will not do to lie under any Saint’s ban,
 For your hide, when you do, they all manage to tan ;
 So Count Herman must pick up some Betsey or Nan,
 Instead of my girl,—some Sue, Polly, or Fan ;—
 If he can’t get the corn, he must do with the bran,
 And make shift with the pot if he can’t have the pan.”

With such proverbs as these, He went down on his knees
 And said, “Blessed St. Ermengarde, just as you please—
 They shall build a new convent,—I’ll pay the whole bill,
 (Taking discount),—its Abbess shall be my Odille !”

There are some of my readers, I’ll venture to say,
 Who have never seen Friburg, though some of them may,
 And others, ’tis likely, may go there some day.
 Now, if ever you happen to travel that way,

I do beg and pray, 'twill your pains well repay,—
That you'll take what the Cockney folks call a "po-shay,"
(Though in Germany these things are more like a dray),
You may reach this same hill with a single relay,—

And do look how the rock,
Through the whole of its block,

Is split open, as though by some violent shock
From an earthquake, or lightning, or horrid hard knock
From the club-bearing fist of some jolly old cock
Of a Germanized giant, Thor, Woden, or Lok ;

And see how it rears Its two monstrous great ears,
For when once you're between them such each side appears ;
And list to the sound of the water one hears
Drip, drip, from the fissures, like rain-drops or tears,
—Odille's, I believe—which have flow'd all these years ;
—I think they account for them so ;—but the rill
I am sure is connected some way with Odille.

MORAL

Now then, for a moral, which always arrives
At the end, like the honey bees take to their hives,
And the more one observes it the better one thrives,—
We have all heard it said in the course of our lives,
"Needs must when a certain old gentleman drives ;"
'Tis the same with the lady,—if once she contrives
To get hold of the ribbons, how vainly one strives
To escape from her lash, or to shake off her gyves !
Then let's act like Count Otto, and while one survives,
Succumb to *our* She-Saints—videlicet wives !

(*Aside.*) That is if one has not a "good bunch of fives."—
(I can't think how that last line escaped from my quill,
For I am sure it has nothing to do with Odille.)

Now young ladies, to you !—Don't put on the shrew !—
And don't be surprised if your father looks blue
When you're pert, and won't act as he wants you to do !
Be sure that you never elope ;—there are few,—
Believe me, you'll find what I say to be true,—
Who run restive, but find as they bake they must brew,
And come off at last with "a hole in their shoe ;"
Since not even Clapham, that sanctified ville,
Can produce enough saints to save *every* Odille.

A Lay of St. Nicholas.

“Statim sacerdoti apparuit diabolus in specie puellæ pulchritudinis miræ, et ecce Divus, fide catholicâ, et cruce, et aquâ benedicta armatus venit, et aspersit aquam in nomine Sanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis, quam, quasi ardentem, diabolus, nequaquam sustinere valens, mugitibus fugit.”
ROGER HOVEDEN.

“LORD ABBOT! Lord Abbot! I'd fain confess ;

I am a-weary, and worn with woe ;
Many a grief doth my heart oppress,
And haunt me whithersoever I go !”

On bended knee spake the beautiful Maid ;

“Now lithe and listen, Lord Abbot, to me !”—
“Now naye, Fair Daughter,” the Lord Abbot said,
“Now naye, in sooth it may hardly be ;

“There is Mess Michael, and holy Mess John,
Sage Penitauncers I ween be they !
And hard by doth dwell, in St. Catherine's cell,
Ambrose the anchorite old and grey !”

—“Oh I will have none of Ambrose or John,
Though sage Penitauncers I trow they be ;
Shrive me may none save the Abbot alone,
Now listen, Lord Abbot, I speak to thee.

“Nor think foul scorn, though mitre adorn
Thy brow, to listen to shrift of mine !
I am a Maiden royally born,
And I come of old Plantagenet's line.

“Though hither I stray, in lowly array,
I am a damsel of high degree ;
And the Compte of Eu, and the Lord of Ponthieu,
They serve my father on bended knee !

“Counts a many, and Dukes a few,
A suitoring came to my father's Hall ;
But the Duke of Lorraine, with his large domain,
He pleased my father beyond them all.

“Dukes a many, and Counts a few,
I would have wedded right cheerfullie ;
But the Duke of Lorraine was uncommonly plain,
And I vow'd that he ne'er should my bridegroom be

“So hither I fly, in lowly guise,
From their gilded domes and their princely halls ;
Fain would I dwell in some holy cell,
Or within some Convent’s peaceful walls !”

—Then out and spake that proud Lord Abbot,
“Now rest thee, Fair Daughter, withouten fear,
Nor Count nor Duke but shall meet the rebuke
Of Holy Church an he seek thee here :

“Holy Church denieth all search
’Midst her sanctified ewes and her saintly rams ;
And the wolves doth mock who would scathe her flock,
Or, especially, worry her little pet lambs.

“Then lay, Fair Daughter, thy fears aside,
For here this day shalt thou dine with me !”—
“Now naye, now naye,” the fair maiden cried ;
“In sooth, Lord Abbot, that scarce may be !

“Friends would whisper, and foes would frown,
Sith thou art a Churchman of high degree,
And ill mote it match with thy fair renown
That a wandering damsel dine with thee !

“There is Simon the Deacon hath pulse in store,
With beans and lettuces fair to see ;
His lenten fare, now let me share,
I pray thee, Lord Abbot, in charitie !”

—“Though Simon the Deacon hath pulse in store,
To our patron Saint foul shame it were
Should wayworn guest, with toil oppress’d,
Meet in his Abbey such churlish fare.

“There is Peter the Prior, and Francis the Friar,
And Roger the Monk shall our convives be ;
Small scandal, I ween, shall then be seen,
They are a goodly companie !”

The Abbot hath donn’d his mitre and ring,
His rich dalmatic, and maniple fine ;
And the choristers sing, as the lay-brothers bring
To the board a magnificent turkey and chine.

The turkey and chine, they are done to a nicety ;
Liver, and gizzard, and all are there ;
Ne'er mote Lord Abbot pronounce *Benedicite*
Over more luscious or delicate fare.

But no pious stave, no *Pater* or *Ave*
Pronounced as he gazed on that maiden's face ;
She ask'd him for stuffing, she ask'd him for gravy,
She ask'd him for gizzard ;—but not for Grace !

Yet gaily the Lord Abbot smiled, and press'd,
And the blood-red wine in the wine-cup fill'd ;
And he help'd his guest to a bit of the breast,
And he sent the drumsticks down to be grill'd.

There was no lack of old Sherris sack,
Of Hippocras fine, or of Malmsey bright ;
And aye, as he drain'd off his cup with a smack,
He grew less pious and more polite.

She pledged him once, and she pledged him twice,
And she drank as Lady ought not to drink ;
And he press'd her hand 'neath the table thrice,
And he wink'd as Abbot ought not to wink.

And Peter the Prior, and Francis the Friar,
Sat each with a napkin under his chin ;
But Roger the Monk got excessively drunk,
So they put him to bed, and they tuck'd him in !

The lay-brothers gazed on each other, amazed ;
And Simon the Deacon, with grief and surprise,
As he peep'd through the key-hole, could scare fancy real
The scene he beheld, or believe his own eyes.

In his ear was ringing the Lord Abbot singing,—
He could not distinguish the words very plain,
But 'twas all about " Cole," and " jolly old soul,"
And " Fiddlers," and " Punch," and things quite as profane.

Even Porter Paul at the sound of such revelling,
With fervour himself began to bless ;
For he thought he must somehow have let the Devil in,—
And perhaps was not very much out in his guess.

The Accusing Byers "flew up to Heaven's Chancery,"
 Blushing like scarlet with shame and concern ;
 The Archangel took down his tale, and in answer he
 Wept—(See the works of the late Mr. Sterne).

Indeed, it is said, a less taking both were in
 When, after a lapse of a great many years,
 They book'd Uncle Toby five shillings for swearing,
 And blotted the fine out again with their tears !

But St. Nicholas' agony who may paint ?
 His senses at first were well-nigh gone ;
 The beatified saint was ready to faint
 When he saw in his Abbey such sad goings on !

For never, I ween, had such doings been seen
 There before, from the time that most excellent Prince,
 Earl Baldwin of Flanders, and other Commanders,
 Had built and endow'd it some centuries since.

—But hark !—'tis a sound from the outermost gate ;
 A startling sound from a powerful blow,—
 Who knocks so late ?—it is half after eight
 By the clock,—and the clock's five minutes too slow.

Never, perhaps, had such loud double raps
 Been heard in St. Nicholas' Abbey before ;
 All agreed "it was shocking to keep people knocking,"
 But none seem'd inclined to "answer the door."

Now a louder bang through the cloisters rang,
 And the gate on its hinges wide open flew ;
 And all were aware of a Palmer there,
 With his cockle, hat, staff, and his sandal shoe.

Many a furrow, and many a frown,
 By toil and time on his brow were traced ;
 And his long loose gown was of ginger brown,
 And his rosary dangled below his waist.

Now seldom, I ween, is such costume seen,
 Except at a stage-play or masquerade ;
 But who doth not know it was rather the go
 With Pilgrims and Saints in the Second Crusade ?

With noiseless stride did that Palmer glide
Across that oaken floor ;
And he made them all jump, he gave such a thump
Against the Refectory door !

Wide open it flew, and plain to the view
The Lord Abbot they all mote see ;
In his hand was a cup, and he lifted it up,
“ Here’s the Pope’s good health with three ! ! ”

Rang in their ears three deafening cheers,
“ Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! ”
And one of the party said, “ Go it, my hearty ! ”—
When out spake that Pilgrim grey—

“ A boon, Lord Abbot ! a boon ! a boon !
Worn is my foot, and empty my scrip ;
And nothing to speak of since yesterday noon
Of food, Lord Abbot, hath pass’d my lip.

“ And I am come from a far countree,
And have visited many a holy shrine ;
And long have I trod the sacred sod
Where the Saints do rest in Palestine ! ”—

“ An thou art come from a far countree,
And if thou in Paynim lands hast been,
Now rede me aright the most wonderful sight,
Thou Palmer grey, that thine eyes have seen.

“ Arede me aright the most wonderful sight,
Grey Palmer, that ever thine eyes did see,
And a manchette of bread, and a good warm bed,
And a cup o’ the best shall thy guerdon be ! ”

“ Oh ! I have been east, and I have been west,
And I have seen many a wonderful sight ;
But never to me did it happen to see
A wonder like that which I see this night.

“ To see a Lord Abbot, in rochet and stole,
With Prior and Friar,—a strange mar-velle !—
O’er a jolly full bowl, sitting cheek by jowl,
And hob-nobbing away with a Devil from Hell ! ”

He felt in his gown of ginger brown,
And he pull'd out a flask from beneath ;
It was rather tough work to get out the cork,
But he drew it at last with his teeth.

O'er a pint and a quarter of holy water,
He made a sacred sign ;
And he dash'd the whole on the *soi-disant* daughter
Of old Plantagenet's line !

Oh ! then did she reek, and squeak, and shriek,
With a wild unearthly scream ;
And fizzled, and hiss'd, and produced such a mist,
They were all half-choked by the steam.

Her dove-like eyes turn'd to coals of fire,
Her beautiful nose to a horrible snout,
Her hands to paws, with nasty great claws,
And her bosom went in, and her tail came out.

On her chin there appear'd a long Nanny-goat's beard,
And her tusks and her teeth no man mote tell ;
And her horns and her hoofs gave infallible proofs
'Twas a frightful fiend from the nethermost hell !

The Palmer threw down his ginger gown,
His hat and his cockle ; and, plain to sight,
Stood St. Nicholas' self, and his shaven crown
Had a glow-worm halo of heavenly light.

The fiend made a grasp, the Abbot to clasp ;
But St. Nicholas lifted his holy toe,
And, just in the nick, let fly such a kick
On his elderly Namesake, he made him let go.

And out of the window he flew like a shot,
For the foot flew up with a terrible thwack,
And caught the foul demon about the spot
Where his tail joins on to the small of his back.

And he bounded away like a foot-ball at play,
Till into the bottomless pit he fell slap,
Knocking Mammon the meagre o'er pursy Belphegor,
And Lucifer into Beëlzebub's lap.

Oh! happy the slip from his Succubine grip,
That saved the Lord Abbot,—though breathless with fright,
In escaping he tumbled, and fractur'd his hip,
And his left leg was shorter thenceforth than his right!

On the banks of the Rhine, as he's stopping to dine,
From a certain Inn-window the traveller is shown
Most picturesque ruins, the scene of these doings,
Some miles up the river, south-east of Cologne.

And, while "*sour-kraut*" she sells you, the landlady tells you
That there, in those walls, now all roofless and bare,
One Simon, a Deacon, from a lean grew a sleek one,
On filling a *ci-devant* Abbot's state chair.

How, a *ci-devant* Abbot, all clothed in drab, but
Of texture the coarsest, hair shirt, and no shoes
(His mitre and ring, and all that sort of thing
Laid aside), in yon Cave lived a pious recluse;

How he rose with the sun, limping "dot and go one,"
To yon rill of the mountain, in all sorts of weather,
Where a Prior and a Friar, who lived somewhat higher
Up the rock, used to come and eat cresses together;

How a thirsty old codger, the neighbours call'd Roger,
With them drank cold water in lieu of old wine!
What its quality wanted he made up in quantity,
Swigging as though he would empty the Rhine!

And how, as their bodily strength fail'd, the mental man
Gain'd tenfold vigour and force in all four;
And how, to the day of their death, the "Old Gentleman"
Never attempted to kidnap them more.

And how, when at length, in the odour of sanctity,
All of them died without grief or complaint;
The Monks of St. Nicholas said 'twas ridiculous
Not to suppose every one was a Saint.

And how, in the Abbey, no one was so shabby
As not to say yearly four masses à head,
On the eve of that supper, and kick on the crupper
Which Satan received, for the souls of the dead!

How folks long held in reverence their reliques and memories,
 How the *ci-devant* Abbot's obtain'd greater still,
 When some cripples, on touching his fractur'd *os femoris*,
 Threw down their crutches and danced a quadrille !

And how Abbot Simon (who turned out a prime one)
 These words, which grew into a proverb full soon,
 O'er the late Abbot's grotto, stuck up as a motto,
 "Who suppes with the Beville sholde have a long spoone?"

The Tragedy.

"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi."—VIRGIL.

CATHERINE OF CLEVES was a Lady of rank :
 She had lands and fine houses, and cash in the Bank ;
 She had jewels and rings, And a thousand smart things ;
 Was lovely and young, With a *rather* sharp tongue,
 And she wedded a noble of high degree
 With the star of the order of *St. Esprit*.

But the Duke de Guise Was, by many degrees,
 Her senior, and not very easy to please ;
 He'd a sneer on his lip, and a scowl with his eye,
 And a frown on his brow,—and he look'd like a Guy,—
 So she took to intriguing With Monsieur St. Megrin,
 A young man of fashion, and figure, and worth,
 But with no great pretensions to fortune or birth ;

He would sing, fence, and dance,
 With the best man in France,
 And took his rappee with genteel *nonchalance* ;
 He smiled, and he flatter'd, and flirted with ease,
 And was very superior to Monseigneur de Guise.
 Now Monsieur St. Megrin was curious to know
 If the Lady approved of his passion or no ;

So without more ado, He put on his *surtout*,
 And went to a man with a beard like a Jew,

One Signor Ruggieri, A Cunning-man near, he
 Could conjure, tell fortunes, and calculate tides,
 Perform tricks on the cards, and Heaven knows what besides.
 Bring back a stray'd cow, silver ladle, or spoon,
 And was thought to be thick with the Man in the Moon,

The Sage took his stand With his wand in his hand,
 Drew a circle, then gave the dread word of command,
 Saying solemnly—" *Presto !—Hey, quick ! Cock-a-lorum !!*"
 When the Duchess immediately popp'd up before 'em.
 Just then a Conjunction of Venus and Mars,
 Or something peculiar above in the stars,
 Attracted the notice of Signor Ruggieri,
 Who "bolted," and left him alone with his deary.—
 Monsieur St. Megrin went down on his knees,
 And the Duchess shed tears large as marrow-fat peas,
 When,—fancy the shock,— A low double knock,
 Made the Lady cry, "Get up, you fool !—there's De Guise !"
 'Twas his Grace, sure enough ;
 So Monsieur, looking bluff,
 Strutted by, with his hat on, and fingering his ruff,
 While, unseen by either, away flew the Dame
 Through the opposite key-hole, the same way she came ;
 But, alack ! and alas ! A mishap came to pass,
 In her hurry she, somehow or other, let fall
 A new silk *Bandana* she'd worn as a shawl ;
 She had used it for drying
 Her bright eyes while crying,
 And blowing her nose, as her Beau talk'd of dying !

Now the Duke, who had seen it so lately adorn her,
 And knew the great C with the Crown in the corner,
 The instant he spied it, smoked something amiss,
 And said with some energy, "D—— it ; what's this ?"

He went home in a fume, And bounced into her room
 Crying, "So, Ma'am, I find I've some cause to be jealous !
 Look here ! here's a proof you run after the fellows !
 —Now take up that pen,—if it's bad choose a better,—
 And write, as I dictate, this moment a letter

To Monsieur—you know who !" The Lady looked blue ;
 But replied with much firmness—"Hang me if I do !"

De Guise grasp'd her wrist With his great bony fist,
 And pinch'd it, and gave it so painful a twist,
 That his hard, iron gauntlet the flesh went an inch in,—
 She did not mind death, but she could not stand pinching ;
 So she sat down and wrote This polite little note :—

"Dear Mister St. Megrin, The Chiefs of the League in

Our house mean to dine This evening at nine ;
 I shall, soon after ten, Slip away from the men,
 And you'll find me up-stairs in the drawing-room then ;
 Come up the back way, or those impudent thieves
 Of Servants will see you ; Yours,

CATHERINE OF CLEVES."

She directed and seal'd it, all pale as a ghost,
 And De Guise put it into the Twopenny Post.

St. Megrin had almost jump'd out of his skin
 For joy that day when the post came in ;

He read the note through, Then began it anew,
 And thought it almost too good news to be true.—

He clapp'd on his hat, And a hood over that,
 With a cloak to disguise him, and make him look fat.
 So great his impatience, from half after Four
 He was waiting till Ten at De Guise's back-door.
 When he heard the great clock of St. Genevieve chime,
 He ran up the back staircase six steps at a time.

He had scarce made his bow, He hardly knew how,
 When alas ! and alack ! There was no getting back,
 For the drawing-room door was bang'd to with a whack ;—

In vain he applied To the handle and tried,
 Somebody or other had lock'd it outside !
 And the Duchess in agony mourn'd her mishap,
 "We are caught like a couple of rats in a trap."

Now the Duchess's Page, About twelve years of age,
 For so little a boy was remarkably sage ;
 And just in the nick, to their joy and amazement,
 Popp'd the Gas-lighter's ladder close under the casement.

But all would not do,— Though St. Megrin got through
 The window,—below stood De Guise and his crew,
 And though never man was more brave than St. Megrin,
 Yet fighting a score is extremely fatiguing ;

He thrust *carte* and *tierce* Uncommonly fierce,
 But not Beelzebub's self could their cuirasses pierce ;

While his doublet and hose, Being holiday clothes,
 Were soon cut through and through from his knees to his
 nose ;

Still an old crooked sixpence the Conjuror gave him,
 From pistol and sword was sufficient to save him ;

But when beat on his knees, That confounded De Guise
 Came behind with the "fogle" that caused all this breeze,
 Whipp'd it tight round his neck, and when backward he'd
 jerk'd him,

The rest of the rascals jump'd on him and Burk'd him.
 The poor little Page, too, himself got no quarter, but
 Served the same way, And was found the next day
 With his heels in the air, and his head in the water-butt ;
 Catherine of Cleves. Roar'd "Murder !" and "Thieves !"
 From the window above, While they murder'd her love ;
 Till, finding the rogues had accomplish'd his slaughter,
 She drank Prussic acid without any water,
 And died like a Duke-and-a-Duchess's daughter !

MORAL.

Take warning, ye fair, from this tale of the Bard's,
 And don't go where fortunes are told on the cards,
 But steer clear of Conjurors,—never put query
 To "Wise Mrs. Williams," or folks like Ruggieri.
 When alone in your room shut the door close, and lock it !
 Above all,—KEEP YOUR HANDKERCHIEF SAFE IN YOUR POCKET ;
 Lest you too should stumble, and Lord Leveson Gower, he
 Be call'd on,—sad poet !—to tell your sad story !

Mr. Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation.

AIR.—"*The Groves of Blarney.*"

OCH ! the Coronation ! what celebration
 For emulation can with it compare ?
 When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
 And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair !
 'Twas there you'd see the new Polishemen
 Making a skrimmage at half after four,
 And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys
 All standing round before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning
 Themselves adorning, all by the candle-light,

With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,
 And gould, and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
 And then approaches five hundred coaches,
 With General Dullbeak.—Och! 'twas mighty fine
 To see how asy bould Corporal Casey,
 With his sword drawn, prancing made them kape the line.

Then the Guns' alarums, and the King of Arums,
 All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,
 Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,
 The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen Jews ;
 Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy
 All jool's from his jasey to his di'mond boots,
 With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
 The famale heiress, Miss Anja-ly Coutts.

And Wellington, walking with his swoord drawn, talking
 To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great fame :
 And Sir De Lacy, and the Duke Dalmasey
 (They call'd him Sowlt afore he changed his name),
 Themselves presading, Lord Melbourne, lading
 The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair ;
 And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
 The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the Noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
 In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,
 And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
 And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.
 Then Mithur Spaker, with Mithur Pays the Quaker,
 All in the Gallery you might persave ;
 But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a-fishing,
 Ounly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,
 And Prince Von Schwartzenberg, and many more,
 Och ! I'd be bother'd and entirely smother'd
 To tell the half of 'em was to the fore ;
 With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and dresses,
 And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works ;
 But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,
 " I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks !

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her ! och ! they did dress her
 In her purple garaments and her goulden Crown ;
 Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
 With eight young ladies houlding up her gown.
 Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
 The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow ;
 And Sir George Smart ! Oh ! he play'd a Consarto,
 With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all on a row !

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up,
 For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
 Saying, " Plase your Glory, great Queen Vic-tory !
 Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health !"
 Then his Riverence retrating, discoarsed the mating ;
 " Boys ! Here's your Queen ! deny it if you can !
 And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur,
 Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man !"

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'rs appealing,
 " Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign !"
 And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her,
 All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.
 The great Lord May'r, too, sat in his chair, too,
 But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry,
 For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,
 Throwing the thirteens, hit him in his eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store of speaking,
 With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee :
 And they did splash her with raal Macasshur,
 And the Queen said, " Ah ! then thank ye all for me !"—
 Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
 And sweet trombones, with their silver tones ;
 But Lord Rolle was rolling ;—'twas mighty consoling
 To think his Lordship did not break his bones !

Then the crames and custard, and the beef and mustard,
 All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop ;
 With lobsters and white-bait, and other swate-meats,
 And wine and nagus, and Imperial Pop !
 There was cakes and apples in all the Chapels,
 With fine polonies, and rich mellow pears—

Och ! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,
The sly ould Divil, undernathe the stairs.

Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people wonder'd,
Crying, "God save Victoria, our Royal Queen!"—

—Och ! if myself should live to be a hundred,
Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen !

And now, I've ended, what I pretended,

This narration splendid in swate poe-thry,

Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,

Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry."

The "Monstre" Balloon.

OH ! the balloon, the great balloon

It left Vauxhall one Monday at noon,

And every one said we should hear of it soon

With news from Aleppo or Scanderoon.

But very soon after folks changed their tune :

"The netting had burst—the silk—the shalloon ;—

It had met with a trade-wind—a deuced monsoon—

It was blown out to sea—it was blown to the moon—

They ought to have put off their journey till June ;

Sure none but a donkey, a goose, or baboon

Would go up in November in any balloon !"

Then they talk'd about Green—"Oh ! where's Mister Green ?

And where's Mr. Holland who hired the machine ?

And where is Monck Mason the man that has been

Up so often before—twelve miles or thirteen—

And who writes such nice letters describing the scene ?

And where's the cold fowl, and the ham, and poteen ?

The press'd beef, with the fat cut off—nothing but lean,

And the portable soup in the patent tureen ?

Have they got to Grand Cairo or reached Aberdeen ?

Or Jerusalem—Hamburg—or Ballyporeen ?

No ! they have not been seen ! Oh ! they haven't been seen !

Stay ! here's Mr. Gye—Mr. Frederick Gye—

"At Paris," says he, "I've been up very high,

A couple of hundred of toises, or nigh,
 A cockstride the Tuileries' pantiles, to spy
 With Dollond's best telescope stuck at my eye,
 And my umbrella under my arm like Paul Pry,
 But I could see nothing at all but the sky ;
 So I thought with myself t'was of no use to try
 Any longer ; and, feeling remarkably dry
 From sitting all day stuck up there, like a Guy,
 I came down again, and—you see—here am I ! ”

But here's Mr. Hughes !—What says young Mr. Hughes ?—
 “ Why, I'm sorry to say we've not got any news
 Since the letter they threw down in one of their shoes,
 Which gave the Mayor's nose such a deuce of a bruise,
 As he popp'd up his eye-glass to look at their cruise
 Over Dover ; and which the folks flock'd to peruse
 At Squiers's bazaar, the same evening, in crews—
 Politicians, news-mongers, town-council and blues,
 Turks, Heretics, Infidels, Jumpers, and Jews,
 Scorning Bachelor's papers, and Warren's reviews ;
 But the wind was then blowing towards Helvoetsluys,
 And my father and I are in terrible stews,
 For so large a balloon is a sad thing to lose ! ”—

Here's news come at last ;—Here's news come at last !—
 A vessel's come in, which has sail'd very fast ;
 And a gentleman serving before the mast—
 Mister Nokes—has declared that “ the party has past
 Safe across to the Hague, where their grapnel they cast,
 As a fat burgomaster was staring aghast
 To see such a monster come borne on the blast,
 And it caught in his waistband, and there it stuck fast ! ”—
 O fie ! Mister Nokes,—for shame, Mr. Nokes !
 To be poking your fun at us plain-dealing folks—
 Sir, this isn't a time to be cracking your jokes,
 And such jesting your malice but scurvily cloaks ;
 Such a trumpery tale every one of us smokes,
 And we know very well your whole story's a hoax !—

“ Oh ! what shall we do ?—Oh ! where will it end ?—
 Can nobody go ?—Can nobody send
 To Calais—or Bergen-op-zoom—or Ostend ?

Can't you go there yourself?—Can't you write to a friend,
For news upon which we may safely depend?"—

Huzza ! huzza ! one and eight-pence to pay
For a letter from Hamborough, just come to say
They descended at Weilburg, about break of day ;
And they've lent them the palace there, during their stay,
And the town is becoming uncommonly gay,
And they're feasting the party, and soaking their clay
With Johannisberg, Rudesheim, Moselle, and Tokay,
And the Landgraves, and Margraves, and Counts beg and pray
That they won't think, as yet, about going away ;
Notwithstanding, they don't mean to make much delay,
But pack up the balloon in a waggon, or dray,
And pop themselves into a German "*po-shay*,"
And get on to Paris by Lisle and Tournay ;
Where they boldly declare, any wager they'll lay,
If the gas people there do not ask them to pay
Such a sum as must force them at once to say "Nay,"
They'll inflate the balloon in the Champs-Elysees,
And be back again here the beginning of May.—

Dear me ! what a treat for a juvenile *fête* !
What thousands will flock their arrival to greet !
There'll be hardly a soul to be seen in the street,
For at Vauxhall the whole population will meet,
And you'll scarcely get standing-room, much less a seat,
For this all preceding attraction must beat :
Since, they'll unfold, what we want to be told,
How they cough'd—how they sneez'd,—how they shiver'd with
cold,—

How they tippled the "cordial" as racy and old
As Hodges, or Deady, or Smith ever sold,
And how they all then felt remarkably bold :
How they thought the boil'd beef worth its own weight in gold ;
And how Mr. Green was beginning to scold
Because Mr. Mason would try to lay hold
Of the moon, and had very near overboard roll'd !

And there they'll be seen—they'll be all to be seen !
The great-coats, the coffee-pot, mugs, and tureen !
With the tight-rope, and fire-works, and dancing between,
If the weather should only prove fair and serene ;

And there, on a beautiful transparent screen,
 In the middle you'll see a large picture of Green,
 Mr. Holland on one side, who hired the machine,
 Mr. Mason on t'other, describing the scene ;
 And Fame, on one leg, in the air, like a queen,
 With three wreaths and a trumpet, will over them lean ;
 While Envy, in serpents and black bombazin,
 Looks on from below with an air of chagrin !
 Then they'll play up a tune in the Royal Saloon,
 And the people will dance by the light of the moon,
 And keep up the ball till the next day at noon ;
 And the peer and the peasant, the lord and the loon,
 The haughty grandee, and the low picaroon,
 The six-foot life-guardsmen, and little gossoon,
 Will all join in three cheers for the " Monstre " Balloon.

Hon. Mr. Sucklethumbkin's Story.

THE EXECUTION.

A SPORTING ANECDOTE.

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day ;
 It was half after two, He had nothing to do,
 So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim Was clean of limb,
 His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim ;
 With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
 And a smart cockade on the top of his hat ;
 Tallest of boys or shortest of men,
 He stood in his stockings just four foot ten ;
 And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,
 " Pray, did your Lordship please to ring ? "

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
 And thus to Tiger Tim he said,

" Malibran's dead, Duvernay's fled,
 Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead ;

Tiger Tim, come, tell me true,
 What may a Nobleman find to do ? "—

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,
 He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown.
 And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in the crown ;
 He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,
 He let go the handle, and thus he said,
 As the door, released, behind him bang'd :
 " An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hang'd."

My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news,
 " Run to M'Fuze, And Lieutenant Tregooze,
 And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
 Rope-dancers a score I've seen before—
 Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more ;
 But to see a man swing At the end of a string,
 With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing."

My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—
 Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab ;
 Through street and through square,
 His high-trotting mare,
 Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air.
 Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
 Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace ;
 She produced some alarm, But did no great harm,
 Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
 Spattering with clay Two urchins at play.
 Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—
 An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,
 And upsetting a stall Near Exeter Hall,
 Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall,
 But Eastward afar Through Temple Bar,
 My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car ;
 Never heeding their squalls,
 Or their calls, or their bawls,
 He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,
 And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,
 Turns down the Old Bailey,
 Where in front of the gaol, he
 Pulls up at the door of a gin-shop, and gaily
 Cries, " What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
 For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump ?"

The clock strikes Twelve—it is dark midnight—
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.

The parties are met ; The tables are set ;
There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *with*," heavy wet,
Ale-glasses and jugs, And rummers and mugs,
And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
Cold fowl and cigars, Pickled onions in jars,
Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws :—
And very large lobsters with very large claws ;
And there is M'Fuze, And Lieutenant Tregooze ;
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
All come to see a man "die in his shoes !"

The clock strikes One ? Supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
Singing "Jolly companions every one ?"

My Lord Tomnoddy is drinking gin-toddy,
And laughing at ev'ry thing, and ev'ry body.—
The clock strikes Two ! and the clock strikes Three !
—"Who so merry, so merry as we ?"

Save, Captain M'Fuze, Who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blackening his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four !— Round the debtors' door
Are gather'd a couple of thousand or more ;
As many await At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A waggon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes Five ? The Sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive ;
But Sir Carnaby Jenks Blinks, and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks,
Lieutenant Tregooze Is dreaming of Jews,
And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse ;
My Lord Tomnoddy Has drunk all his toddy,
And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh ! sweetly, the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,

Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks ;
 Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky
 Smil'd upon all things far and high,
 On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die !
 Alack ! that ever so fair a Sun,
 As that which its course has now begun,
 Should rise on such a scene of misery !—
 Should gild with rays so light and free
 That dismal, dark-frowning Gallows-tree !

And hark !—a sound comes, big with fate ;
 The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes— Eight !—
 List to that low funereal bell :
 It is tolling, alas ! a living man's knell !
 And see !—from forth that opening door
 They come—HE steps that threshold o'er
 Who never shall tread upon threshold more
 —God ! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
 That pale wan man's mute agony,—
 The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
 Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky
 As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
 The path of the Spirit's unknown career :
 Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er
 Shall be lifted again,—not even in prayer ;
 That heaving chest !—Enough—'tis done !
 The bolt has fallen !—the spirit is gone—
 For weal or for woe is known but to One !—
 —Oh ! 'twas a fearsome sight !—Ah me !
 A deed to shudder at,—not to see.

Again that clock ! 'tis time, 'tis time !
 The hour is past : with its earliest chime
 The cord is sever'd, the lifeless clay
 By “dungeon villains” is borne away :
 Nine !—'twas the last concluding stroke !
 And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke !
 And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
 And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose ;
 And they stared at each other, as much as to say,
 “Hollo ! Hollo ! Here's a rum Go !

Why, Captain !—my Lord !—Here's the devil to pay !
The fellow's been cut down and taken away !

What's to be done ? We've missed all the fun !—
Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,
We are all of us done so uncommonly brown !”

What *was* to be done ?—’twas perfectly plain
They could not well hang the man over again :
What *was* to be done ?—The man was dead !
Nought *could* be done—nought could be said ;
So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed !

Some Account of a New Play.

IN A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO MY BROTHER-IN-LAW, LIEUT. SEAFORTH, H.P., LATE OF THE HON. E.I.C.’S 2ND REGT. OF BOMBAY FENCIBLES.

“The play’s the thing !—” *Hamlet*.

Tavistock Hotel, Nov., 1839.

DEAR CHARLES,

—In reply to your letter, and Fanny’s,
Lord Brougham, it appears, isn’t dead,—though Queen Anne
is ;

’Twas a “plot” and a “farce”—you hate farces, you say—
Take another “plot,” then—viz., the plot of the Play.

The Countess of Arundel, high in degree,
As a lady possess’d of an earldom in fee,
Was imprudent enough, at fifteen years of age,
—A period of life when we’re not over-sage,—
To form a *liaison*—in fact, to engage
Her hand to the hop-o’-my-thumb of a Page.

This put her Papa— She had no Mamma,
As may well be supposed—in a deuce of a rage.

Mr. Benjamin Franklin was wont to repeat,
In his budget of proverbs, “Stol’n kisses are sweet !”

But they have their alloy— Fate assumed, to annoy
Miss Arundel’s peace, and embitter her joy,
The equivocal shape of a fine little Boy.

When, through the "young stranger," her secret took wind
The old Lord was neither "to haud nor to bind."

He bounced up and down, And so fearful a frown
Contracted his brow, you'd have thought he'd been blind.

The young lady, they say, Having fainted away,
Was confined to her room for the whole of that day ;
While her beau—no rare thing in the old feudal system—
Disappear'd the next morning, and nobody miss'd him.

The fact is, his Lordship, who hadn't, it seems,
Form'd the slightest idea, not ev'n in his dreams,
That the pair had been wedded according to law,
Conceived that his daughter had made a *faux pas* ;

So he bribed at a high rate A sort of a Pirate
To knock out the poor dear young Gentleman's brains,
And gave him a handsome *douceur* for his pains.
The Page thus disposed of, his Lordship now turns
His attention at once to the Lady's concerns ;

And, alarm'd for the future, Looks out for a suitor.
One not fond of raking, nor giv'n to "the pewter,"
But adapted to act both the husband and tutor—
Finds a highly respectable, middle-aged widower,
Marries her off, and thanks Heaven that he's rid of her.

Relieved from his cares, The old Peer now prepares
To arrange in good earnest his worldly affairs ;
Has his will made anew by a Special Attorney,
Sickens,—takes to his bed,—and sets out on his journey.

Which way he travell'd, Has not been unravell'd ;
To speculate much on the point were too curious,
If the climate he reach'd were serene or sulphureous.
To be sure in his balance-sheet all must declare
One item—the Page—was an awkward affair ;
But *per contra*, he'd lately endow'd a new Chantry
For Priests, with ten marks, and the run of the pantry.

Be that as it may, It's sufficient to say
That his tomb in the chancel stands there to this day,
Built of Bethersden marble—a dark bluish-grey.
The figure, a fine one of pure alabaster,
Some cleanly churchwarden has cover'd with plaster :

While some Vandal or Jew, With a taste for *virtù*,
Has knock'd off his toes, to place, I suppose,
In some Pickwick Museum, with part of his nose ;

From his belt and his sword And his *misericorde*
 The enamel's been chipp'd out, and never restored ;
 His *ci-gît* in old French is inscribed all around,
 And his head's in his helm, and his heel's on his hound,
 The palms of his hands, as if going to pray,
 Are join'd and upraised o'er his bosom—But stay !
 I forgot that his tomb's not described in the Play !

* * * * *

Lady Arundel, now in her own right a Peeress,
 Perplexes her noddle with no such nice queries,
 But produces in time, to her husband's great joy,
 Another remarkably "fine little boy."

As novel connections Oft change the affections,
 And turn all one's love into different directions,
 Now to young "Johnny Newcome" she seems to confine hers,
 Neglecting the poor little dear out at dry-nurse ;

Nay, far worse than that, She considers "the brat"
 As a bore—fears her husband may smell out a rat.

For her legal adviser She takes an old Miser,
 A sort of "poor cousin." She might have been wiser ;

For this arrant deceiver, By name Maurice Beavor,
 A shocking old scamp, should her own issue fail,
 By the law of the land stands the next in entail :
 So, as soon as she ask'd him to hit on some plan
 To provide for her eldest, away the rogue ran
 To that self-same unprincipled sea-faring man ;
 In his ear whisper'd low * * * — "Bully Gaussen said
 "Done !—

I Burk'd the papa, now I'll Bishop the son !"

'Twas agreed ; and, with speed To accomplish the deed,
 He adopted a scheme he was sure would succeed.

By long cock-and-bull stories, Of Candish and Noreys,
 Of Drake, and bold Raleigh (then fresh in his glories,
 Acquired 'mongst the Indians, and Rapparee Tories),

He so work'd on the lad, That he left, which was bad,
 The only true friend in the world that he had,
 Father Onslow, a priest, though to quit him most loth,
 Who in childhood had furnish'd his pap and his broth,
 At no small risk of scandal, indeed, to his cloth.

The kidnapping crimp Took the foolish young imp
On board of his cutter so trim and so jimp,
Then, seizing him just as you'd handle a shrimp,
Twirl'd him thrice in the air with a whirligig motion,
And soused him at once neck and heels in the ocean :

This was off Plymouth Sound

And he must have been drown'd,
For 'twas nonsense to think he could swim to dry ground,
If "A very great Warman, Call'd Billy the Norman,"
Had not just at that moment sail'd by, outward bound.

A shark of great size, With his great glassy eyes,
Sheer'd off as he came, and relinquish'd the prize :
So he pick'd up the lad,* swabb'd and dry-rubb'd, and mopp'd
him,
And, having no children, resolved to adopt him.

Full many a year Did he hand, reef, and steer,
And by no means consider'd himself as small beer,
When old Norman at length died and left him his frigate,
With lots of pistoles in his coffer to rig it.

A sailor ne'er moans ; So, consigning the bones
Of his friend to the locker of one Mr. Jones,

For England he steers.— On the voyage it appears
That he rescued a maid from the Dey of Algiers ;
And at length reach'd the Sussex coast, where, in a bay,
Not a great way from Brighton, most cosey-ly lay
His vessel at anchor the very same day
That the Poet begins—thus commencing his play :

ACT I.

Giles Gaussen accosts old Sir Maurice de Beavor,
And puts the poor Knight in a deuce of a fever,
By saying the boy, whom he took out to please him,
Is come back a Captain on purpose to tease him.—
Sir Maurice, who gladly would see Mr. Gaussen
Breaking stones on the highway, or sweeping a crossing,

* An incident very like one in Jack Sheppard—
A work some have lauded, and others have pepper'd—
Where a Dutch pirate kidnaps, and tosses Thames Darrel
Just so in the sea, and he's saved by a barrel,—
On the coast, if I recollect rightly, its flung whole,
And the hero, half-drown'd, scrambles out of the bung-hole.

[It ain't no sich thing!—the hero ain't bung'd in no barrel at all.—He's
picked up by a captain, just as Norman was arterwards.—PRINT. DEV.]

Dissembles—observes, It's of no use to fret,—
 And hints he may find some more work for him yet ;
 Then calls at the castle, and tells Lady A.
 That the boy they had ten years ago sent away
 Is return'd a grown man, and, to come to the point,
 Will put her son Percy's nose clean out of joint ;
 But adds, that herself she no longer need vex,
 If she'll buy him (Sir Maurice) a farm near the Ex.
 "Oh ! take it," she cries ; "but secure every document."—
 "A bargain," says Maurice,—“including the stock you
 meant ?”—

The Captain, meanwhile, With a lover-like smile,
 And a fine cambric handkerchief, wipes off the tears
 From Miss Violet's eyelash, and hushes her fears
 (That's the Lady he saved from the Dey of Algiers).
 Now arises a delicate point, and this is it—
 The young Lady herself is but down on a visit.

She's perplex'd ; and, in fact, Does not know how to act.
 It's her very first visit—and then to begin
 By asking a stranger—a gentleman, in—
 One with moustaches too—and a tuft on his chin—

She “really don't know— He had much better go,”—
 Here the Countess steps in from behind, and says “No !—
 Fair sir, you are welcome, Do, pray, stop and dine—
 You'll take our pot-luck—and we've decentish wine.”
 He bows, looks at Miss,—and he does not decline.

ACT II.

After dinner the Captain recounts, with much glee,
 All he's heard, seen, and done since he first went to sea,

All his perils and scrapes, And his hair-breadth escapes,
 Talks of boa-constrictors, and lions, and apes,
 And fierce “Bengal Tigers,” like that which, you know,
 If you've ever seen any respectable “Show,”
 “Carried off the unfortunate Mr. Munro.”

Then, diverging awhile, he adverts to the mystery
 Which hangs, like a cloud, o'er his own private history—
 How he ran off to sea—how they set him afloat
 (Not a word, though of barrel or bung-hole—*See Note*).

How he happen'd to meet. With the Algerine fleet
 And forced them, by sheer dint of arms, to retreat,

Thus saving his Violet—(One of his feet
Here just touch'd her toe, and she moved on her seat),—

How his vessel was batter'd— In short he so chatter'd,
Now lively, now serious, so ogled and flatter'd,
That the ladies much marvell'd a person should be able
To "make himself," both said, "so very agreeable."
Captain Norman's adventures were scarcely half done,
When Percy Lord Ashdale, her ladyship's son,

In a terrible fume, Bounces into the room,
And talks to his guest as you'd talk to your groom,
Claps his hand on his rapier, and swears he'll be through
him—

The Captain does nothing at all but "pooh! pooh!" him—

Unable to smother His hate of his brother,
He rails at his cousin, and blows up his mother.—
"Fie! fie!" says the first.—Says the latter, "In sooth,
This is sharper by far than a keen serpent's tooth!"
(A remark, by the way, which King Lear had made years ago,
When he ask'd for his Knights, and his Daughters said, "Here's
a go!")—

This made Ashdale ashamed; but he must not be blamed
Too much for his warmth, for like many young fellows, he
Was apt to lose temper when tortured by jealousy.

Still speaking quite gruff, He goes off in a huff;
Lady A., who is now what some call "up to snuff,"

Straight determines to patch Up a clandestine match
Between the Sea-Captain she dreads like Old Scratch,
And Miss,—whom she does not think any great catch
For Ashdale;—besides, he won't kick up such shindies
Were she once fairly married and off to the Indies.

ACT III.

Miss Violet takes from the Countess her tone:

She agrees to meet Norman "by moonlight alone,"

And slip off to his bark, "The night being dark,"
Though "the moon," the Sea-Captain says, rises in Heaven
"One hour before midnight," *i.e.* at eleven.

From which speech I infer, —Though perhaps I may
err—

That, though weatherwise, doubtless, midst surges and surf, he
When "capering on shore" was by no means a Murphy.

He starts off, however, at sunset, to reach
 An old chapel in ruins, that stands on the beach,
 Where the Priest is to bring, as he promised by letter, a
 Paper to prove his name, "birthright," &c.

Being rather too late, Gaussen, lying in wait,
 Gives poor Father Onslow a knock on the pate,
 But bolts, seeing Norman, before he has wrested
 From the hand of the Priest, as Sir Maurice requested,
 The marriage certificate duly attested.—

Norman kneels by the clergyman fainting and gory,
 And begs he won't die till he's told him his story ;

The Father complies, Re-opens his eyes,
 And tells him all how and about it—and dies !

ACT IV.

Norman, now call'd Le Mesnil, instructed of all,
 Goes back, though it's getting quite late for a call,
 Hangs his hat and his cloak on a peg in the hall,
 And tells the proud Countess it's useless to smother
 The fact any longer—he knows she's his Mother !

His Pa's wedded Spouse.— She questions his *vous*,
 And threatens to have him turn'd out of the house.—

He still perseveres, Till, in spite of her fears,
 She admits he's the son she had cast off for years,
 And he gives her the papers "all blister'd with tears,"
 When Ashdale, who chances his nose in to poke,

Takes his hat and his cloak, Just as if in a joke,
 Determined to put in his wheel a new spoke,
 And slips off thus disguised, when he sees by the dial it
 Is time for the rendezvous fix'd with Miss Violet.—
 —Captain Norman, who, after all, feels rather sore
 At his mother's reserve, vows to see her no more,
 Rings the bell for the servant to open the door,
 And leaves his Mamma in a fit on the floor.

ACT V.

Now comes the catastrophe !—Ashdale, who's wrapt in
 The cloak, with the hat and the plume of the Captain,
 Leads Violet down through the grounds to the chapel
 Where Gaussen's conceal'd—he springs forward to grapple

The man he's erroneously led to suppose
 Captain Norman himself by the cut of his clothes.

In the midst of their strife, And just as the knife
 Of the Pirate is raised to deprive him of life,
 The Captain comes forward, drawn there by the squeals
 Of the Lady, and knocking Giles head over heels

Fractures his "nob," Saves the hangman a job,
 And executes justice most strictly, the rather,
 'Twas the spot where that rascal had murder'd his father.

Then in comes the mother, Who, finding one brother
 Had the instant before saved the life of the other,

Explains the whole case. Ashdale puts a good face
 On the matter ; and, since he's obliged to give place,
 Yields his coronet up with a pretty good grace ;
 Norman vows he won't have it—the kinsmen embrace, -
 And the Captain, the first in this generous race,

To remove every handle For gossip and scandal,
 Sets the whole of the papers alight with the candle ;
 An arrangement takes place—on the very same night, all
 Is settled and done, and the points the most vital
 Are, N. takes the personals ;—A., in requital,
 Keeps the whole real property, Mansion, and Title.—
 V. falls to the share of the Captain, and tries a
 Sea-voyage, as a Bride, in the "Royal Eliza."—
 Both are pleased with the part they acquire as joint heirs,
 And old Maurice Beevor is bundled down-stairs !

MORAL.

The public, perhaps, with the drama might quarrel
 If deprived of all epilogue, prologue, and moral ;
 This may serve for all three then :—

"Young Ladies of property,
 Let Lady A.'s history serve as a stopper t'ye ;
 Don't wed with low people beneath your degree,
 And if you've a baby, don't send it to sea !

"Young Noblemen ! shun everything like a brawl ;
 And be sure when you dine out, or go to a ball,
 Don't take the best hat that you find in the hall,
 And leave one in its stead that's worth nothing at all !

Old Knights, don't give bribes !—above all, never urge a
man

To steal people's things, or to stick an old Clergyman !

“And you, ye Sea-Captains ! who've nothing to do
But to run round the world, fight, and drink till all's blue,
And tell us tough yarns, and then swear they are true,
Reflect, notwithstanding your sea-faring life,
That you can't get on well long without you've a wife ;
So get one at once, treat her kindly and gently,
Write a nautical novel,—and send it to Bentley !”

Mr. Peters's Story.

THE BAGMAN'S DOG.

Stant littore Puppiæ !—VIRGIL.

It was a litter, a litter of five,
Four are drown'd, and one left alive,
He was thought worthy alone to survive ;
And the Bagman resolved upon bringing him up,
To eat of his bread and drink of his cup,
He was such a dear little cock-tail'd pup !
The Bagman taught him many a trick ;
He would carry, and fetch, and run after a stick,
 Could well understand The word of command,
 And appear to doze With a crust on his nose
Till the Bagman permissively waved his hand :
Then to throw up and catch it he never would fail,
As he sat up on end, on his little cock-tail.
Never was puppy so *bien instruit*,
Or possess'd of such natural talent as he ;
 And as he grew older, Every beholder
Agreed he grew handsomer, sleeker, and bolder.—

Time, however his wheels we may clog,
Wends steadily still with onward jog,
And the cock-tail'd puppy's a curly-tail'd dog !

When, just at the time He was reaching his prime,
And all thought he'd be turning out something sublime,
One unlucky day, How, no one could say,

Whether soft *liaison* induced him to stray,
Or some kidnapping vagabond coax'd him away,
He was lost to the view, Like the morning dew ;—
He had been, and was not—that's all that they knew ;
And the Bagman storm'd, and the Bagman swore
As never a Bagman had sworn before ;
But storming or swearing of little avails
To recover lost dogs with great curly tails.—

In a large paved court, close by Billiter Square,
Stands a mansion, old, but in thorough repair,
The only thing strange, from the general air
Of its size and appearance, is how it got there ;
In front is a short semicircular stair

Of stone steps,—some half score,—

Then you reach the ground floor,
With a shell-pattern'd architrave over the door.
It is spacious, and seems to be built on the plan
Of a Gentleman's house in the reign of Queen Anne ;

Which is odd, for, although, As we very well know,
Under Tudors and Stuarts the City could show
Many Noblemen's seats above Bridge and below,
Yet that fashion soon after induced them to go
From St. Michael Cornhill, and St. Mary-le-Bow,
To St. James, and St. George, and St. Anne in Soho.—
Be this as it may,—at the date I assign
To my tale,—that's about Seventeen Sixty-nine,—
This mansion, now rather upon the decline,
Had less dignified owners—belonging, in fine,
To Turner, Dry, Weipersyde, Rogers, and Pyne—
A respectable House in the Manchester line.

There were a score Of Bagmen, and more,
Who had travell'd full oft for the firm before ;
But just at this period they wanted to send
Some person on whom they could safely depend—
A trustworthy body—half agent, half friend,
On some mercantile matter as far as Ostend ;
And the person they pitch'd on was Anthony Blogg
A grave, steady man, not addicted to grog,—
The Bagman, in short, who had lost this great dog.

"The Sea ! the Sea ! the open Sea !—
That is the place where we all wish to be,
Rolling about on it merrily !"—

So all sing and say By night and by day,
In the *boudoir*, the street, at the concert, and play,
In a sort of coxcombical roundelay ;—
You may roam through the City, transversely or straight,
From Whitechapel turnpike to Cumberland gate,
And every young lady who thrums a guitar,
Ev'ry mustachio'd Shopman who smokes a cigar,

With affected devotion, Promulgates his notion,
Of being a "Rover" and "child of the Ocean"—
Whate'er their age, sex, or condition may be,
They all of them long for the "Wide, Wide Sea !"

But, however they dote, Only set them afloat
In any craft bigger at all than a boat,

Take them down to the Nore, And you'll see that, before
The "Wessel" they "Woyage" in has made half her way
Between Shell Ness Point and the Pier at Herne Bay,
Let the wind meet the tide in the slightest degree,
They'll be all of them heartily sick of "the Sea !"

I've stood in Margate, on a bridge of size

Inferior far to that described by Byron,
Where "palaces and pris'ns on each hand rise,"—
—That too 's a stone one, this is made of iron—

And little donkey boys your steps environ,
Each proffering for your choice his tiny hack,

Vaunting its excellence ; and, should you hire one,
For sixpence, will he urge, with frequent thwack,
The much-enduring beast to Buenos Ayres—and back

And there, on many a raw and gusty day,

I've stood, and turn'd my gaze upon the pier,
And seen the crews, that did embark so gay
That self-same morn, now disembark so queer ;
Then to myself I've sigh'd, and said, "Oh dear !

Who would believe yon sickly looking man's a

London Jack Tar,—a Cheapside Buccaneer !"
But hold, my Muse !—for this terrific stanza
Is all too stiffly grand for our Extravaganza

So now we'll go up, up, up,
 And now we'll go down, down, down,
 And now we'll go backwards and forwards,
 And now we'll go roun', roun', roun'.—
 —I hope you've sufficient discernment to see,
 Gentle reader, that here the discarding the *d*
 Is a fault which you must not attribute to me ;
 Thus my Nurse cut it off when, "with counterfeit glee,"
 She sung, as she danced me about on her knee,
 In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and three :—
 All I mean to say is, that the Muse is now free
 From the self-imposed trammels put on by her betters,
 And no longer, like Filch, midst the felons and debtors
 At Drury Lane, dances her hornpipe in fetters.

Resuming her track, At once she goes back
 To our hero, the Bagman.—Alas ! and Alack !
 Poor Anthony Blogg Is as sick as a dog,
 Spite of sundry unwonted potations of grog,
 By the time the Dutch packet is fairly at sea,
 With the sands called the Goodwin's a league on her lea.

And now, my good friends, I've a fine opportunity
 To obfuscate you all by sea terms with impunity,
 And talking of "caulking," And "quarter-deck walking,"
 "Fore and aft," And "abaft,"
 "Hookers," "barkeys," and "craft"
 (At which Mr. Poole has so wickedly laught),
 Of binnacles,—bilboes,—the boom call'd the spanker,
 The best bower cable,—the jib,—and sheet anchor ;
 Of lower-deck guns,—and of broadsides and chases,
 Of taffrails and topsails, and splicing main-braces,
 And "Shiver my timbers !" and other odd phrases
 Employ'd by old pilots with hard-featured faces ;—
 Of the expletives sea-faring Gentlemen use,
 The allusions they make to the eyes of their crews ;—
 How the Sailors, too, swear, How they cherish their hair,
 And what very long pigtails a great many wear.—
 But, Reader, I scorn it—the fact is, I fear,
 To be candid, I can't make these matters so clear
 As Marryatt, or Cooper, or Captain Chamier,
 Or Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, who brought up the rear

Of the "Nauticals," just at the end of the year
 Eighteen thirty-nine (how Time flies !—Oh, dear !)—
 With a well-written preface, to make it appear
 That his play, the "Sea-Captain,"'s by no means small beer.
 There !—"brought up the rear"—you see there's a mistake
 Which none of the authors I've mentioned would make,
 I ought to have said that he "sail'd in their wake."—
 So I'll merely observe, as the water grew rougher
 The more my poor hero continued to suffer,
 Till the Sailors themselves cried, in pity, "Poor Buffer !"

Still rougher it grew, And still harder it blew,
 And the thunder it kick'd up such a halliballoo,
 That even the Skipper began to look blue ;

While the crew, who were few, Look'd very queer, too,
 And seem'd not to know what exactly to do,
 And they who'd the charge of them wrote in the logs,
 "Wind N.E.—blows a hurricane—rains cats and dogs."

In short, it soon grew to a tempest as rude as
 That Shakespeare describes near the "still vext Bermudas."

When the winds, in their sport, Drove aside from its
 port

The King's ship, with the whole Neapolitan Court,
 And swamp'd it to give "the King's Son, Ferdinand," a
 Soft moment or two with the Lady Miranda.

While her Pa met the rest, and severely rebuked 'em
 For unhandsomely doing him out of his Dukedom.

You don't want me, however, to paint you a Storm,
 As so many have done, and in colours so warm :

Lord Byron, for instance, in manner facetious,
 Mr. Ainsworth, more gravely,—see also Lucretius,
 —A writer who gave me no trifling vexation

When a youngster at school on Dean Colet's foundation.—

Suffice it to say That the whole of that day,
 And the next, and the next, they were scudding away

Quite out of their course, Propell'd by the force,
 Of those flatulent folks known in Classical story as
 Aquilo, Libs, Notus, Auster, and Boreas,

Driven quite at their mercy "Twixt Guernsey and Jersey
 Till at length they came bump on the rocks and the shallows,
 In West longitude, One, fifty-seven, near St. Maloes ;

There you'll not be surprised
 That the vessel capsized,
 Or that Blogg, who had made, from intestine commotions,
 His specifical gravity less than the Ocean's,
 Should go floating away, Midst the surges and spray,
 Like a cork in a gutter, which, swoln by a shower,
 Runs down Holborn-hill about nine knots an hour.

You've seen, I've no doubt, at Bartholomew fair,
 Gentle Reader,—that is, if you've ever been there,—
 With their hands tied behind them, some two or three pair
 Of boys round a bucket set up on a chair,

Skippping and dipping Eyes, nose, chin, and lip in,
 Their faces and hair with the water all dripping,
 In an anxious attempt to catch hold of a pippin,
 That bobs up and down in the water whenever
 They touch it, as mocking the fruitless endeavour ;
 Exactly as Poets say,—how, though, they can't tell us,—
 Old Nick's Nonpareils play at bob with poor Tantalus.

—Stay !—I'm not clear, But I'm rather out here ;
 'Twas the water itself that slipp'd from him, I fear ;
 Faith, I can't recollect—and I haven't Lempriere.—
 No matter,—poor Blogg went on ducking and bobbing,
 Sneezing out the salt water, and gulping and sobbing,
 Just as Clarence, in Shakespeare, describes all the qualms he
 Experienced while dreaming they'd drown'd him in Malmsey.

“Oh Lord,” he thought, “what pain it was to drown !”

And saw great fishes with great goggling eyes,
 Glaring as he was bobbing up and down,

And looking as they thought him quite a prize ;
 When, as he sank, and all was growing dark,

A something seized him with its jaws !—A shark ?—

No such thing, Reader :—most opportunely for Blogg,
 'Twas a very large, web-footed, curly-tail'd Dog !

I'm not much of a trav'ler, and really can't boast
 That I know a great deal of the Brittany coast.

But I've often heard say That e'en to this day,
 The people of Granville, St. Maloes, and thereabout
 Are a class that society doesn't much care about ;

Men who gain a subsistence by contraband dealing,
 And a mode of abstraction strict people call "stealing ;"
 Notwithstanding all which, they are civil of speech,
 Above all to a stranger who comes within reach ;

And they were so to Blogg When the curly-tail'd Dog
 At last dragg'd him out, high and dry on the beach.

But we all have been told, By the proverb of old,
 By no means to think "all that glitters is gold ;"

And, in fact, some advance That most people in France
 Join the manners and air of a *Maître de Danse*,
 To the morals (as Johnson of Chesterfield said)—
 Of an elderly Lady, in Babylon bred,
 Much addicted to flirting, and dressing in red.—

Be this as it might, It embarrass'd Blogg quite
 To find those about him so very polite.

A suspicious observer perhaps might have traced
 The *petites soins*, tender'd with so much good taste,
 To the sight of an old-fashion'd pocket-book, placed
 In a black leather belt well secured round his waist,
 And a ring set with diamonds, his finger that graced,
 So brilliant no one could have guess'd they were paste.

The group on the shore Consisted of four ;
 You will wonder, perhaps, there were not a few more ;
 But the fact is they've not, in that part of the nation,
 What Malthus would term a "too dense population,"
 Indeed the sole sign there of man's habitation

Was merely a single Rude hut in a dingle
 That led away inland direct from the shingle,
 Its sides clothed with underwood, gloomy and dark,
 Some two hundred yards above high-water mark ;

And thither the party, So cordial and hearty,
 Viz., an old man, his wife, and two lads, made a start, he,

The Bagman, proceeding, With equal good breeding,
 To express, in indifferent French, all he feels,
 The great curly-tail'd Dog keeping close to his heels.—
 They soon reach'd the hut, which seem'd partly in ruin,
 All the way bowing, chattering, shrugging, *Mon Dieu*ing,
 Grimacing, and what sailors call *parley-vooing*.

Is it Paris, or Kitchener, Reader, exhorts
 You, whenever your stomach's at all out of sorts,
 To try, if you find richer viands won't stop in it,
 A basin of good mutton broth with a chop in it?
 (Such a basin and chop as I once heard a witty one
 Call, at the Garrick, a "c—d Committee one,"
 An expression, I own, I do not think a pretty one.)

However, its clear, That, with sound table beer,
 Such a mess as I speak of is very good cheer ;

Especially too When a person's wet through,
 And is hungry, and tired, and don't know what to do.
 Now just such a mess of delicious hot pottage
 Was smoking away when they enter'd the cottage,
 And casting a truly delicious perfume
 Through the whole of an ugly, old, ill-furnish'd room.

"Hot, smoking hot," On the fire was a pot
 Well replenish'd, but really I can't say with what ;
 For, famed as the French always are for ragouts,
 No creature can tell what they put in their stews,
 Whether bull-frogs, old gloves, or old wigs, or old shoes ;
 Notwithstanding, when offer'd I rarely refuse,
 Any more than poor Blogg did, when seeing the reeky
 Repast placed before him, scarce able to speak, he
 In ecstasy mutter'd, "By Jove, Cocky-leeky!"

In an instant, as soon As they gave him a spoon, •
 Every feeling and faculty bent on the gruel, he
 No more blamed Fortune for treating him cruelly,
 But fell tooth and nail on the soup and the *bouilli*.

Meanwhile that old man standing by,
 Subducted his long coat-tails on high,
 With his back to the fire, as if to dry
 A part of his dress which the watery sky
 Had visited rather inclemently.—
 Blandly he smiled, but still he look'd sly,
 And a something sinister lurk'd in his eye.
 Indeed, had you seen him his maritime dress in,
 You'd have own'd his appearance was not prepossessing,
 He'd a "dreadnought" coat, and heavy *sabots*
 With thick wooden soles turn'd up at the toes,

His nether man cased in a striped *quelque chose*,
 And a hump on his back, and a great hook'd nose,
 So that nine out of ten would be led to suppose
 That the person before them was Punch in plain clothes.

Yet still, as I told you, he smiled on all present,
 And did all that lay in his power to look pleasant.

The old woman, too, Made a mighty ado,
 Helping her guest to a deal of the stew ;
 She fish'd up the meat, and she help'd him to that,
 She helped him to lean, and she help'd him to fat,
 And it look'd like Hare—but it might have been Cat.
 The little *garçons* too strove to express
 Their sympathy towards the "Child of distress"
 With a great deal of juvenile French *politesse* :

But the Bagman bluff Continued to "stuff"
 Of the fat, and the lean, and the tender and tough,
 Till they thought he would never cry, "Hold, enough !"
 And the old woman's tones became far less agreeable,
 Sounding like *peste !* and *sacre !* and *diable !*

I've seen an old saw, which is well worth repeating,
 That says,

"Good Eatynge

Deserbeth good Drynkynge."

You'll find it so printed by Caxton or Wynkyn,
 And a very good proverb it is to my thinking.

Blogg thought so too ;— As he finish'd his stew,
 His ear caught the sound of the word "*Morbleu !*"
 Pronounced by the old woman under her breath.

Now, not knowing what she could mean by "Blue Death !"
 He conceived she referr'd to a delicate brewing
 Which is almost synonymous,—namely, "Blue Ruin."
 So he pursed up his lip to a smile, and with glee,
 In his cockneyfy'd accent, responded, "Oh, *Vee !*"

Which made her understand he Was asking for brandy,
 So she turn'd to the cupboard, and having some handy,
 Produced, rightly deeming he would not object to it,
 An orbicular bulb with a very long neck to it ;
 In fact you perceive her mistake was the same as his,
 Each of them "reasoning right from wrong premises :"

—And here by the way, Allow me to say,
Kind Reader, you sometimes permit me to stray—
’Tis strange the French prove, when they take to aspersing,
So inferior to us in the science of cursing;

Kick a Frenchman down-stairs,
How absurdly he swears,
And how odd ’tis to hear him, when beat to a jelly,
Roar out, in a passion, “Blue Death!” and “Blue Belly!”

“To return to our sheep” from this little digression :—
Blogg’s features assumed a complacent expression
As he emptied his glass, and she gave him a fresh one ;

Too little he heeded, How fast they succeeded,
Perhaps you or I might have done, though, as he did :
For when once Madame Fortune deals out her hard raps,

It’s amazing to think, How one “cottons” to Drink !
At such times, of all things in nature, perhaps
There’s not one that is half so seducing at *Schnaps*.

Mr. Blogg, besides being uncommonly dry,
Was, like most other Bagmen, remarkably shy,

—“Did not like to deny”— “Felt obliged to comply”
Every time that she ask’d him to “wet t’other eye ;”
For ’twas worthy remark that she spared not the stoup,
Though before she had seem’d so to grudge him the soup.

At length the fumes rose To his brain ; and his nose
Gave hints of a strong disposition to doze,
And a yearning to seek “horizontal repose.”—

His queer-looking host, Who, firm at his post,
During all the long meal had continued to toast

That garment ’twere rude to Do more than allude to,
Perceived, from his breathing and nodding, the views
Of his guest were directed to “taking a snooze :”

So he caught up a lamp in his huge dirty paw,
With (as Blogg used to tell it) “*Mounseer, swivvy maw!*”

And “marshall’d” him so “The way he should go,”
Up-stairs to an attic, large, gloomy, and low,

Without table or chair, Or a movable there,
Save an old-fashion’d bedstead, much out of repair,
That stood at the end most removed from the stair.—

With a grin and a shrug The host points to the rug,
Just as much as to say, “There!—I think you’ll be snug !

Puts the light on the floor, Walks to the door,
 Makes a formal *Salaam*, and is then seen no more :
 When just as the car lost the sound of his tread,
 To the Bagman's surprise, and, at first, to his dread,
 The great curly-tail'd Dog crept from under the bed!—
 —It's a very nice thing when a man's in a fright,
 And think's matters all wrong, to find matters all right ;
 As, for instance, when going home late-ish at night
 Through a Churchyard, and seeing a thing all in white,
 Which, of course, one is led to consider a Sprite,

To find that the Ghost Is merely a post,
 Or a miller, or chalky-faced donkey at most ;
 Or, when taking a walk as the evenings begin
 To close, or, as some people call it, "draw in,"
 And some undefined form, "looming large" through the haze,
 Presents itself, right in your path, to your gaze,

Inducing a dread Of a knock on the head,
 Or a sever'd carotid, to find that, instead
 Of one of those ruffians who murder and fleece men,
 It's your uncle, or one of the "Rural Policemen ;"—

Then the blood flows again Through artery and vein ;
 You're delighted with what just before gave you pain :
 You laugh at your fears—and your friend in the fog
 Meets a welcome as cordial as Anthony Blogg
 Now bestow'd on *his* friend—the great curly-tail'd Dog.

For the Dog leap'd up, and his paws found a place
 On each side his neck in a canine embrace,
 And he lick'd Blogg's hands, and he lick'd his face,
 And he waggl'd his tail as much as to say,
 Mr. Blogg, we've foregather'd before to-day,
 And the Bagman saw, as he now sprang up,

What, beyond all doubt, He might have found out
 Before had he not been so eager to sup,
 Twas Sancho !—the Dog he had rear'd from a pup !—
 The Dog who when sinking had seized his hair,—
 The Dog who had saved, and conducted him there,—
 The Dog he had lost out of Billiter Square !!

It's passing sweet, An absolute treat,
 When friends, long sever'd by distance, meet—
 With what warmth and affection each other they greet !

Especially too, as we very well know,
 If there seems any chance of a little *cadeau*,
 A "Present from Brighton," or "Token" to show,
 In the shape of a work-box, ring, bracelet, or so,
 That our friends don't forget us, although they may go
 To Ramsgate, or Rome, or Fernando Po.
 If some little advantage seems likely to start,
 From a fifty-pound note to a two-penny tart,
 It's surprising to see how it softens the heart,
 And you'll find those whose hopes from the other are strongest
 Use, in common, endearments the thickest and longest.

But, it was not so here ; For although it is clear,
 When abroad, and we have not a single friend near,
 E'en a cur that will love us becomes very dear,
 And the balance of interest 'twixt him and the Dog
 Of course was inclining to Anthony Blogg,

Yet he, first of all, ceased To encourage the beast,
 Perhaps thinking "Enough is as good as a feast ;"
 And besides, as we've said, being sleepy and mellow,
 He grew tired of patting and crying "Poor fellow !"
 So his smile by degrees harden'd into a frown,
 And his "That's a good dog !" into "Down, Sancho ! down !"
 But nothing could stop his mute fav'rite's caressing,
 Who, in fact, seem'd resolved to prevent his undressing,

Using paws, tail, and head, As if he had said,
 "Most beloved of masters, pray, don't go to bed ;
 You had much better sit up, and pat me instead !"
 Nay, at last, when determined to take some repose,
 Blogg threw himself down on the outside the clothes,

Spite of all he could do, The dog jump'd up too,
 And kept him awake with his very cold nose ;

Scratching and whining, And moaning and pining,
 Till Blogg really believed he must have some design in
 Thus breaking his rest ; above all, when at length
 The dog scratch'd him off from the bed by sheer strength.

Extremely annoy'd by the "tarnation whop," as it
 's call'd in Kentuck, on his head and its opposite,

Blogg showed fight ; When he saw, by the light
 Of the flickering candle, that had not yet quite
 Burnt down in the socket, though not over bright,

Certain dark-colour'd stains, as of blood newly spilt,
 Reveal'd by the dog's having scratched off the quilt,—
 Which hinted a story of horror and guilt!—

"Twas "no mistake,"— He was "wide awake"
 In an instant ; for, when only decently drunk,
 Nothing sobers a man so completely as "funk."

And hark !—what's that ?— They have got into chat
 In the kitchen below—what the deuce are they at ?—
 There's the ugly old fisherman scolding his wife—
 And she—by the Pope ! she's whetting a knife:—

At each twist Of her wrist,
 And her great mutton fist,
 The edge of the weapon sounds shriller and louder !—

The fierce kitchen fire Had not made Blogg perspire
 Half so much, or a dose of the best James's powder.—
 It ceases—all silent!—and now, I declare
 There's somebody crawls up that rickety stair.

The horrid old ruffian comes, cat-like, creeping ;—
 He opens the door just sufficient to peep in,
 And sees, as he fancies, the Bagman sleeping !
 For Blogg, when he'd once ascertain'd that there was some
 "Precious mischief" on foot, had resolved to play "Possum ;"—

Down he went, legs and head, Flat on the bed,
 Apparently sleeping as sound as the dead ;
 While, though none who look'd at him would think such a
 thing,

Every nerve in his frame was braced up for a spring.

Then, just as the villain Crept, stealthy still, in,
 And you'd not have insured his guest's life for a shilling,
 As the knife gleam'd on high, bright and sharp as a razor,
 Blogg, starting upright, "tipp'd" the fellow "a facer ;"—
 —Down went man and weapon—Of all sorts of blows,
 From what Mr. Jackson reports, I suppose
 There are few that surpass a flush hit on the nose.

Now had I the pen of old Ossian or Homer
 (Though each of these names some pronounce a misnomer,
 And say the first person Was called James M'Pherson,
 While, as to the second, they stoutly declare
 He was no one knows who, and born no one knows where),

Or had I the quill of Pierce Egan, a writer
Acknowledged the best theoretical fighter

For the last twenty years, By the lively young Peers,
Who, doffing their coronets, collars, and ermine, treat
Boxers to "Max," at the One Tun in Jermyn Street ;—

—I say, could I borrow these Gentlemen's Muses,
More skill'd than my meek one in "fibblings" and bruises,

I'd describe now to you As "prime a Set-to,"
And "regular turn up," as ever you knew ;
Not inferior in "bottom" to aught you have read of
Since Cribb, years ago, half knock'd Molyneux's head off.
But my dainty Urania says, "Such things are shocking !"

Lace mittens she loves, Detesting "The Gloves ;"
And turning, with air most disdainfully mocking,
From Melpomene's buskin, adopts the silk stocking,

So, as far as I can see, I must leave you to "fancy"
The thumps and the bumps, and the ups and the downs,
And the taps, and the slaps, and the raps on the crowns,
That pass'd 'twixt the Husband, Wife, Bagman, and Dog,
As Blogg roll'd over them, and they roll'd over Blogg ;

While what's call'd "The Claret" Flew over the garret ;
Merely stating the fact, As each other they whack'd,
The Dog his old master most gallantly back'd ;

Making both the *garçons*, who came running in, sheer off,
With "Hippolyte's" thumb, and "Alphonse's" left ear off ;

Next, making a stoop on The buffeting group on
The floor, rent in tatters the old woman's *jupon* ;
Then the old man turn'd up, and a fresh bite of Sancho's
Tore out the whole seat of his striped Calimancoes.—

Really, which way This desperate fray
Might have ended at last, I'm not able to say,
The dog keeping thus the assassins at bay :
But a few fresh arrivals decided the day ;

For bounce went the door, In came half a score
Of the passengers, sailors, and one or two more
Who had aided the party in gaining the shore !

It's a great many years ago—mine then were few—
Since I spent a short time in old *Courageux* ;

I think that they say She had been, in her day,
A First-rate,—but was then what they term'd a *Rasée*,—

And they took me on board in the Downs, where she lay,
 (Captain Wilkinson held the command, by the way.)
 In her I pick'd up, on that single occasion,
 The little I know that concerns Navigation,
 And obtain'd, *inter alia*, some vague information
 Of a practice which often, in cases of robbing,
 Is adopted on shipboard—I think it's call'd "cobbing"
 How it's managed exactly I really can't say,
 But I think that a boot-jack is brought into play—
 That is if I'm right :—it exceeds my ability

To tell how 'tis done ; But the system is one
 Of which Sancho's exploit would increase the facility.
 And, from all I can learn, I'd much rather be robb'd
 Of the little I have in my purse than be "cobb'd" —

That's mere matter of taste :

But the Frenchman was placed—

I mean the old scoundrel whose actions we've traced—
 In such a position, that, on this unmasking,
 His consent was the last thing the men thought of asking.

The old woman, too, Was obliged to go through,
 With her boys, the rough discipline used by the crew,
 Who, before they let one of the set see the back of them,
 "Cobb'd" the whole party,—ay, "every man Jack of them."

MORAL

And now, Gentle Reader, before that I say
 Farewell for the present, and wish you good day,
 Attend to the moral I draw from my lay!—

If ever you travel, like Anthony Blogg,
 Be wary of strangers!—don't take too much grog!
 And don't fall asleep, if you should, like a hog!—
 Above all—carry with you a curly-tail'd Dog!

Lastly, don't act like Blogg, who, I say it with blushing,
 Sold Sancho next month for two guineas at Flushing ;
 But still on these words of the Bard keep a fix'd eye,

INGRATUM SI DIXERIS, OMNIA DIXTI !!!

L'Envoye.

I felt so disgusted with Blogg, from sheer shame of him.
 I never once thought to inquire what became of him ;

If *you* want to know, Reader, the way I opine,
 To achieve your design,— Mind, it's no wish of mine,—
 Is,—(a penny will do't)—by addressing a line
 To Turner, Dry, Weipersyde, Rogers, and Pyne.

The Black Mousquetaire.

A LEGEND OF FRANCE.

FRANÇOIS XAVIER AUGUSTE was a gay Mousquetaire,
 The Pride of the Camp, the delight of the Fair :
 He'd a mien so *distingué* and so *debonnaire*,
 And shrugg'd with a grace so *recherché* and rare,
 And he twirl'd his moustache with so charming an air,
 —His moustaches I should say, because he'd a pair,—
 And, in short, showed so much of the true *savoir faire*,
 All the ladies in Paris were wont to declare,

That could any one draw Them from Dian's strict law
 Into what Mrs. Ramsbottom calls a "Fox Paw,"
 It would be François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix.

Now, I'm sorry to say, At that time of day,
 The Court of Versailles was a little too gay ;
 The Courtiers were all much addicted to Play,
 To Bourdeaux, Chambertin, Frontignac, St. Peray,
 Lafitte, Chateau Margaux, And Sillery (a cargo
 On which John Bull sensibly (?) lays an embargo),
 While Louis Quatorze Kept about him in scores,
 What the Noblesse, in courtesy, term'd his "Jane Shores,"
 —They were call'd by a much coarser name out-of-doors.

This, we all must admit, in A King's not befitting !
 For such courses, when follow'd by persons of quality,
 Are apt to detract on the score of morality.

François Xavier Auguste acted much like the rest of them,
 Dress'd, drank, and fought, and *chassée'd* with the best of
 them ;

Took his *œil de perdrix* Till he scarcely could see,
 He would then sally out in the streets for a "spree ;"

His rapier he'd draw, Pink a *Bourgeois*
 (A word which the English translate "Johnny Raw");
 For your thorough French Courtier, whenever the fit he's in,
 Thinks it prime fun to astonish a citizen;
 And perhaps it's no wonder that this kind of scrapes,
 In a nation which Voltaire, in one of his japes,
 Defines "an amalgam of Tigers and Apes,"
 Should be merely consider'd as "Little Escapes."

But I'm sorry to add, Things are almost as bad
 A great deal nearer home, and that similar pranks
 Amongst young men who move in the very first ranks,
 Are by no means confined to the land of the Franks.

Be this as it will, In the general, still,
 Though blame him we must, It is really but just
 To our lively young friend, François Xavier Auguste,
 To say, that howe'er Well known his faults were,
 At his Bacchanal parties he always drank fair,
 And when gambling his worst, always play'd on the square;
 So that, being much more of pigeon than rook, he
 Lost large sums at faro (a game like "Blind Hookey"),

And continued to lose, And to give I O U's,
 Till he lost e'en the credit he had with the Jews;
 And, a parallel if I may venture to draw
 Between François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix,
 And his namesake, a still more distinguish'd François,
 Who wrote to his "*sœur*" From Pavia, "*Mon Cœur*,
 I have lost all I had in the world *fors l'honneur*."

So St. Foix might have wrote No dissimilar note
 "*Vive la bagatelle! toujours gai—idem semper—*
 I've lost all I had in the world but—my temper!"

From the very beginning, Indeed, of his sinning,
 His air was so cheerful, his manner so winning,
 That once he prevail'd—or his friends coin the tale for him—
 On the bailiff who "nabb'd" him, himself to "go bail" for
 him.

Well—we know in these cases,
 Your "Crabs" and "Deuce Aces"
 Are wont to promote frequent changes of places;
 Town doctors, indeed, are most apt to declare
 That there's nothing so good as the pure "country air,"

Whenever exhaustion of person, or purse, in
 An invalid cramps him, and sets him a-cursing :
 A habit, I'm very much grieved at divulging,
 François Xavier Auguste was too prone to indulge in.

But what could be done ? It's clear as the sun,
 That, though nothing's more easy than say, "Cut and run !"
 Yet a Guardsman can't live without some sort of fun—

E'en I or you, If we'd nothing to do,
 Should soon find ourselves looking remarkably blue.

And, since no one denies What's so plain to all eyes,
 It won't, I am sure, create any surprise,
 That reflections like these half reduced to despair
 François Xavier Auguste, the gay Black Mousquetaire.

Patience par force ! He consider'd, of course,
 But in vain—he could hit on no sort of resource—

Love ?—Liquor ?—Law ?—Loo ?

They would each of them do,
 There's excitement enough in all four, but in none he
 Could hope to get on *sans l'argent*—i.e., money.
 Love ?—no ;—ladies like little *cadeaux* from a suitor.
 Liquor ?—no,—that won't do, when reduced to "the Pewter."—

Then Law ?—'tis the same ; It's a very fine game,
 But the fees and delays of "the Courts" are a shame.
 As Lord Brougham says himself—who's a very great name,
 Though the TIMES made it clear he was perfectly lost in his
 Classic attempt at translating Demosthenes,

And don't know his "particles,"— Who wrote the articles,
 Showing his Greek up so, is not known very well ;
 Many thought Barnes, others Mitchell—some Merivale ;

But it's scarce worth debate, Because from the date
 Of my tale one conclusion we safely may draw,
 Viz. : 'twas not François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix !

Loo ?—No ; that he had tried :

'Twas, in fact, his weak side,
 But required more than any a purse well supplied.
 "Love ?—Liquor ?—Law ?—Loo ? No ! 'tis all the same story.
 Stay ! I have it—*Ma foi !* (that's "Odd's Bobs !") there is
 GLORY.

Away with dull care ! *Vive le Roi ! Vive la Guerre !*
Peste ! I'd almost forgot I'm a Black Mousquetaire !

When a man is like me, *Sans six sous, sans souci*,
 A bankrupt in purse, And in character worse,
 With a shocking bad hat, and his credit at zero,
 What on earth can he hope to become,—but a Hero?

What a famous thought this is! I'll go as Ulysses
 Of old did—like him I'll see manners and know countries;
 Cut Paris,—and gaming—and throats in the Low Countries.

So said, and so done—he arranged his affairs,
 And was off like a shot to his Black Mousquetaires.

Now it happen'd just then That Field-Marshal Turenne
 Was a good deal in want of "some active young men,"

To fill up the gaps Which, through sundry mishaps,
 Had been made in his ranks by a certain "Great Condé,"
 A General unrivall'd—at least in his own day—

Whose valour was such, That he did not care much
 If he fought with the French,—or the Spaniards,—or Dutch,—
 A fact which has stamp'd him a rather "Cool hand,"
 Being nearly related to *Louis le Grand*.

It had been all the same had that King been his brother;
 He fought sometimes with one, and sometimes with another;

For war, so exciting, He took such delight in,
 He did not care whom he fought, so he *was* fighting.

And, as I've just said, had amused himself then
 By tickling the tail of Field-Marshal Turenne;
 Since which, the Field-Marshal's most pressing concern
 Was to tickle some other Chief's tail in his turn.

What a fine thing a battle is!—not one of those
 Which one saw at the late Mr. Andrew Ducrow's,
 Where a dozen of scene-shifters, drawn up in rows,
 Would a dozen more scene-shifters boldly oppose,

Taking great care their blows Did not injure their foes,
 And alike, save in colour and cut of their clothes,
 Which were varied, to give more effect to "*Tableaux*,"

While Stickney the Great Flung the gauntlet to Fate,
 And made us all tremble, so gallantly did he come

On to encounter bold General Widdicombe—
 But a real good fight, like Pultowa, or Lützen

Which Gustavus the Great ended all his disputes in),
 Or that which Suwarrow engaged without boots in,

Or Dettingen, Fontenoy, Blenheim, or Minden,
Or the one Mr. Campbell describes, Hohenlinden,

Where "the sun was low," The ground all over snow
And dark as mid-winter the swift Iser's flow,—
Till its colour was alter'd by General Moreau :
While the big drum was heard in the dead of the night,
Which rattled the Bard out of bed in a fright,
And he ran up the steeple to look at the fight.

'Twas in just such another one

(Names only bother one—

Dutch ones indeed are sufficient to smother one—)

In the Netherlands somewhere—I cannot say where—

Suffice it that there *La Fortune de guerre*
Gave a cast of her calling to our Mousquetaire.
One fine morning, in short, François Xavier Auguste,
After making some scores of his foes "bite the dust,"
Got a mouthful himself of the very same crust ;
And though, as the Bard says, "No law is more just
Than for *Necis artificis*,"—so they call'd fiery
Soldados at Rome,—"*arte suâ perire*,"

Yet Fate did not draw This poetical law
To its fullest extent in the case of St. Foix.

His Good Genius most probably found out some flaw,
And diverted the shot From some deadlier spot
To a bone which, I think, to the best of my memory, 's
Call'd by Professional men the "*os femoris* ;"
And the ball being one of those named from its shape,
And some fancied resemblance it bears to the grape,

St. Foix went down, With a groan and a frown,
And a hole in his small-clothes the size of a crown.—

Stagger'd a bit By this "palpable hit,"
He turn'd on his face, and went off in a fit.

Yes ! a Battle's a very fine thing while you're fighting,
These same Ups-and-Downs are so very exciting,

But a sombre sight is a Battle-field

To the sad survivor's sorrowing eye,
Where those, who scorn'd to fly or yield,
In one promiscuous carnage lie ;

When the cannon's roar Is heard no more,
And the thick dun smoke has roll'd away,

And the victor comes for a last survey
Of the well-fought field of yesterday !

No triumphs flush that haughty brow,—

No proud exulting look is there,—

His eagle glance is humbled now,

As, earthward bent, in anxious care
It seeks the form whose stalwart pride
But yester-morn was by his side !

And there it lies !—on yonder bank

Of corsés, which themselves had breath
But yester-morn—now cold and dank,

With other dews than those of death !

Powerless as it had ne'er been born

The hand that clasp'd his—yester-morn !

And there are widows wand'ring there,

That roam the blood-besprinkled plain,

And listen in their dumb despair

For sounds they ne'er may hear again !

One word, however faint and low,—

Ay, e'en a groan,—were music now !

And this is Glory !—Fame !—

But, pshaw ;

Miss Muse, you're growing sentimental ;

Besides, such things *we* never saw ;

In fact they're merely Continental.

And then your Ladyship forgets

Some widows came for epaulettes.

So go back to your canter ; for one, I declare,

Is now fumbling about our capsized Mousquetaire,

A beetle-brow'd hag, With a knife and a bag,

And an old tatter'd bonnet which, thrown back, discloses

The ginger complexion, and one of those noses

Peculiar to females named Levy and Moses,

Such as nervous folks still, when they come in their way, shun

Old vixen-faced tramps of the Hebrew persuasion.

You remember, I trust, François Xavier Auguste,
Had uncommon fine limbs and a very fine bust.

THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

Now there's something—I cannot tell what it may be—
About good-looking gentlemen turn'd twenty-three,
Above all when laid up with a wound in the knee,
Which affects female hearts in no common degree
With emotions in which many feelings combine,
Very easy to fancy, though hard to define ;

Ugly or pretty, Stupid or witty,
Young or old, they experience, in country or city,
What's clearly not Love—yet it's warmer than Pity—
And some such a feeling, no doubt, 'tis that stays
The hand you may see that old Jezebel raise,

Arm'd with the blade, So oft used in her trade,
The horrible calling e'en now she is plying,
Despoiling the dead, and despatching the dying !
For these “nimble Conveyancers,” after such battles,
Regarding as *treasure trove* all goods and chattels,
Think nought, in “perusing and settling” the titles,
So safe as six inches of steel in the vitals.

Now don't make a joke of, That feeling I spoke of ;
For, as sure as you're born, that same feeling,—whate'er
It may be, saves the life of the young Mousquetaire !—
The knife, that was levell'd erewhile at his throat,
Is employ'd now in ripping the lace from his coat,
And from what, I suppose, I must call his *culotte* ;

And his pockets, no doubt, Being turn'd inside out,
That his *mouchoir* and gloves may be put “up the spout.”
(For of coin, you may well conceive, all she can do
Fails to ferret out even a single *écu*) ;

As a muscular Giant would handle an elf,
The virago at last lifts the soldier himself,
And, like a She-Samson, at length lays him down
In a hospital form'd in a neighbouring town !

I am not very sure, But I think 'twas Namur ;
And there she now leaves him, expecting a cure.

CANTO II.

I ABOMINATE physic—I care not who knows
That there's nothing on earth I detest like “a dose,”—
That yellowish-green-looking fluid, whose hue
I consider extremely unpleasant to view,

With its sickly appearance, that trenches so near
On what Homer defines the complexion of Fear ;

Χλωρον δεος, I mean, A nasty pale green,
Though for want of some word that may better avail,
I presume, our translators have rendered it "pale ;"

For consider the cheeks Of those "well-booted Greeks,"
Their Egyptian descent was a question of weeks ;
Their complexion, of course, like a half-decay'd leek's ;
And you'll see in an instant the thing that I mean in it,
A Greek face in a funk had a good deal of green in it.

I repeat, I abominate physic ; but then,
If folks *will* go campaigning about with such men
As the Great Prince de Condés and Marshal Turenne,

They may fairly expect To be now and then check'd
By a bullet or sabre-cut. Then their best solace is
Found, I admit, in green potions and boluses ;

So, of course, I don't blame St. Foix, wounded and lame,
If he swallow'd a decent *quant. suff.* of the same ;
Though I'm told, in such cases, it's not the French plan
To pour in their drastics as fast as they can,
The practice of many an English *Savan*,

But to let off a man With a little *ptisane*,
And gently to chafe the *patella* (knee-pan).

"Oh, woman !" Sir Walter observes, "when the brow
's wrung with pain, what a minist'ring Angel art thou !"
Thou'rt a "minist'ring Angel" in no less degree,
I can boldly assert, when the pain's in the knee :

And medical friction, Is, past contradiction,
Much better perform'd by a She than a He.
A fact which, indeed, comes within my own knowledge,
For I well recollect, when a youngster at College,

And, therefore, can quote A surgeon of note,
Mr. Grosvenor, of Oxford, who not only wrote
On the subject a very fine treatise, but, still as his
Patients came in, certain soft-handed Phyllises
Were at once set to work on their legs, arms, and backs,
And rubb'd out their complaints in a couple of cracks.—

Now they say, To this day,
When sick people can't pay

On the Continent, many of this kind of nurses
 Attend without any demand on their purses ;
 And these females, some old, others still in their teens,
 Some call "Sisters of Charity," others "Beguines."
 They don't take the vows ; but, half-Nun and half-Lay,
 Attend you ; and when you've got better, they say,
 "You're exceedingly welcome ! There's nothing to pay."

Our task is now done ; You are able to run.
 We never take money ; we cure you for fun !"
 Then they drop you a curt'sy, and wish you good day,
 And go off to cure somebody else the same way.
 —A great many of these, at the date of my tale,
 In Namur walk'd the hospitals, workhouse, and jail.

Among them was one, A most sweet Demi-nun,
 Her cheek pensive and pale ; tresses bright as the Sun,—
 Not carroty—no ; though you'd fancy you saw burn
 Such locks as the Greeks loved, which moderns call auburn.
 These were partially seen through the veil which they wore all
 Her teeth were of pearl, and her lips were of coral ;
 Her eye-lashes silken ; her eyes, fine large blue ones ;
 Were sapphires (I don't call these similes new ones ;
 But, in metaphors, freely confess I've a leaning
 To such, new or old, as convey best one's meaning).—
 Then, for figure ? In faith it was downright barbarity

To muffle a form Might an anchorite warm
 In the fusty stuff gown of a *Sœur de la Charité* ;
 And no poet could fancy, no painter could draw
 One more perfect in all points, more free from a flaw,
 Than hers who now sits by the couch of St. Foix,

Chafing there, With such care,

And so dove-like an air,

His leg, till her delicate fingers are charr'd
 With the Steer's opodeldoc, joint-oil, and goulard ;
 —Their Dutch appellations are really too hard
 To be brought into verse by a transmarine Bard.—

Now you'll see, And agree,

I am certain, with me,

When a young man's laid up with a wound in his knee,
 And a lady sits there, On a rush-bottom'd chair,
 To hand him the mixtures his doctors prepare,

And a bit of lump-sugar to make matters square ;
 Above all, when the Lady's remarkably fair,
 And the wounded young man is a gay Mousquetaire,
 It's a ticklish affair, you may swear, for the pair,
 And may lead on to mischief before they're aware.

I really don't think, spite of what friends would call his
 "*Penchant* for *liaisons*," and graver men "*follies*"
 (For my own part, I think planting thorns on their pillows.
 And leaving poor maidens to weep and wear willows,
 Is not to be class'd among mere peccadilloes),
 His "*faults*," I should say—I don't think François Xavier
 Entertain'd any thoughts of improper behaviour
 Tow'rds his nurse, or that once to induce her to sin he meant
 While superintending his draughts and his liniment :

But, as he grew stout, And was getting about,
 Thoughts came into his head that had better been out ;

While Cupid's an urchin We know deserves birching
 He's so prone to delude folks, and leave them the lurch in.

'Twas doubtless his doing That absolute ruin
 Was the end of all poor dear Therèse's shampooing.—

'Tis a subject I don't like to dwell on ; but such
 Things will happen—ay, e'en 'mongst the phlegmatic Dutch.

"When Woman," as Goldsmith declares, "stoops to folly,
 And finds out too late that false man can betray,"
 She is apt to look dismal, and grow "*melan-choly*,"
 And, in short, to be anything rather than gay.

He goes on to remark that "to punish her lover,
 Wring his bosom, and draw the tear into his eye,
 There is but one method" which he can discover
 That's likely to answer—that one is "to die !"

He's wrong—the wan and withering cheek ;
 The thin lips, pale, and drawn apart ;
 The dim yet tearless eyes, that speak
 The misery of the breaking heart ;

The wasted form, th' enfeebled tone
 That whispering mocks the pitying ear ;
 Th' imploring glances heavenward thrown,
 As heedless, helpless, hopeless here ;

These wring the false one's heart enough,
If "made of penetrable stuff."

And poor Therèse Thus pines and decays,
Till, stung with remorse, St. Foix takes a post-chaise
With, for "wheelers," two bays,
And, for "leaders," two greys,
And soon reaches France, by the help of relays.
Flying shabbily off from the sight of his victim,
And driving as fast as if Old Nick had kick'd him.

She, poor sinner, Grows thinner and thinner,
Leaves off eating breakfast, and luncheon, and dinner,
Till you'd really suppose she could have nothing in her.—
One evening—'twas just as the clock struck eleven—
They saw she'd been sinking fast ever since seven,
She breath'd one deep sigh, threw one look up to Heaven,
And all was o'er!— Poor Therèse was no more—
She was gone!—the last breath that she managed to draw
Escaped in one half-utter'd word—'twas "St. Foix!"

Who can fly from himself? Bitter cares, when you feel 'em,
Are not cured by travel—as Horace says, "*Cælum,*
Non animum mutant qui currunt trans mare!"
It's climate, not mind, that by roaming men vary—
Remorse from temptation to which you have yielded, is
A shadow you can't sell as Peter Schlemil did his;
It haunts you for ever—in bed and at board,—

Ay, e'en in your dreams. And you can't find, it seems,
Any proof that a guilty man ever yet snored!
It is much if he slumbers at all, which but few
—François Xavier Auguste was an instance—can do.

Indeed, from the time He committed the crime
Which cut off poor sister Therèse in her prime,
He was not the same man that he had been—his plan
Was quite changed—in wild freaks he no more led the van;
He'd scarce sleep a wink in A week; but sit thinking,
From company shrinking— He quite gave up drinking,
At the mess-table, too, where now seldom he came,
Fish, *fricassée*, *fricandeau*, *potage*, or game,
Dindon aux truffes, or *turbot à la crème*,

No!—he still shook his head,—it was always the same,
 Still he never complain'd that the cook was to blame!
 Twas his appetite fail'd him—no matter how rare
 And *recherché* the dish, how delicious the fare,—
 What he used to like best he no longer could bear;
 But he'd there sit and stare With an air of despair;
 Took no care, but would wear Boots that wanted repair;
 Such a shirt too! you'd think he'd no linen to spare.
 He omitted to shave; he neglected his hair,
 And look'd more like a Guy than a gay Mousquetaire.

One thing, above all, most excited remark;
 In the evening he seldom sat long after dark,
 Not that then, as of yore, he'd go out for "a lark"
 With his friends; but when they, After taking *café*,
 Would have broil'd bones and kidneys brought in on a tray,
 —Which I own I consider a very good way,
 If a man's not dyspeptic, to wind up the day—
 No persuasion on earth could induce him to stay;
 But he'd take up his candlestick, just nod his head,
 By way of "Good evening!" and walk off to bed.
 Yet even when there he seem'd no better off,
 For he'd wheeze, and he'd sneeze, and he'd hem! and he'd
 cough.

And they'd hear him all night,
 Sometimes, sobbing outright,
 While his valet, who often endeavour'd to peep,
 Declared that "his master was never asleep!
 But would sigh, and would groan, slap his forehead, and weep;
 That about ten o'clock His door he would lock,
 And then never would open it, let who would knock!—
 He had heard him," he said,
 "Sometimes jump out of bed,
 And talk as if speaking to one who was dead!"

He'd groan, and he'd moan, In so piteous a tone,
 Begging some one or other to let him alone,
 That it really would soften the heart of a stone
 To hear him exclaim so, and call upon Heaven
 Then—The bother began always *just at eleven!*"

François Xavier Auguste, as I've told you before,
 I believe was a popular man in his *corps*,

And his comrades, not one Of whom knew of the Nun,
Now began to consult what was best to be done.

Count Cordon Bleu And the Sieur de la Roue.
Confess'd they did *not* know at all what to do :
But the Chevalier Hippolyte Hector Achille
Alphonse Stanislaus Emile de Grandville

Made a fervent appeal To the zeal they must feel
For their friend, so distinguish'd an officer, 's weal.
"The first thing," he said, "was to find out the matter
That bored their poor friend so, and caused all this clatter—

Mort de ma vie !" —Here he took some rappee—
"Be the cause what it may, he shall tell it to me!"—
He was right, sure enough—in a couple of days
He worms out the whole story of Sister Therèse,
Now entomb'd, poor dear soul ! in some Dutch *Père la Chaise*
—"But the worst thing of all," François Xavier declares,
"Is, whenever I've taken my candle upstairs,
There's Therèse sitting there—upon one of those chairs !

Such a frown, too, she wears, And so frightfully glares,
That I'm really prevented from saying my pray'rs,
While an odour,—the very reverse of perfume,—
More like rhubarb or senna, pervades the whole room !"

Hector Achille Stanislaus Emile
When he heard him talk so felt an odd sort of feel ;
Not that *he* cared for Ghosts—he was far too genteel ;
Still a queerish sensation came on when he saw

Him, whom, for fun, They'd, by way of a pun
On his person and principles, nick-named *Sans Foi*,
A man whom they had, you see,
Mark'd as a Sadducee,—

In his horns, all at once, so completely to draw,
And to talk of a Ghost with such manifest awe !—
It excited the Chevalier Grandville's surprise ;
He shrugg'd up his shoulders, he turn'd up his eyes,
And he thought with himself that he could not do less
Than lay the whole matter before the whole Mess.

Repetition's detestable ;— So, as you're best able
Paint to yourself the effect at the Mess-table—

How the bold Brigadiers Prick'd up their ears,
And received the account, some with fears, some with sneers

How the Sieur de la Roue Said to Count Cordon Bleu,
"Ma Foi—c'est bien drôle—Monseigneur what say you?"—

How Count Cordon Bleu

Declared he "thought so too ;"—

How the Colonel affirm'd that "the case was quite new :"—

How the Captains and Majors Began to lay wagers

How far the Ghost part of the story was true ;—

How, at last, when ask'd "What was the best thing to do ?"

Everybody was silent,—for nobody knew !

And how, in the end, they said, "No one could deal

With the matter so well, from his prudence and zeal.

As the Gentleman who was the first to reveal

This strange story—viz. Hippolyte Hector Achille

Alphonse Stanislaus Emile de Grandville !

I need scarcely relate The plans, little and great,

Which came into the Chevalier Hippolyte's pate

To rescue his friend from his terrible foes,

Those mischievous Imps, whom the world, I suppose

From extravagant notions respecting their hue,

Has strangely agreed to denominate "Blue,"

Inasmuch as his schemes were of no more avail

Than those he had, early in life, found to fail,

When he strove to lay salt on some little bird's tail.

In vain did he try With strong waters to ply

His friend, on the ground that he never could spy

Such a thing as a Ghost, with a drop in his eye ;

St. Foix never would drink now unless he was dry ;

Besides, what the vulgar call "sucking the monkey"

Has much less effect on a man when he's funky.

In vain did he strive to detain him at table

Till his "dark hour" was over—he never was able,

Save once, when at Mess, With that sort of address,

Which the British call "Humbug" and Frenchmen "*Finesse*"

(It's "Blarney" in Irish—I don't know the Scotch),

He fell to admiring his friend's English watch.

He examined the face, And the back of the case,

And the young Lady's portrait there, done on enamel, he

"Saw by the likeness was one of the Family ;"

Cried "*Superbe!—Magnifique!*"

(With his tongue in his cheek)—

Then he open'd the case, just to take a peep in it, and
 Seized the occasion to put back the minute hand.
 With a *demi-congé*, and a shrug, and a grin, he
 Returns the *bijou* and—*c'est une affaire finie*—
 "I've done him," thinks he, "now I'll wager a guinea!"

It happen'd that day They were all very gay,
 'Twas the *Grand Monarque's* birthday—that is, 'twas St.
 Louis's,
 Which in Catholic countries, of course, they would view as
 his—

So when Hippolyte saw Him about to withdraw,
 He cried, "Come—that won't do, my fine fellow, St. Foix,—
 Give us five minutes longer, and drink *Vive le Roi!*"

François Xavier Auguste, Without any mistrust,
 Of the trick that was play'd, drew his watch from his fob,
 Just glanced at the hour, then agreed to "hob-nob,"

Fill'd a bumper, and rose—With "*Messieurs*, I propose—"
 He paused—his blanch'd lips fail'd to utter the toast.
 'Twas *eleven!*—he thought it half-past ten at most—
 Ev'ry limb, nerve, and muscle grew firm as a post.—
 His jaw dropp'd—his eyes Swell'd to twice their own size—
 And he stood as a pointer would stand—at a Ghost!
 —Then shriek'd, as he fell on the floor like a stone,
 "Ah! Sister Therèse! now—do let me alone!"

It's amazing by sheer perseverance what men do,—
 As water wears stone by the "*Sæpe cadendo*"
 If they stick to Lord Somebody's motto, "*Agendo!*"
 Was it not Robert Bruce?—I declare I've forgot,
 But I think it was Robert—you'll find it in Scott—
 Who, when cursing Dame Fortune, was taught by a Spider,
 "She's sure to come round, if you will but abide her."

Then another great Rob, Call'd "White-headed Bob,"
 Whom I once saw receive such a thump on the "nob"
 From a fist which might almost an elephant brain,
 That I really believed, at the first, he was slain,
 For he lay like a log on his back on the plain,
 Till a gentleman present accusom'd to *train*,
 Drew out a small lancet, and open'd a vein
 Just below his left eye, which relieving the pain,

He stood up like a trump, with an air of disdain,

While his "backer" was fain—

For he could not refrain—

(He was dress'd in pea-green, with a pin and gold chain,

And I think I heard somebody call him "Squire Hayne,")

To whisper *ten words* one should always retain,

—"TAKE A SUCK AT THE LEMON AND AT HIM AGAIN !!!"—

A hint ne'er surpass'd, though thus spoken at random,

Since Teucer's apostrophe—*Nil desperandum* !

Granville acted on it, and order'd his Tandem.

He had heard St. Foix say, That no very great way

From Namur was a snug little town called Grandpré,

Near which, a few miles from the banks of the Maese,

Dwelt a pretty twin-sister of poor dear Therèse,

Of the same age, of course, the same father, same mother,

And as like to Therèse as one pea to another ;

She lived with her Mamma, Having lost her Papa,

Late of contraband *schnaps* an unlicensed distiller,

And her name was Des Moulins (in English, Miss Miller).

Now, though Hippolyte Hector

Could hardly expect her

To feel much regard for her sister's "protector,"

When she'd seen him so shamefully leave and neglect her ;

Still, he very well knew In this world there are few

But are ready much Christian forgiveness to show

For other folk's wrongs—if well paid so to do—

And he'd seen to what acts "*Res angustæ*" compel *beaux*

And *belles*, whose affairs have once got out at elbows,

With the magic effect of a handful of crowns

Upon people whose pockets boast nothing but "browns ;"

A few *francs* well applied He'd no doubt would decide

Miss Agnes Des Moulins to jump up and ride

As far as head-quarters, next day, by his side ;

For the distance was nothing, to speak by comparison,

To the town where the Mousquetaires now lay in garrison ;

Then he thought, by the aid Of a veil, and gown made

Like those worn by the lady his friend had betray'd,

They might dress up Miss Agnes so like to the Shade,

Which he fancied he saw, of that poor injured maid,

Come each night, with her pale face, his guilt to upbraid ;

That if once introduced to his room, thus array'd,
And then unmask'd as soon as she'd long enough stay'd,
'Twould be no very difficult task to persuade
Him the whole was a scurvy trick, cleverly play'd,
Out of spite and revenge, by a mischievous jade !

With respect to the scheme—though I do not call that a gem—
Still I've known soldiers adopt a worse stratagem,
And that, too, among the decided approvers
Of General Sir David Dundas's "Mancœuvres."

There's a proverb, however, I've always thought clever,
Which my Grandmother never was tired of repeating,
"The proof of the Pudding is found in the eating !"
We shall see, in the sequel, how Hector Achille
Had mix'd up the suet and plums for *his* meal.

The night had set in ;—'twas a dark and a gloomy one :—
Off went St. Foix to his chamber ; a roomy one,

Five stories high, The first floor from the sky,
And lofty enough to afford great facility
For playing a game, with the youthful nobility,

Of "crack corps," a deal in Request, when they're feeling,
In dull country quarters, *ennui* on them stealing ;

A wet wafer's applied To a sixpence's side,
Then it's spun with the thumb up to stick on the ceiling ;
Intellectual amusement, which custom allows old troops,—
I've seen it here practised at home by our Household troops.

He'd a table, and bed, And three chairs ; and all's said.—
A bachelor's barrack, where'er you discern it, you're
Sure not to find over-burthen'd with furniture,

François Xavier Auguste lock'd and bolted his door
With just the same caution he'd practised before ;

Little he knew That the Count Cordon Bleu,
With Hector Achille, and the Sieur de la Roue,
Had been up there before him, and drawn ev'ry screw !

And now comes the moment—the watches and clocks
All point to *eleven* !—the bolts and the locks
Give way—and the party turn out their bag-fox !—

With step noiseless and light, Though half in a fright,
A cup in her left hand, a draught in her right,

In her robe long and black, and her veil long and white,
Ma'amselle Agnes des Moulins walks in as a sprite!—

She approaches the bed With the same silent tread
Just as though she had been at least half a year dead!
Then seating herself on the “rush-bottom'd chair,”
Throws a cold stony glance on the Black Mousquetaire.

If you're one of the “play-going public,” kind reader,
And not a Moravian or rigid Seceder,

You've seen Mr. Kean, I mean in that scene
Of Macbeth,—by some thought the crack one of the piece,
Which has been so well painted by Mr. M'Clise,—
When he wants, after having stood up to say grace,
To sit down to his haggis, and can't find a place;

You remember his stare At the high-back'd arm-chair
Where the Ghost sits that nobody else knows is there,
And how, after saying, “What man dares I dare!”

He proceeds to declare He should not so much care
If it came in the shape of a “tiger” or “bear,”
But he don't like it shaking its long gory hair!
While the obstinate Ghost, as determined to brave him

With a horrible grin, Sits, and cock's up his chin,
Just as though he was asking the tyrant to shave him.

And Lennox and Ross Seem quite at a loss
If they ought to go on with their sheep's head and sauce;
And Lady Macbeth looks uncommonly cross,

And says in a huff It's all “Proper stuff!”—
All this you'll have seen, Reader, often enough;
So, perhaps 'twill assist you in forming some notion
Of what must have been François Xavier's emotion

If you fancy what troubled Macbeth to be *doubled*,
And, instead of *one* Banquo to stare in his face
Without “speculation,” suppose he'd a *brace*!

I wish I'd poor Fuseli's pencil, who ne'er I believe
Was exceeded in painting the terrible,

Or that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was so adroit
In depicting it—*vide* his piece
Descriptive of Cardinal Beaufort's decease,

Where that prelate is lying, Decidedly dying,
With the King and his *suite*, Standing just at his feet,
And his hands, as Dame Quickly says, fumbling the sheet;

While, close at his ear, with the air of a scorner,
 "Busy, meddling," Old Nick's grinning up in the corner.
 But painting's an art I confess I am raw in,
 The fact is, I never took lessons in drawing,

Had I done so, instead Of the lines you have read,
 I'd have giv'n you a sketch should have fill'd you with dread !
 François Xavier Auguste squatting up in his bed,
 His hands widely spread, His complexion like lead,
 Ev'ry hair that he has standing up on his head,
 As when Agnes des Moulins first catching his view,
 Now right, and now left, rapid glances he threw,
 Then shriek'd with a wild and unearthly halloo,

"*Mon Dieu ! v'là deux !*"

BY THE POPE THERE ARE TWO!!!"

He fell back—one long aspiration he drew.
 In flew De la Roue, And Count Cordon Bleu,
 Pommade, Pomme-de-terre, and the rest of their crew.
 He stirr'd not,—he spoke not,—he none of them knew,
 And Achille cried, "Odzooks ! I fear by his looks,
 Our friend, François Xavier, has popp'd off the hooks !"

'Twas too true ! *Malheureux ! !*

It was done !—he had ended his earthly career,—
 He had gone off at once with a flea in his ear ;
 —The Black Mousquetaire was as dead as Small-beer !!

L'Envoje.

A moral more in point I scarce could hope
 Than this, from Mr. Alexander Pope.

If ever chance should bring some Cornet gay
 And pious Maid,—as, possibly, it may,—
 From Knightsbridge Barracks, and the shades serene
 Of Clapham Rise, as far as Kensal Green ;
 O'er some pale marble when they join their heads
 To kiss the falling tears each other sheds ;
 Oh ! may they pause !—and think, in silent awe,
 He, that *he* reads the words, "*Ci gît St. Foix !*"
 She, that the tombstone which her eye surveys
 Bears this sad line,—"*Hic jacet Sœur Thérèse !*"
 Then shall they sigh, and weep, and murmuring say,
 "Oh ! may we never play such tricks as they !"—

And if at such a time some Bard there be,
 Some sober Bard, addicted much to tea
 And sentimental song—like Ingoldsby—
 If such there be—who sings and sips so well,
 Let him this sad, this tender story tell!
 Warn'd by the tale, the gentle pair shall boast,
 "I've 'scaped the Broken Heart!"—"and I the Ghost!!"

Sir Rupert the Fearless.

A LEGEND OF GERMANY.

SIR RUPERT THE FEARLESS, a gallant young knight,
 Was equally ready to tipple or fight,

Crack a crown, or a bottle, Cut sirloin, or throttle!
 In brief, or, as Hume says, "to sum up the tottles,"
 Unstain'd by dishonour, unsullied by fear,
 All his neighbours pronounced him a *preux chevalier*.

Despite these perfections, corporeal and mental,
 He had one slight defect, viz. a rather lean rental;
 Besides, as 'tis own'd there are spots in the sun,
 So it must be confess'd that Sir Rupert had one;

Being rather unthinking, He'd scarce sleep a wink in
 A night, but addict himself sadly to drinking,

And what moralists say Is as naughty—to play,
 To *Rouge et Noir*, Hazard, Short Whist, *Ecarté*;
 Till these, and a few less defensible fancies,
 Brought the Knight to the end of his slender finances.

When at length through his boozing,
 And tenants refusing

Their rents, swearing "times were so bad they were losing,"
 His steward said, "O, sir, It's some time ago, sir,
 Since aught through my hands reach'd the baker or grocer,
 And the tradesmen in general are grown great complainers,"
 Sir Rupert the Brave thus address'd his retainers:

'My friends, since the stock Of my father's old hock
 Is out, with the Kirschwasser, Barsac, Moselle,
 And we re fairly reduced to the pump and the well,

I presume to suggest, We shall all find it best
For each to shake hands with his friends ere he goes,
Mount his horse, if he has one, and—follow his nose ;

As to me, I opine, Left *sans* money or wine,
My best way is to throw myself into the Rhine,
Where pitying trav'lers may sigh, as they cross over,
'Though he lived a *roué*, yet he died a philosopher.' ”

The knight, having bow'd out his friends thus politely,
Got into his skiff, the full moon shining brightly,

By the light of whose beam,
He soon spied on the stream

A dame, whose complexion was fair as new cream ;

Pretty pink silken hose Cover'd ankles and toes,
In other respects she was scanty of clothes ;
For, so says tradition, both written and oral,
Her *one* garment was loop'd up with bunches of coral.

Full sweetly she sang to a sparkling guitar,
With silver chords stretch'd over Derbyshire spar,

And she smiled on the Knight,
Who, amazed at the sight,

Soon found his astonishment merged in delight ;

But the stream by degrees Now rose up to her knees,
Till at length it invaded her very chemise,
While the heavenly strain, as the wave seem'd to swallow her,
And slowly she sank, sounded fainter and hollower.
—Jumping up in his boat And discarding his coat,
“Here goes,” cried Sir Rupert, “by jingo, I'll follow her !”
Then into the water he plunged with a souse
That was heard quite distinctly by those in the house.

Down, down, forty fathom and more from the brink,
Sir Rupert the fearless continues to sink,

And, as downward he goes, Still the cold water flows
Through his ears, and his eyes, and his mouth, and his nose,
Till the rum and the brandy he'd swallow'd since lunch
Wanted nothing but lemon to fill him with punch :
Some minutes elapsed since he enter'd the flood,
Ere his heels touch'd the bottom, and stuck in the mud.

But oh ! what a sight Met the eyes of the Knight,
When he stood in the depth of the stream bolt upright !—

A grand stalactite hall, Like the cave of Fingal,
Rose above and about him ;—great fishes and small
Came thronging around him, regardless of danger,
And seem'd all agog for a peep at the stranger.

Their figures and forms to describe, language fails—
They'd such very odd heads and such very odd tails ;
Of their genus or species a sample to gain,
You would ransack all Hungerford market in vain ;
E'en the famed Mr. Myers Would scarcely find buyers,
Though hundreds of passengers doubtless would stop
To stare, were such monsters exposed in his shop.

But little reck'd Rupert these queer little brutes,
Or the efts and the newts That crawl'd up his boots.
For a sight, beyond any of which I've made mention,
In a moment completely absorb'd his attention.
A huge crystal bath, which, with water far clearer,
Than George Robins' filters, or Thorpe's (which are dearer),
Have ever distill'd, To the summit was fill'd,
Lay stretch'd out before him,—and every nerve thrill'd
As scores of young women Were diving and swimming,
Till the vision a perfect quandary put him in ;—
All slightly accoutred in gauzes and lawns,
They came floating about him like so many prawns.

Sir Rupert, who (barring the few peccadilloes
Alluded to) ere he leapt into the billows
Possess'd irreproachable morals, began
To feel rather queer, as a modest young man ;
When forth stepp'd a dame, whom he recognised soon
As the one he had seen by the light of the moon,
And lisp'd, while a soft smile attended each sentence,
"Sir Rupert, I'm happy to make your acquaintance ;
My name is Lurline, And the ladies you've seen,
All do me the honour to call me their Queen ;
I'm delighted to see you, sir, down in the Rhine here,
And hope you can make it convenient to dine here."

The Knight blush'd and bow'd, As he ogled the crowd
Of subaqueous beauties, then answer'd aloud :
'Ma'am, you do me much honour,—I cannot express
The delight I shall feel—if you'll pardon my dress.—

May I venture to say, when a gentleman jumps
 In the river at midnight for want of 'the dumps,'
 He rarely puts on his knees-breeches and pumps ;
 If I could but have guess'd—what I sensibly feel—
 Your politeness—I'd not have come *en deshabelle*,
 But have put on my *silk* tights in lieu of my *steel*."
 Quoth the lady, "Dear sir, no apologies, pray,
 You will take our 'pot-luck' in the family way ;

We can give you a dish Of some decentish fish,
 And our water's thought fairish ; but here in the Rhine
 I can't say we pique ourselves much on our wine."

The Knight made a bow more profound than before,
 When a Dory-faced page oped the dining-room door,
 And said, bending his knee, "*Madame on a servi !*"
 Rupert tender'd his arm, led Lurline to her place,
 And a fat little Mer-man stood up and said grace.

What boots it to tell of the viands, or how she
 Apologised much for their plain water-soucy,
 Want of Harvey's, and Crosse's, And Burgess's sauces ?
 Or how Rupert, on his side, protested, by Jove, he
 Perferr'd his fish plain, without soy or anchovy.

Suffice it the meal Boasted trout, perch, and eel,
 Besides some remarkably fine salmon peel.
 The Knight, sooth to say, thought much less of the fishes
 Than, of what they were served on, the massive gold dishes
 While his eye, as it glanced now and then on the girls,
 Was caught by their persons much less than their pearls,
 And a thought came across him and caused him to muse,
 "If I could but get hold Of some of that gold,
 I might manage to pay off my rascally Jews !"

When dinner was done, at a sign to the lasses,
 The table was clear'd, and they put on fresh glasses ;
 Then the lady address Her redoubtable guest
 Much as Dido, of old, did the pious Eneas,
 "Dear sir, what induced you to come down and see us ?"—
 Rupert gave her a glance most bewitchingly tender,
 Loll'd back in his chair, put his toes on the fender,
 And told her outright How that he, a young Knight,
 Had never been last at a feast or a fight ;

But that keeping good cheer, Every day in the year,
And drinking neat wines all the same as small-beer,

Had exhausted his rent, And his money all spent,
How he borrow'd large sums at two hundred per cent. ;

How they follow'd—and then, The once civilest of men,
Messrs Howard and Gibbs, made him bitterly rue it he
'd ever raised money by way of annuity ;

And, his mortgages being about to foreclose,
How he jump'd in the river to finish his woes !

Lurline was affected, and own'd, with a tear,
That a story so mournful had ne'er met her ear ;

Rupert, hearing her sigh, Look'd uncommonly sly,
And said with some emphasis, " Ah ! miss, had I

A few pounds of those metals You waste here on kettles,

Then, Lord once again Of my spacious domain,
A free Count of the Empire once more I might reign,

With Lurline at my side, My adorable bride
(For the parson should come, and the knot should be tied) ;
No couple so happy on earth should be seen

As Sir Rupert the Brave and his charming Lurline ;
Not that money's my object—No, hang it ! I scorn it—
And as for my rank—but that *you'd* so adorn it—

I'd abandon it all To remain your true thrall,
And instead of 'the *Great*,' be call'd 'Rupert the *Small* ;'
—To gain but your smiles, were I Sardanapalus,
I'd descend from my throne, and be boots at an alehouse."

Lurline hung her head, Turn'd pale and then red,
Growing faint at this sudden proposal to wed,
As though his abruptness, in "popping the question"
So soon after dinner, disturb'd her digestion.

Then, averting her eye, With a lover-like sigh
"You are welcome," she murmur'd in tones most bewitching,
"To every utensil I have in my kitchen !"

Up started the Knight, Half mad with delight,
Round her finely-form'd waist He immediately placed
One arm, which the lady most closely embraced,
Of her lily-white fingers the other made capture,
And he press'd his adored to his bosom with rapture.
"And, oh !" he exclaim'd, "let them go catch my skiff, I
'll be home in a twinkling and back in a jiffy,

Nor one moment procrastinate longer my journey
Than to put up the banns and kick out the attorney."

One kiss to her lip, and one squeeze to her hand,
And Sir Rupert already was half-way to land,

For a sour-visaged Triton, With features would frighten
Old Nick, caught him up in one hand, though no light one,
Sprang up through the waves, popp'd him into his funny,
Which some others already had half-fill'd with money ;
In fact, 'twas so heavily laden with ore
And pearls, 'twas a mercy he got it to shore :

But Sir Rupert was strong, And while pulling along,
Still he heard, faintly sounding, the water-nymphs' song.

LAY OF THE NAIADS.

" Away ! away ! to the mountain's brow,
Where the castle is darkly frowning ;
And the vassals, all in goodly row,
Weep for their lord a-drowning !
Away ! away ! to the steward's room,
Where law with its wig and robe is ;
Throw us out John Doe and Richard Roe,
And sweetly we'll tickle their tobies !"

The unearthly voices scarce had ceased their yelling,
When Rupert reach'd his old baronial dwelling.

What rejoicing was there ! How the vassals did stare !
The old housekeeper put a clean shirt down to air,

For she saw by her lamp That her master's was damp,
And she fear'd he'd catch cold, and lumbago and cramp ;

But, scorning what she did, The Knight never heeded
Wet jacket or trousers, nor thought of repining,
Since their pockets had got such a delicate lining,

But oh ! what dismay Fill'd the tribe of *Cu Sa*,
When they found he'd the cash, and intended to pay !
Away went "*cognovits*," "*bills*," "*bonds*," and "*escheats*,"—
Rupert clear'd off all scores, and took proper receipts.

Now no more he sends out For pots of brown stout,
Or *schnaps*, but resolves to do henceforth without,
Abjure from this hour all excess and ebriety,
Enroll'd himself one of a Temp'rance Society,

All riot eschew, Begin life anew,
 And new-cushion and hassock the family pew !
 Nay, to strengthen him more in his new mode of life,
 He boldly determines to take him a wife.

Now, many would think that the Knight, from a nice sense
 Of honour, should put Lurline's name in the licence,
 And that, for a man of his breeding and quality,

To break faith and troth, Confirm'd by an oath,
 Is not quite consistent with rigid morality ;
 But whether the nymph was forgot, or he thought her
 From her essence scarce wife, but at best wife-and-water,

And declined as unsuited, A bride so diluted—
 Be this as it may, He, I'm sorry to say
 (For all things consider'd, I own 'twas a rum thing),
 Made proposals in form to Miss *Una Von*—something
 (Her name has escaped me), sole heiress, and niece
 To a highly respectable Justice of Peace.

"Thrice happy's the wooing That's not long a-doing
 So much time is saved in the billing and cooing—
 The ring is now bought, the white favours, and gloves,
 And all the *et cetera* which crown people's loves ;
 A magnificent bride-cake comes home from the baker,
 And lastly appears, from the German Long Acre,
 That shaft which the sharpest in all Cupid's quiver is,
 A plum-colour'd coach, and rich Pompadour liveries.

'Twas a comely sight To behold the Knight,
 With his beautiful bride, dress'd all in white,
 And the bridesmaids fair with their long lace veils,
 As they all walk'd up to the altar rails,
 While nice little boys, the incense dispensers,
 March'd in front with white surplices, bands, and gilt censers

With a gracious air, and a smiling look,
 Mess John had open'd his awful book,
 And had read so far as to ask if to wed he meant ?
 And if "he knew any just cause of impediment ?"
 When from base to turret the castle shook !!!
 Then came a sound of a mighty rain
 Dashing against each storied pane,

The wind blew loud, And a coal-black cloud
 O'ershadow'd the church, and the party, and crowd ;
 How it could happen they could not divine,
 The morning had been so remarkably fine !
 Still the darkness increased, till it reach'd such a pass

That the sextoness hasten'd to turn on the gas ;

But harder it pour'd, And the thunder roar'd,
 As if heaven and earth were coming together :
 None ever had witness'd such terrible weather.

Now louder it crash'd, And the lightning flash'd,
 Exciting the fears Of the sweet little dears
 In the veils, as it danced on the brass chandeliers ;
 The parson ran off, though a stout-hearted Saxon,
 When he found that a flash had set fire to his caxon.

Though all the rest trembled, as might be expected,
 Sir Rupert was perfectly cool and collected,

And endeavour'd to cheer His bride, in her ear
 Whisp'ring tenderly, " Pray don't be frighten'd, my dear ;
 Should it even set fire to the castle, and burn it you're
 Amply insured both for buildings and furniture."

But now, from without, A trustworthy scout
 Rush'd hurriedly in, Wet through to the skin,
 Informing his master, " the river was rising,
 And flooding the grounds in a way quite surprising."

He'd no time to say more, For already the roar
 Of the waters was heard as they reach'd the church-door,
 While, high on the first wave that roll'd in, was seen,
 Riding proudly, the form of the angry Lurline ;
 And all might observe, by her glance fierce and stormy,
 She was stung by the *spretæ injuria formæ*.

What she said to the Knight, what she said to the bride,
 What she said to the ladies who stood by her side,
 What she said to the nice little boys in white clothes,
 Oh, nobody mentions—for nobody knows ;
 For the roof tumbled in, and the walls tumbled out,
 And the folks tumbled down, all confusion and rout,

The rain kept on pouring, The flood keep on roaring,
 The billows and water-nymphs roll'd more and more in ;
 Ere the close of the day All was clean wash'd away—

One only survived who could hand down the news,
 A little old woman that open'd the pews ;
 She was borne off, but stuck,
 By the greatest good luck,
 In an oak tree, and there she hung, crying and screaming,
 And saw all the rest swallow'd up the wild stream in ;
 In vain, all the week, Did the fishermen seek
 For the bodies, and poke in each cranny and creek ;
 In vain was their search After aught in the church,
 They caught nothing but weeds, and perhaps a few perch ;
 The Humane Society Tried a variety
 Of methods, and brought down, to drag for the wreck, tackles,
 But they only fish'd up the clerk's tortoiseshell spectacles.

MORAL.

This tale has a moral. Ye youths, oh, beware
 Of liquor, and how you run after the fair !
 Shun playing at *shorts*—avoid quarrels and jars—
 And don't take to smoking those nasty cigars !
 —Let no run of bad luck, or despair for some Jewess-eyed
 Damsel, induce you to contemplate suicide !
 Don't sit up much later than ten or eleven !—
 Be up in the morning by half after seven !
 Keep from flirting—nor risk, warn'd by Rupert's miscarriage,
 An action for breach of a promise of marriage ;—
 Don't fancy odd fishes ! Don't prig silver dishes !
 And to sum up the whole, in the shortest phrase I know,
 BEWARE OF THE RHINE, AND TAKE CARE OF THE RHINO !

The Merchant of Venice.

I BELIEVE there are few
 But have heard of a Jew,
 Named Shylock, of Venice, as arrant a "screw"
 In money transactions as ever you knew ;
 An exorbitant miser, who never yet lent
 A ducat at less than three hundred per cent.,

Insomuch that the veriest spendthrift in Venice,
 Who'd take no more care of his pounds than his pennies,
 When press'd for a loan, at the very first sight
 Of his terms, would back out, and take refuge in *Flight*.
 It is not my purpose to pause and inquire
 If he might not, in managing thus to retire,
 Jump out of the frying-pan into the fire ;
 Suffice it, that folks would have nothing to do,
 Who could possibly help it, with Shylock the Jew.

But, however discreetly one cuts and contrives,
 We've been most of us taught in the course of our lives,
 That "Needs must when the Elderly Gentleman drives !"

In proof of this rule, A thoughtless young fool,
 Bassanio, a Lord of the Tomnoddy school,
 Who, by showing at Operas, Balls, Plays, and Court,
 A "swelling" (Payne Collier would read "swilling") "port,"
 And inviting his friends to dine, breakfast, and sup,
 Had shrunk his "weak means," and was "stump'd" and "hard
 up,"

Took occasion to send To his very good friend
 Antonio, a merchant whose wealth had no end,
 And who'd often before had the kindness to lend
 Him large sums, on his note, which he'd managed to spend.

"Antonio," said he, "Now listen to me ;
 I've just hit on a scheme which, I think you'll agree,
 All matters consider'd, is no bad design,
 And which, if it succeeds, will suit your book and mine."

"In the first place, you know all the money I've got,
 Time and often, from you, has been long gone to pot,
 And in making those loans you have made a bad shot ;
 Now do as the boys do, when shooting at sparrows
 And tom-tits, they chance to lose one of their arrows,
 —Shoot another the same way—I'll watch well its track,
 And, turtle to tripe, I'll bring both of them back !—

So list to my plan, And do what you can
 To attend to and second it, that's a good man !

"There's a Lady, young, handsome, beyond all compare, at
 A place they call Belmont, whom, when I was there, at

The suppers and parties my friend Lord Mountferrat
Was giving last season, we all used to stare at.

Then, as to her wealth, her solicitor told mine,
Besides vast estates, a pearl-fishery, and gold mine,

Her iron strong box Seems bursting its locks,
It's stuff'd so with shares in "Grand Junctions" and "Docks,"
Not to speak of the money she's got in the Stocks,

French, Dutch, and Brazilian, Columbian and Chilian,
In English Exchequer-bills full half a million,
Not 'kites,' manufactured to cheat and inveigle,
But the right sort of 'flimsy,' all sign'd by Monteagle.

Then I know not how much in Canal-shares and Railways,
And more speculations I need not detail, ways
Of vesting which, if not so safe as some think 'em,
Contribute a deal to improving one's income ;

In short, she's a Mint ! —Now I say, deuce is in't
If, with all my experience, I can't take a hint,
And her 'eye's speechless messages,' plainer than print
At the time that I told you of, know from a squint.

In short, my dear Tony, My trusty old crony,
Do stump up three thousand once more as a loan—I
Am sure of my game—though, of course, there are brutes,
Of all sorts and sizes, preferring their suits
To her, you may call the Italian Miss Coutts.
Yet Portia—she's named from that daughter of Cato's—
Is not to be snapp'd up like little potatoes,

And I have not a doubt I shall rout every lout
Ere you'll whisper Jack Robinson—cut them all out—
Surmount every barrier, Carry her, marry her !
—Then hey ! my old Tony, when once fairly noosed,
For her three-and-a-half per Cents—New and Reduced !

With a wink of his eye His friend made reply
In his jocular manner, sly, caustic, and dry.

"Still the same boy, Bassanio—never say 'die !'

—Well—I hardly know how I shall do't, but I'll try,—

Don't suppose my affairs are at all in a hash,
But the fact is, at present I'm quite out of cash ;
The bulk of my property, merged in rich cargoes, is
Tossing about, as you know, in my Argosies,

Tending, of course, my resources to cripple,—I
've one bound to England,—another to Tripoli—
Cyprus—Masulipatam—and Bombay ;—

A sixth, by the way, I consign'd t'other day
To Sir Gregor M'Gregor, Cacique of Poyais,
A country where silver's as common as clay.

Meantime, till they tack, And come, some of them, back
What with custom-house duties, and bills falling due,
My account with Jones Loyd and Co. looks rather blue ;
While, as for the 'ready,' I'm like a Church-mouse,—
I really don't think there's five pounds in the house.

But, no matter for that, Let me just get my hat,
And my new silk umbrella that stands on the mat,
And we'll go forth at once to the market—we two,—
And try what my credit in Venice can do ;
I stand well on 'Change, and, when all's said and done, I
Don't doubt I shall get it for love or for money."

They were going to go, When, lo ! down below,
In the street, they heard somebody crying, "Old Clo' !"
—"By the Pope, there's the man for our purpose !—I knew
We should not have to search long. Solanio, run you,
—Salarino,—quick !—haste ! ere he get out of view,
And call in that scoundrel, old Shylock the Jew !"

With a pack, Like a sack
Of old clothes at his back,
And three hats on his head, Shylock came in a crack,
Saying, "Rest you fair, Signior Antonio !—vat, pray,
Might your vorship be pleased for to vant in ma vay ?"

—"Why, Shylock, although. As you very well know,
I am what they call 'warm,'—pay my way as I go,
And, as to myself, neither borrow nor lend,
I can break through a rule to oblige an old friend ;
And that's the case now—Lord Bassanio would raise
Some three thousand ducats—well,—knowing your ways,
And that nought's to be got from you, say what one will,
Unless you've a couple of names to the bill,

Why, for once, I'll put mine to it,
Yea, seal and sign to it—

Now, then, old Sinner, let's hear what you'll say
 As to 'doing' a bill at three months from to-day ?
 Three thousand gold ducats, mind—all in good bags
 Of hard money—no sealing-wax, slippers, or rags ?”

“—Vell, ma tear,” says the Jew, “I'll see vat I can do !
 But Mishter Antonio, hark you, tish funny
 You say to me, ‘Shylock, ma tear, ve'd have money ?’

Ven you very vell knows, How you shpfit on my clothes,
 And use naughty vords—call me Dog—and avouch
 Dat I put too much int'resht py half in ma pouch,
 And while I, like de resht of my tribe, shrug and crouch,
 You find fault mit ma pargains, and say I'm a Smouch.

—Vell!—no matters, ma tear,— Von vord in your ear
 I'd be friends mit you bote—and to make dat appear,
 Vy, I'll find you de monies as soon as you vill,
 Only von littel joke musht be put in de pill ;—

Ma tear, you musht say, If on such and such day
 Such sum, or such sums, you shall fail to repay,
 I shall cut where I like, as de pargain is proke,
 A fair pound of your flesh—chest by vay of a joke.”

So novel a clause Caused Bassanio to pause ;
 But Antonio, like most of those sage “Johnny Raws”

Who care not three straws About Lawyers or Laws
 And think cheaply of “Old Father Antic,” because
 They have never experienced a gripe from his claws,
 “Pooh pooh'd” the whole thing.—“Let the Smouch have his
 way,

Why, what care I, pray, For his penalty ?—Nay,
 It's a forfeit he'd never expect me to pay :

And, come what come may, I hardly need say
 My ships will be back a full month ere the day.”

So, anxious to see his friend off on his journey,
 And thinking the whole but a paltry concern, he

Affix'd with all speed His name to a deed,
 Duly stamp'd and drawn up by a sharp Jew attorney.

Thus again furnish'd forth, Lord Bassanio, instead
 Of squandering the cash, after giving one spread,
 With fiddling and masques, at the Saracen's Head,

In the morning “made play,” And without more delay,
 Started off in the steamboat for Belmont next day.

But scarcely had he From the harbour got free,
And left the Lagunes for the broad open sea,
Ere the 'Change and Rialto both rung with the news
That he'd carried off more than mere cash from the Jew's.

Though Shylock was old, And, if rolling in gold,
Was as ugly a dog as you'd wish to behold,
For few in his tribe 'mongst their Levis and Moseses
Sported so Jewish an eye, beard, and nose as his,
Still, whate'er the opinions of Horace and some be,
Your *aquilæ* generate sometimes *Columbæ*,
Like Jephthah, as Hamlet says, he'd "one fair daughter,"
And every gallant, who caught sight of her, thought her
A jewel—a gem of the very first water ;

A great many sought her, Till one at last caught her,
And, upsetting all that the Rabbis had taught her,
To feelings so truly reciprocal brought her,

That the very same night Bassanio thought right
To give all his old friends that farewell "invite,"
And while Shylock was gone there to feed out of spite,
On "wings made by a tailor" the damsel took flight.

By these "wings" I'd express A grey duffle dress,
With brass badge and muffin cap, made, as by rule,
For an upper-class boy in the National School.
Jessy ransack'd the house, popp'd her breeks on, and when so
Disguised, bolted off with her beau—one Lorenzo,
An "Unthrift," who lost not a moment in whisking

Her into a boat, And was fairly afloat,
Ere her Pa had got rid of the smell of the griskin.

Next day, while old Shylock was making a racket,
And threatening how well he'd dust every man's jacket
Who'd help'd her in getting aboard of the packet,
Bassanio at Belmont was capering and prancing,
And bowing, and scraping, and singing, and dancing,
Making eyes at Miss Portia, and doing his best
To perform the polite, and to cut out the rest ;
And, if left to herself, he no doubt had succeeded,
For none of them waltz'd so genteelly as he did ;

But an obstacle lay, Of some weight, in his way,
The defunct Mr. P., who was now turn'd to clay,

Had been an odd man, and, though all for the best he meant,
Left but a queer sort of "Last will and testament,"—

Bequeathing her hand, With her houses and land,
&c., from motives one don't understand;
As she rev'renced his memory, and valued his blessing,
To him who should turn out the best hand at guessing!

Like a good girl she did Just what she was bid,
In one of three caskets her picture she hid,
And clapp'd a conundrum a-top of each lid.

A couple of Princes, a black and a white one,
Tried first, but they both fail'd in choosing the right one.
Another from Naples, who shoe'd his own horses;
A French Lord, whose graces might vie with Count D'Or-
say's ;—

A young English Baron ;—a Scotch peer his neighbour :—
A dull drunken Saxon, all moustache and sabre ;
All follow'd, and all had their pains for their labour.
Bassanio came last—happy man be his dole !
Put his conjuring cap on,—consider'd the whole,—

The gold put aside as Mere "hard food for Midas,"
The silver bade trudge As a pale "common drudge ;"
Then choosing the little lead box in the middle,
Came plump on the picture, and found out the riddle

Now, you're not such a goose as to think, I dare say,
Gentle Reader, that all this was done in a day.

Any more than the dome Of St. Peter's at Rome
Was built in the same space of time ; and, in fact,

Whilst Bassanio was doing His billing and cooing,
Three months had gone by ere he reach'd the fifth act ;
Meanwhile that unfortunate bill became due,
Which his Lordship had almost forgot, to the Jew,

And Antonio grew In a deuce of a stew,
For he could not cash up, spite of all he could do ;
(The bitter old Israelite would not renew ;)

What with contrary winds, storms, and wrecks, and embar-
goes, his

Funds were all stopp'd, or gone down in his argosies
None of the set having come into port,

And Shylock's attorney was moving the Court
For the forfeit supposed to be set down in sport.

The serious news Of this step of the Jew's,
And his fixed resolution all terms to refuse,
Gave the newly-made Bridegroom a fit of "the Blues,"
Especially too, as it came from the pen
Of his poor friend himself on the wedding-day,—then,
When the Parson had scarce shut his book up, and when
The Clerk was yet uttering the final Amen.

"Dear friend," it continued, "all's up with me—I
Have nothing on earth now to do but to die !
And, as death clears all scores, you're no longer my debtor ;
I should take it as kind Could you come—never mind—
If your love don't persuade you, why,—don't let this letter ;"

I hardly need say this was scarcely read o'er

Ere a post-chaise and four

Was brought round to the door,

And Bassanio, though, doubtless, he thought it a bore,
Gave his lady one kiss, and then started at score.

But scarce in his flight Had he got out of sight
Ere Portia, addressing a groom, said, " My lad, you a
Journey must take on the instant to Padua ;
Find out there Bellario, a Doctor of Laws,
Who, like Follett, is never left out of a cause

And give him this note, Which I've hastily wrote,
Take the papers he'll give you—then push for the ferry
Below, where I'll meet you, you'll do't in a wherry,
If you can't find a boat on the Brenta with sails to it
—Stay, bring his gown too, and wig with three tails to it."

Giovanni (that's Jack) Brought out his hack,
Made a bow to his mistress, then jump'd on its back,
Put his hand to his hat, and was off in a crack.
The Signora soon follow'd, herself, taking, as her
Own escort, Nerissa, her maid, and Balthasar.

"The Court is prepared, the Lawyers are met,
The Judges all ranged, a terrible show !"

As Captain Macheath says,—and when one's in debt,
The sight's as unpleasant a one as I know,

Yet still not so bad after all, I suppose,
As if, when one cannot discharge what one owes,
They should bid people cut off one's toes or one's nose :
Yet here, a worse fate, Stands Antonio, of late
A merchant, might vie e'en with Princes in state,
With his waistcoat unbutton'd, prepar'd for the knife,
Which, in taking a pound of flesh, must take his life ;
—On the other side Shylock, his bag on the floor,
And three shocking bad hats on his head as before,
Imperturbable stands, As he waits their commands
With his scales and his great *snicker-snee* in his hands :
—Between them, equipt in a wig, gown and bands,
With a very smooth face, a young dandified Lawyer,
Whose air, ne'ertheless, speaks him quite a top-sawyer,
Though his hopes are but feeble, Does his *possible*
To make the hard Hebrew to mercy incline,
And in lieu of his three thousand ducats take nine,
Which Bassanio, for reasons we well may divine,
Shows in so many bags all drawn up in a line.
But vain are all efforts to soften him—still
He points to the bond He so often has conn'd,
And says in plain terms he'll be shot if he will.
So the dandified Lawyer, with talking grown hoarse,
Says, “*I can say no more—let the law take its course.*”

Just fancy the gleam of the eye of the Jew,
As he sharpen'd his knife on the sole of his shoe
From the toe to the heel, And grasping the steel,
With a business-like air was beginning to feel
Whereabouts he should cut, as a butcher would veal,
When the dandified Judge put a spoke in his wheel.
“Stay, Shylock,” says he, “Here's one thing—you see
This bond of yours gives you here no jot of blood !
—The words are ‘A pound of flesh,’—that's clear as mud—
Slice away, then, old fellow—but mind !—if you spill
One drop of his claret that's not in your bill,
I'll hang you, like Haman !—by Jingo I will !

When apprised of this flaw, You never yet saw
Such an awfully mark'd elongation of jaw
As in Shylock, who cried, “Plesh ma heart! ish dat law !”—

Off went his three hats, And he look'd as the cats
Do, whenever a mouse has escaped from their claw.
"—Isn't the law ;"—why the thing won't admit of a query—

"No doubt of the fact, Only look at the act ;

Acto quinto, cap: tertio, Dogi Falieri—

Nay, if, rather than cut, you'd relinquish the debt,
The Law, Master Shy, has a hold on you yet.

See Foscari's 'Statutes at large'—'If a Stranger

A Citizen's life shall, with malice endanger,

The whole of his property, little or great,

Shall go, on conviction, one half to the State,

And one to the person pursued by his hate ;

And not to create Any further debate

The Doge, if he pleases, may cut off his pate.'

So down on your marrowbones, Jew, and ask mercy!

Defendant and plaintiff are now *wisy wersy*."

What need to declare How pleased they all were
At so joyful an end to so sad an affair ?

Or Bassanio's delight at the turn things had taken,

His friend having saved, to the letter, his bacon ?—

How Shylock got shaved, and turn'd Christian, though late,

To save a life-int'rest in half his estate ?

How the dandified Lawyer, who'd managed the thing,

Would not take any fee for his pains but a ring

Which Mrs. Bassanio had given to her spouse,

With injunctions to keep it on leaving the house ?—

How when he, and the spark, Who appear'd as his clerk,
Had thrown off their wigs, and their gowns, and their jetty

coats,

There stood Nerissa and Portia in petticoats ?—

How they pouted, and flouted, and acted the cruel,

Because Lord Bassanio had not kept his jewel ?—

How they scolded and broke out,

Till, having their joke out,

They kiss'd, and were friends, and, all blessing and blessed

Drove home by the light Of a moonshiny night,

Like the one in which Troilus, the brave Trojan knight,

Sat astride on a wall, and sigh'd after his Cressid ?—

All this, if 'twere meet I'd go on to repeat,
But a story spun out so's by no means a treat,

So, I'll merely relate what, in spite of the pains
 I have taken to rummage among his remains,
 No edition of Shakspeare, I've met with, contains ;
 But, if the account which I've heard be the true one,
 We shall have it, no doubt, before long, in a new one.

In an MS., then, sold For its full weight in gold,
 And knock'd down to my friend, Lord Tomnoddy, I'm told
 It's recorded that Jessy, coquettish and vain,
 Gave her husband, Lorenzo, a good deal of pain ;
 Being mildly rebuked, she levanted again,
 Ran away with a Scotchman, and, crossing the main,
 Became known by the name of the "Flower of Dumblane."
 That Antonio, whose piety caused, as we've seen,
 Him to spit upon every old Jew's gaberdine,

And whose goodness to paint All colours were faint,
 Acquired the well-merited prefix of "Saint,"
 And the Doge, his admirer, of honour the fount,
 Having given him a patent, and made him a Count,
 He went over to England, got nat'ralised there,
 And espoused a rich heiress in Hanover Square.

That Shylock came with him, no longer a Jew,
 But converted, I think may be possibly true,
 But that Walpole, as these self-same papers aver,
 By changing the *y* in his name into *er*,
 Should allow him a fictitious surname to dish up,
 And in Seventeen-twenty-eight make him a Bishop,
 I cannot believe—but shall still think them two men
 Till some Sage proves the fact "with his usual *acumen*."

MORAL.

From this tale of the Bard It's uncommonly hard
 If an editor can't draw a moral—"Tis clear,
 Then,—In ev'ry young wife-seeking Bachelor's ear
 A maxim, 'bove all other stories, this one drums,
 "PITCH GREEK TO OLD HARRY, AND STICK TO CONUN-
 DRUMS!!"

To new-married Ladies, this lesson it teaches,
 You're "no that far wrong" in assuming the breeches!

Monied men upon 'Change and rich merchants it schools
 To look well to assets—nor play with edge tools !
 Last of all, this remarkable History shows men,
 What caution they need when they deal with old-clothesmen !
 So bid John and Mary To mind and be wary,
 And never let one of them come down the are' !

The Auto-da-fé.

A LEGEND OF SPAIN.

WITH a moody air, from morn till noon,
 King Ferdinand paces the royal saloon ;
 From morn till eve He does nothing but grieve ;
 Sighings and sobbings his midriff heave,
 And he wipes his eyes with his ermined sleeve,
 And he presses his feverish hand to his brow,
 And he frowns and he looks I can't tell you how,
 And the Spanish Grandees, In their degrees,
 Are whispering about in twos and in threes,
 And there is not a man of them seems at his ease,
 But they gaze on the monarch, as watching what he does
 With their very long whiskers, and longer Toledos.
 Don Gaspar, Don Gusman, Don Juan, Don Diego,
 Don Gomez, Don Pedro, Don Blas, Don Rodrigo,
 Don Jerome, Don Giacomo join Don Alphonso
 In making inquiries Of grave Don Ramirez,
 The Chamberlain, what it is makes him take on so ;
 A Monarch so great that the soundest opinions
 Maintain the sun can't set throughout his dominions.
 But grave Don Ramirez In guessing no nigher is
 Than the other grave Dons who propound these inquiries ;
 When, pausing at length, as beginning to tire, his
 Majesty beckons, with stately civility,
 To Señor Don Lewis Condé d'Aranjuez,
 Who in birth, wealth, and consequence second to few is,
 And Señor Don Manuel, Count de Pacheco,
 A lineal descendant from King Pharaoh Neco,

Both Knights of the Golden Fleece, highborn Hidalgos,
With whom e'en the King himself quite as a "pal" goes.

"Don Lewis," says he, "Just listen to me ;
And you, Count Pacheco,—I think that we three
On matters of state, for the most part agree,—

Now you both of you know That some six years ago,
Being then, for a King, no indifferent Beau,
At the altar I took, like my forbears of old,

The Peninsula's paragon, Fair Blanche of Aragon,
For better, for worse, and to have and to hold—

And you're fully aware, When the matter took air,
How they shouted, and fired the great guns in the Square,
Cried ' *Viva !* ' and rung all the bells in the steeple,

And all that sort of thing The mob do when a King
Brings a Queen-Consort home for the good of his people.

"Well !—six years and a day have flitted away
Since that blessed event, yet I'm sorry to say—
In fact it's the principal cause of my pain—
I don't see any signs of an Infant of Spain !—

Now I wan't to ask you, Cavaliers true,
And Counsellors sage—what the deuce shall I do ?—
The State—don't you see ?—hey ?—an heir to the throne—
Every monarch, you know, should have one of his own—
Disputed succession—hey ?—terrible Go !—
Hum—hey ?—Old fellows—you see !—don't you know ?"

Now Reader, dear, If you've ever been near
Enough to a Court to encounter a Peer
When his principal tenant's gone off in arrear,
And his brewer has sent in a long bill for beer,
And his butcher and baker, with faces austere,

Ask him to clear Off, for furnish'd good cheer,
Bills, they say, "have been standing for more than a year,"
And the tailor and shoemaker also appear

With their "little account" Of "trifling amount,"
For Wellingtons, waistcoats, pea-jackets, and—gear
Which to name in society's thought rather queer,—
While Drummond's chief clerk, with his pen in his ear,
And a kind of a sneer, says, "We've no effects here !"

—Or if ever you've seen An Alderman keen
After turtle, peep into a silver tureen,

In search of the fat call'd *par excellence* "green"
 When there's none of the meat left—not even the lean!—
 —Or if ever you've witness'd the face of a sailor
 Return'd from a voyage, and escaped from a gale, or
Poeticè "Boreas," that "blustering railer,"
 To find that his wife, when he hastens to "hail" her,
 Has just ran away with his cash—and a tailor—
 If one of these cases you've ever survey'd,

You'll, without my aid, To yourself have portray'd
 The beautiful mystification display'd,
 And the puzzled expression of manner and air
 Exhibited now by the dignified pair,
 When thus unexpectedly ask'd to declare
 Their opinions as Councillors, several and joint,
 On so delicate, grave, and important a point.

Señor Don Lewis Condé d'Aranjuez
 At length forced a smile 'twixt the prim and the grim,
 And look'd at Pacheco—Pacheco at him—
 Then, making a rev'rence, and dropping his eyes,
 Cough'd, hemm'd, and deliver'd himself in this wise :

"My Liege !—unaccustom'd as I am to speaking
 In public—an art I'm remarkably weak in—
 I feel I should be—quite unworthy the name
 Of a man and a Spaniard—and highly to blame,
 Were there not in my breast What—can't be exprest,—
 And can therefore,—your Majesty,—only be guess'd—
 —What I mean to say is—since your Majesty deigns
 To ask my advice on your welfare—and Spain's—
 And on that of your majesty's Bride—that is, Wife—
 It's the—as I may say—proudest day of my life!
 But as to the point—on a subject so nice
 It's a delicate matter to give one's advice,

Especially, too, When one don't clearly view
 The best mode of proceeding,—or know what to do ;
 My decided opinion, however, is this,
 And I fearlessly say that you can't do amiss,

If, with all that fine tact Both to think and to act,
 In which all know your Majesty so much excels—
 You are graciously pleased to—ask somebody else !"

Here the noble Grandee Made that sort of congée,
Which, as Hill used to say, "I once *happen'd to see*"
The great Indian conjurer, Ramo Samee,
Make, while swallowing what all thought a regular choker,
Viz. a small sword as long and as stiff as a poker.

Then the Count de Pacheco,
Whose turn 'twas to speak, o-
mitting all preface, exclaimed with devotion,
"Sire, I beg leave to second Don Lewis's motion !"

Now a Monarch of Spain Of course could not deign
To expostulate, argue, or, much less complain
Of an answer thus giv'n, or to ask them again ;
So he merely observed, with an air of disdain,
"Well, gentlemen,—since you both shrink from the task
Of advising your sovereign—pray whom shall I ask ?"

Each felt the rub And in Spain not a Sub,
Much less an Hidalgo, can stomach a snub,

So the noses of these Castilian Grandees
Rise at once in an angle of several degrees,
Till the under lip's almost becoming the upper,
Each perceptibly grows, too, more stiff in the crupper ;

Their right hands rest On the left side the breast,
While the hilts of their swords, by their left hands deprest,
Make the ends of their scabbards to cock up behind,
Till they're quite horizontal instead of inclined,
And Don Lewis, with scarce an attempt to disguise
The disgust he experiences, gravely replies,
"Sire, ask the Archbishop—his Grace of Toledo !—
He understands these things much better than we do !"

—*Pauca Verba* !—enough, Each turns off in a huff,
This twirling his moustache, that fingering his ruff,
Like a bluebottle fly on a rather large scale,
With a rather large corking-pin stuck through his tail

King Ferdinand paces the royal saloon,
With a moody brow, and he looks like a "Spoon,"
And all the Court Nobles who form the ring,
Have a spoony appearance, of course, like the King,
All of them eyeing King Ferdinand
As he goes up and down, with his watch in his hand,

Which he claps to his ear as he walks to and fro,—
 “What is it can make the Archbishop so slow?”
 Hark! at last there’s a sound in the courtyard below,
 Where the Beefeaters all are drawn up in a row,—
 I would say the “Guards,” for in Spain they’re in chief
 eaters

Of *omelettes* and garlick, and can’t be call’d Beefeaters;

In fact, of the few Individuals I knew
 Who ever had happen’d to travel in Spain,
 There has scarce been a person who did not complain
 Of their cookery and dishes as all bad in grain,
 And no one I’m sure will deny it who’s tried a
 Vile compound they have that’s called *Olla podrida*.

(This, by-the-by, ’s a mere rhyme to the eye,
 For in Spanish the *i* is pronounced like an *e*,
 And they’ve not quite our mode of pronouncing the *d*.
 In Castille, for instance, it’s given through the teeth,
 And what we call *Madrid* they sound more like *Madreeth*.)
 Of course you will see in a moment they’ve no men
 That at all correspond with our Beefeating Yeomen;
 So call them “Walloons,” or whatever you please,
 By their rattles and slaps they’re not “standing at ease,”

But beyond all disputing Engaged in saluting
 Some very great person among the Grantees;—
 Here a Gentleman Usher walks in and declares,
 “His Grace the Archbishop’s a-coming upstairs!”

The most Reverend Don Garcilasso Quevedo

Was just at this time, as he Now held the Primacy
 (Always attached to the See of Toledo),
 A man of great worship *officii virtute*

Versed in all that pertains to a Councillor’s duty,

Well skill’d to combine Civil law with divine;
 As a statesman, inferior to none in that line;

As an orator, too, He was equall’d by few;
 Uniting, in short, in tongue, head-piece, and pen,
 The very great powers of three very great men,
 Talleyrand,—who will never drive down Piccadilly more
 To the Travellers’ Club-House! — Charles Phillips — and
 Phillimore.

Not only at home But even at Rome

There was not a Prelate among them could cope
 With the Primate of Spain in the eyes of the Pope.
 (The Conclave was full, and they'd not a spare hat, or he
 'd long since been Cardinal, Legate *à latere*,
 A dignity fairly his due without flattery,
 So much he excited among all beholders

 Their marvel to see At his age—thirty-three—
 Such a very old head on such very young shoulders.)
 No wonder the King, then, in this his distress,
 Should send for so sage an adviser express,

 Who you'll readily guess, Could not do less
 Than start off at once, without stopping to dress,
 In his haste to get Majesty out of a mess.

His Grace the Archbishop comes up the back way—
 Set apart for such Nobles as have the *entrée*,
Viz. Grandees of the first class, both cleric and lay—
 Walks up to the monarch, and makes him a bow,
 As a dignified clergyman always knows how,
 Then replaces the mitre at once on his brow ;

 For in Spain, recollect, as a mark of respect
 To the Crown, if a Grandee uncovers, it's quite
 As a matter of option, and not one of right ;
 A thing not conceded by *our* Royal Masters,
 Who always make noblemen take off their "castors,"

 Except the heirs male Of John Lord Kinsale,
 A stalwart old Baron, who, acting as Henchman
 To one of our early Kings, kill'd a big Frenchman ;
 A feat which his Majesty deigning to smile on,
 Allow'd him thenceforward to stand with his "tile" on ;
 And all his successors have kept the same privilege
 Down from those barbarous times to our civil age.

Returning his bow with a slight demi-bob,
 And replacing the watch in his hand in his fob,
 "My Lord," said the King, "here's a rather tough job,
 Which it seems, of a sort is, To puzzle our *Cortes*,
 And since it has quite flabbergasted that Diet, I
 Look to your Grace with no little anxiety

 Concerning a point Which has quite out of joint
 Put us all with respect to the good of society :—

Your Grace is aware That we've not got an Heir ;
 Now, it seems, one and all, they don't stick to declare
 That of all our advisers there is not in Spain one
 Can tell, like your Grace, the best way to obtain one ;
 So put your considering cap on—we're curious
 To learn your receipt for a Prince of Asturias."

One without the nice tact

Of his Grace would have backt
 Out at once, as the Noblemen did,—and, in fact,
 He was, at the first, rather posed how to act—

One moment—no more !— Bowing then as before,
 He said, " Sire 'twere superfluous for me to acquaint
 The ' Most Catholic King ' in the world that a Saint

Is the usual resource In these cases,—of course
 Of their influence your Majesty well knows the force ;
 If I may be, therefore, allow'd to suggest
 The plan which occurs to my mind as the best,
 Your Majesty may go At once to St. Jago,
 Whom, as Spain's patron Saint, I pick out from the rest :
 If your Majesty looks Into Guthrie, or Brooks,
 In all the approved geographical books
 You will find Compostella laid down in the maps
 Some two hundred and sev'nty miles off ; and, perhaps,
 In a case so important you may not decline
 A pedestrian excursion to visit his shrine ;
 And, Sire, should you choose To put peas in your shoes
 The Saint, as a Gentleman, can't well refuse
 So distinguish'd a Pilgrim, especially when he
 Considers the boon will not cost him one penny ! "

His speech ended, his Grace bow'd, and put on his mitre
 As tight as before, and perhaps a thought tighter.

" Pooh ! pooh ! " says the King,

" I shall do no such thing !

It's nonsense,—Old fellow—you see—no use talking—
 The peas set apart, I abominate walking—

Such a deuced way off too—hey ?—walk there—what me ?
 Pooh !—it's no Go, Old fellow !—you know—don't you see ? "

" Well, Sire," with much sweetness the Prelate replied,
 " If your Majesty don't like to walk you can ride !

And then, if you please, In lieu of the peas,
 A small portion of horse-hair, cut fine, we'll insert,
 As a substitute under your Majesty's shirt ;
 Then a rope round your collar instead of a laced band,—
 A few nettles tuck'd into your Majesty's waistband,—
 Assafoetida mix'd with your *bouquet* and civet,
 I'll warrant you'll find yourself right as a trivet !”

“Pooh ! pooh ! I tell you,”
 Quoth the King, “It won't do !”—
 A cold perspiration began to bedew
 His Majesty's cheek, and he grew in a stew,
 When Jozé de Humez, the King's privy-purse-keeper
 (Many folks thought it could scarce have a worse keeper),
 Came to the rescue, and said with a smile,
 “Sire, your Majesty *can't* go—'twould take a long while,
 And you won't post it under TWO SHILLINGS A MILE ! !

Twenty-seven pounds ten To get there—and then
 Twenty-seven pounds ten more to get back agen ! !
 Sire, the *tottle's* enormous—you ought to be King
 Of Golconda as well as the Indies, to fling
 Such a vast sum away upon any such thing !”

At this second rebuff The Archbishop look'd gruff,
 And his eye glanced on Humez as if he'd said “Stuff !”
 But seeing the King seem'd himself in a huff,
 He changed his demeanour, and grew smooth enough ;
 Then taking his chin 'twixt his finger and thumb,
 As a help to reflection, gave vent to a “Hum !”
 'Twas the pause of an instant—his eye assumed fast
 That expression which says, “Come, I've got it at last !”

‘There's one plan,” he resumed, “which with all due respect to
 Your Majesty, no one, I think, can object to—
 —Since your Majesty don't like the peas in the shoe—or to
 Travel—what say you to burning a Jew or two ?

Of all cookeries, most The Saints love a roast !
 And a Jew's of all others the best dish to toast ;

And then for a Cook We have not far to look—
 Father Dominic's self, sire, your own Grand Inquisitor,
 Luckily now at your Court is a visitor ;

Of his Rev'rence's functions there is not one weightier
Than Heretic-burning—in fact, 'tis his *métier*.

Besides Alguazils Who still follow his heels,
He has always familiars enough at his beck at home,
To pick you up Hebrews enough for a hecatomb !
And depend on it, Sire, such a glorious specific
Would make every Queen throughout Europe prolific !”

Says the King, “That'll do !

Pooh ! pooh !—burn a Jew ?

Burn half a score Jews—burn a dozen—burn two—

Your Grace, it's a match ! Burn all you can catch,
Men, women, and children—Pooh ! pooh !—great and small—
Old clothes—slippers—sealing-wax—Pooh ! burn them all !

For once we'll be gay, A Grand *Auto-da-fé*
Is much better fun than a ball or a play !”

So the warrant was made out without more delay,
Drawn, seal'd, and deliver'd, and

(Signed)

YO EL RE !

CANTO II.

THERE is not a nation in Europe but labours
To toady itself and to humbug its neighbours—
“Earth has no such folks—no folks such a city,
So great or so grand, or so fine, or so pretty,”

Said Louis Quatorze, “As this Paris of ours !”

—Mr. Daniel O'Connell exclaims, “By the Pow'rs,
Ould Ireland's on all hands admitted to be

The first flow'r of the earth, and first *Gim* of the sea !”—

—Mr. Bull will inform you that Neptune,—a lad he,
With more of affection than rev'rence, styles, “Daddy,”—

Did not scruple to “say To Freedom, one day,
That if ever he changed his aquatics for dry land,
His home should be Mr. B's “Tight little Island.”—

He adds, too, that he, The said Mr. B.,
Of all possible Frenchmen can fight any three ;
That, with no greater odds, he knows well how to treat them,
To meet them, defeat them, and beat them, and eat them.—
—In Italy, too, 'tis the same to the letter ;

There each Lazzarone Will cry to his crony,
“Sec Naples, then die ! and the sooner the better !”

The Portuguese say, as a well understood thing,
 "Who has not seen Lisbon has not seen a good thing!"—
 While an old Spanish proverb runs glibly as under,

"QUIEN NO HA VISTO SEVILLA

NO HA VISTO MARAVILLA,"

"He who ne'er has view'd Seville has ne'er view'd a
 Wonder!"

And from all I can learn this is no such great blunder.

In fact, from the river, The famed Guadalquivir,
 Where many a knight's had cold steel through his liver,
 The prospect is grand. The *Iglesia Mayor*
 Has a splendid effect on the opposite shore,
 With its lofty *Giralda*, while two or three score
 Of magnificent structures around, perhaps more.
 As our Irish friends have it, are there "to the fore:"

Then the old Alcazar, More ancient by far,
 As some say, while some call it one of the palaces
 Built in twelve hundred and odd by Abdalasis,
 With its horse-shoe shaped arches of arabesque tracery,
 Which the architect seems to have studied to place awry,
 Saracenic and rich; And more buildings "the which,"
 As old Lilly, in whom I've been looking a bit o' late,
 Says, "You'd be bored should I now recapitulate;"

In brief, then, the view Is so fine and so new,
 It would make you exclaim, 'twould so forcibly strike ye,
 If a Frenchman, "*Superbe!*"—if an Englishman, "Crikey!"

Yes! thou art "WONDERFUL!"—but oh,

'Tis sad to think, 'mid scenes so bright

As thine fair Seville, sounds of woe,

And shrieks of pain and wild affright,

And soul-wrung groans of deep despair,

And blood, and death should mingle there!

Yes! thou art "WONDERFUL!"—the flames

That on thy towers reflected shine,

While earth's proud Lords, and high-born Dames

Descendants of a mighty line,

With cold unalter'd looks are by

To gaze, with an un pitying eye,

On wretches in their agony.

All speak thee "WONDERFUL"—the phrase
 Befits thee well—the fearful blaze
 Of yon piled faggots' lurid light,
 Where writhing victims mock the sight,—
 The scorch'd limb shrivelling in its chains,—
 The hot blood parch'd in *living* veins,—
 The crackling nerve—the fearful knell
 Wrung out by that remorseless bell,—
 Those shouts from human fiends that swell,—
 That withering scream,—that frantic yell,—
 All, Seville,—all too truly tell
 Thou *art* a "MARVEL"—and a Hell!
 God! that the worm whom thou hast made
 Should thus his brother worm invade!
 Count deeds like these good service done,
 And deem THINE eye looks smiling on!!

Yet there at his ease, with his whole Court around him,
 King Ferdinand sits "in his GLORY"—confound him!—

Leaning back in his chair, With a satisfied air,
 And enjoying the bother, the smoke and the smother,
 With one knee cock'd carelessly over the other;

His pouncet-box goes To and fro at his nose,
 As somewhat misliking the smell of old clothes,
 And seeming to hint, by this action emphatic,
 That Jews, e'en when roasted, are not aromatic;

There, too, fair Ladies From Xeres, and Cadiz,
 Catalinas, and Julias, and fair Iñesillas,
 In splendid lace veils, and becoming mantillas;
 Elviras, Antonias, and Claras and Floras,
 And dark-eyed Jacinthas, and soft Isidoras,
 Are crowding the "boxes," and looking on coolly as
 Though 'twas but one of their common *tertulias*,
 Partaking, as usual, of wafer and ices,
 Snow-water, and melons cut out into slices,
 And chocolate,—furnish'd at coffee-house prices;

While many a suitor, And gay coadjutor
 In the eating-and-drinking line scorns to be neuter;
 One, being perhaps just return'd with his tutor
 From travel in England, is tempting his "*future*"
 With a luxury neat as imported, "The Pewter,"

And charming the dear Violantes and Iñeses
 With a three-corner'd Sandwich, and *soupçon* of "Guinness's :"
 While another, from Paris but newly come back,
 Hints "the least taste in life" of the best cogniac.

Such ogling and eyeing, In short, and such sighing,
 And such complimenting (one must not say l—g),
 Of smart Cavaliers with each other still vying,

Mix'd up with the crying, And groans of the dying,
 All hissing, and spitting, and broiling, and frying,
 Form a scene which, although there can be no denying
 To a *bon Catholique* it may prove edifying,
 I doubt if a Protestant smart Beau, or merry Belle,
 Might not shrink from it as somewhat too terrible.
 It's a question with me if you ever survey'd a
 More stern-looking mortal than old Torquemada,
 Renown'd Father Dominic, famous for twisting dom-
 -estic and foreign necks all over Christendom ;
 Morescoes or Jews. Not a penny to choose,
 If a dog of a heretic dare to refuse
 A glass of old port, or a slice from a griskin,
 The good Padre soon would so set him a frisking
 That I would not, for—more than I'll say—be in his skin

'Twas just the same thing with his own race and nation,
 And Christian Dissenters of every persuasion,

Muggletonian or Quaker, Or, Jumper or Shaker,
 No matter with whom in opinion partaker,
 George Whitfield, John Bunyan, or Thomas Gat-acre,
 They'd no better chance than a Bonze or a Fakir ;
 If a woman, it skill'd not—if she did not deem as he
 Bade her to deem touching Papal supremacy,

By the Pope, but he'd make her ! From error awake her
 Or else—pop her into an oven and bake her !
 No one, in short, ever came half so near, as he
 Did, to the full extirpation of heresy ;
 And if, in the times of which now I am treating,
 There had been such a thing as a "Manchester Meeting,"
 'Pretty pork' he'd have made "Moderator" and "Minister,
 Had he but caught them on his side Cape Finisterre ;—
 Pye Smith, and the rest of them once in his bonfire, hence-
 forth you'd have heard little more of the "CONFERENCE."

And there—on the opposite side of the ring,
 He, too, sits “in his GLORY,” confronting the King,
 With his cast-iron countenance frowning austere,
 That match’d with his *en bon point* body but queerly,
 For though grim his visage, his person was pursy,

Belying the rumour Of fat folks’ good humour ;
 Above waves his banner of “Justice and Mercy,”
 Below and around stand a terrible band ad-
 ding much to the scene—viz., The “Holy *Hermandad*,”
 That’s “Brotherhood,”—each looking grave as a “Grand-dad.”

Within the arena Before them is seen a
 Strange, odd-looking group, each one dress’d in a garment
 Not “dandified” clearly, as certainly “varment,”
 Being all over vipers and snakes, and stuck thick
 With multiplied *silhouette* profiles of NICK ;
 And a cap of the same, All devils and flame,
 Extinguisher-shaped much like Salisbury Spire,
 Except that the latter’s of course somewhat higher ;

A long yellow pin-a-fore,
 Hangs down each chin afore,
 On which, ere the wearer had donn’d it, a man drew
 The Scotch badge, a *Saltire*, or Cross of St. Andrew ;
 Though I fairly confess I am quite at a loss
 To guess why they should choose that particular cross,
 Or to make clear to you What the Scotch had to do
 At all with the business in hand,—though it’s true
 That the vestment aforesaid, perhaps from its hue,
Viz. yellow, in juxta-position with *blue*
 (A tinge of which latter tint could but accrue
 On the faces of wretches, of course, in a stew
 As to what their tormentors were going to do),
 Might make people fancy, who no better knew,
 They were somehow connected with Jeffrey’s Review ;

Especially, too, As it’s certain that few
 Things would make Father Dominic blither or happier
 Than to catch hold of *it*, or its *Chef*, Macvey Napier.—
 No matter for that—my description to crown,
 All the flames and the devils were turn’d upside down
 On this habit, facetiously term’d *San Benito*,

Much like the dress suit Of some nondescript brute
 From the show-van of Wombwell (not George), or Polito.

And thrice happy they, Dress'd out in this way
To appear with *éclat* at the *Auto-da-fé*,—
Thrice happy indeed whom the good luck might fall to
Of devils tail upward, and "*Fuego revolto*,"

For only see there, In the midst of the Square,
Where, perch'd up on poles six feet high in the air.
Sit, chain'd to the stake, some two, three, or four pair
Of wretches, whose eyes, nose, complexion, and hair
Their Jewish descent but too plainly declare,
Each clothed in a garment more frightful by far, a
Smock-frock sort of gaberdine, call'd a *Sumarra*,
With three times the number of devils upon it,—
A proportion observed on the sugar-loaf'd bonnet,
With this further distinction—of mischief a proof—
That every fiend Jack stands upright on his hoof !

While the pictured flames, spread Over body and head,
Are three times as crooked, and three times as red !
All, too, pointing upwards, as much as to say,
"Here's the real *bonne bouche* of the *Auto-da-fé*."

Torquemada, meanwhile, With his cold, cruel smile,
Sits looking on calmly, and watching the pile,
As his hooded "Familiars" (their names, as some tell, come
From their being so much more "familiar" than "welcome")

Have, by this time, begun To be "poking their fun,"
And their firebrands, as if they were so many posies

Of lilies and roses, Up to the noses
Of Lazarus Levi and Money Ben Moses ;
While similar treatment is forcing out hollow moans
From Aby Ben Lasco and Ikey Ben Solomons,
Whose beards—this a black, that inclining to grizzle—
Are smoking, and curling, and all in a fizzle ;
The King, at the same time, his Dons and his visitors,
Sit, sporting smiles, like the Holy Inquisitors.—

Enough !—no more !— Thank Heaven, 'tis o'er !
The tragedy's done ! and we now draw a veil
O'er a scene which makes outraged humanity quail ;
The last fire's exhausted, and spent like a rocket,
The last wretched Hebrew's burnt down in his socket !
The Barriers are open, and all, saints and sinners,
King, Court, Lords, and Commons, gone home to their dinners,

With a pleasing emotion Produced by the notion
Of having exhibited so much devotion,
All chuckling to think how the Saints are delighted
At having seen so many "*Smouches*" ignited :—

All save Privy-purse Humez,
Who sconced in his room is,
And, Cocker in hand, in his leather-back'd chair,
Is puzzling to find out how much the "affair"
(By deep calculations, the which I can't follow,) cost,
The *tottle*, in short, of the whole of the Holocaust.

Perhaps you may think it a rather odd thing,
That while talking so much of the Court and the King,
In describing the scene Through which we've just been

I've not said one syllable as to the Queen ;
Especially, too, as her Majesty's "Whereabouts,"
All things consider'd, might well be thought thereabouts ;
The fact was, however, although little known,
Sa Magestad had hit on a plan of her own,

And suspecting, perhaps, that an *Auto* alone
Might fail in securing this "Heir to the throne,"

Had made up her mind, Although well inclined
Towards *galas* and shows of no matter what kind,

For once to retire, And bribe the Saint higher
Than merely by sitting and seeing a fire,—
A sight, after all, she did not much admire ;

So she lock'd herself up, Without platter or cup,
In her Oriel, resolved not to take bite or sup,
Not so much as her matin-draught (our "early purl"),
Nor put on her jewels, nor e'en let the girl,
Who help'd her to dress, take her hair out of curl,
But to pass the whole morning in telling her beads,
And in reading the lives of the Saints, and their deeds,
And in vowing to visit, without shoes or sandals,
Their shrines, with unlimited orders for candles,
Holy water, and Masses of Mozart's and Handel's.
And many a *Pater*, and *Ave*, and *Credo*

Did She, and her Father Confessor, Quevedo
(The clever Archbishop, you know, of Toledo),
Who came, as before, at a very short warning,
Get through, without doubt, in the course of that morning,

Shut up, as they were, With nobody there
 To at all interfere with so pious a pair ;
 And the Saints must have been stony-hearted indeed,
 If they had not allow'd all these pains to succeed.
 Nay, it's not quite clear to me, but their very ability
 Might, Spain throughout,
 Have been brought into doubt,
 Had the Royal bed still remain'd cursed with sterility ;
 St. Jago, however, who always is jealous,
 In Spanish affairs, as their best authors tell us,
 And who, if he saw Anything like a flaw
 In Spain's welfare, would soon sing, " Old Rose, burn the
 bellows ! "

Set matters to rights like a King of good fellows :

By his interference, Three-fourths of a year hence,
 There was nothing but capering, dancing, and singing,
 Cachucas, Boleros, and bells set a ringing

In both the Castilles, Triple-bob-major peals,
 Rope-dancing, and tumbling, and somerset-flinging,
 Seguidillas, Fandangos, While ev'ry gun bang goes ;
 And all the way through, from Gibraltar to Biscay
 Figueras and Sherry make all the Dons frisky
 (Save Moore's " Blakes and O'Donnells," who stick to the
 whisky) ;

All the day long The dance and the song
 Continue the general joy to prolong ;
 And even long after the close of the day
 You can hear little else but " Hip ! hip ! hurray ? "
 The Escorial, however, is not quite so gay,
 For, whether the Saint had not perfectly heard
 The petition the Queen and Archbishop preferr'd,—
 Or whether his head, from his not being used
 To an *Auto-da-fé*, was a little confused,—
 Or whether the King, in the smoke and the smother,
 Got bother'd, and so made some blunder or other,

I am sure I can't say ; All I know is, that day
 There must have been *some* mistake !—that, I'm afraid, is
 Only too clear, Inasmuch as the dear
 Royal Twins,—though fine babies,—proved both little LADIES !

MORAL.

Reader!—Not knowing what your “persuasion” may be,
 Mahometan, Jewish, or even Parsee,
 Take a little advice which may serve for all three!

First—“When you are at *Rome*, do as *Rome* does!” and note
 all her

Ways—drink what She drinks! and don’t turn Tee-totaller!

In Spain, *raison de plus*, You must do as they do,
 Inasmuch as they’re all there “at sixes and sevens,”

Just as, you know, They were some years ago,
 In the days of Don Carlos and Brigadier Evans;
 Don’t be nice, then—but take what they’ve got in their shops,
 Whether griskins or sausages, ham, or pork-chops!

Next—Avoid Fancy-trousers!—their colours and shapes
 Sometimes, as you see, may lead folks into scrapes!

For myself, I confess, I’ve but small taste in dress,
 My opinion is, therefore, worth nothing—or less—
 But some friends I’ve consulted,—much given to watch one’s

Apparel—do say It’s by far the best way,
 And the safest, to do as Lord Brougham does—buy Scotch
 ones!

I might now volunteer some advice to a King,—
 Let Whigs say what they will, I shall do no such thing,
 But copy my betters, and never begin
 Until, like Sir Robert, “I’m duly CALL’D IN!”

The Ingoldsby Penance!

A LEGEND OF PALESTINE—AND WEST KENT

I’ll devise thee brave punishments for him!—SHAKESPEARE.

OUT and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 A stalwart knight, I ween, was he,

“Come east, come west, Come lance in rest,
 Come falchion in hand, I’ll tickle the best
 Of all the Soldan’s Chivalrie!”

Oh ! they came west, and they came east,
 Twenty-four Emirs and Sheiks at the least,
 And they hammer'd away At Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 Fall back, fall edge, cut, thrust, and point,—
 But he topp'd off head, and he lopp'd off joint ;

Twenty and three, Of high degree,
 Lay stark and stiff on the crimson'd lea,
 All—all save one—and he ran up a tree !
 " Now count them, my Squire, now count them and see !

" Twenty and three ! Twenty and three !—
 All of them Nobles of high degree ;
 There they be lying on Ascalon lea ! "

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,

" What news ? what news ? come, tell to me !
 What news ? what news, thou little Foot-page ?
 I've been whacking the foe, till it seems an age

Since I was in Ingoldsby Hall so free !
 What news ? what news from Ingoldsby Hall ?
 Come tell me now, thou Page so small ! "

" Oh, Hawk and Hound Are safe and sound ;
 Beast in byre and Steed in stall ;
 And the Watch-dog's bark, As soon as it's dark,
 Bays wakeful guard around Ingoldsby Hall ! "

—" I care not a pound For Hawk or for Hound,
 For Steed in stall, or for Watch-dog's bay :

Fain would I hear Of my dainty dear ;
 How fares Dame Alice, my Lady gay ?"—
 Sir Ingoldsby Bray, he said in his rage,
 " What news ? what news ? thou naughty Foot-page !"—

That little Foot-page full low crouch'd he,
 And he doff'd his cap, and he bended his knee,

" Now lithe and listen, Sir Bray, to me :
 Lady Alice sits lonely in bower and hall,
 Her sighs they rise, and her tears they fall :

She sits alone And she makes her moan ;
 Dance and song She considers quite wrong ;
 Feast and revel Mere snares of the devil ;
 She mendeth her hose, and she crieth, ' Alack !
 When will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back ? "'

"Thou liest ! thou liest, thou naughty Foot-page,
Full loud dost thou lie, false Page, to me !

There, in thy breast, 'Neath thy silken vest,
What scroll is that, false Page, I see ?"

Sir Ingoldsby Bray in his rage drew near,
That little Foot-page he blench'd with fear !

"Now where may the Prior of Abingdon lie ?
King Richard's Confessor, I ween, is he,
And tidings rare To him do I bear,
And news of price from his rich Ab-bee !"

"Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page !
No learned clerk, I trow, am I,

But well, I ween, May there be seen
Dame Alice's hand with half an eye !
Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page,
From Abingdon Abbey comes not thy news ;
Although no clerk, Well may I mark
The particular turn of her P's and her Q's !"

Sir Ingoldsby Bray, in his fury and rage,
By the back of the neck takes that little Foot-page ;
The scroll he seizes, The Page he squeezes,
And buffets,—and pinches his nose till he sneezes ;
Then he cuts with his dagger the silken threads
Which they used in those days, 'stead of little Queen's-heads

When the contents of the scroll met his view,
Sir Ingoldsby Bray in a passion grew,
Backward he drew His nailed shoe,
And he kick'd that naughty Foot-page that he flew
Like a cloth-yard shaft from a bended yew,
I may not say whither—I never knew.

"Now count the slain Upon Ascalon plain,—
Go count them, my Squire, go count them again !"

"Twenty and three ! There they be,
Stiff and stark on that crimson'd lea :—
Twenty and three ?— —Stay—let me see !
Stretch'd in his gore There lieth one more !
By the Pope's triple crown there are twenty and four."

Twenty-four trunks, I ween, are there,
 But their heads and their limbs are no-body knows where !
 Ay, twenty-four corses, I rede, there be,
 Though one got away and ran up a tree !”

“ Look nigher, look nigher, My trusty Squire !”—
 “ One is the corse of a bare-footed Friar ! ! ”

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 “ A boon, a boon, King Richard,” quoth he,
 “ Now Heav’n thee save, A boon I crave,
 A boon, Sir King, on my bended knee ;
 A year and a day Have I been away,
 King Richard from Ingoldsby Hall so free ;
 Dame Alice she sits there in lonely guise,
 And she makes her moan, and she sobs and she sighs,
 And tears like rain-drops fall from her eyes,
 And she darneth her hose, and she crieth, ‘ Alack !
 Oh ! when will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back ? ’
 A boon, a boon, my Liege,” quoth he,
 “ Fair Ingoldsby Hall I fain would see ! ”

“ Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,”
 King Richard, said right graciously,
 “ Of all in my host That I love the most,
 I love none better, Sir Bray, than thee !
 Rise up, rise up, thou hast thy boon ;
 But—mind you make haste, and come back again soon ! ”

FYTTE II.

Pope Gregory sits in St. Peter’s chair,
 Pontiff proud, I ween, is he,
 And a belted Knight, In armour dight,
 Is begging a boon on his bended knee,
 With signs of grief and sounds of woe
 Featly he kisseth his Holiness’ toe.

“ Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
 O Holy Father, pardon and grace !
 In my fury and rage A little Foot-page
 I have left, I fear me, in evil case :
 A scroll of shame From a faithless dame
 Did that naughty Foot-page to a paramour bear :

I gave him a 'lick' With a stick, And a kick,
That sent him—I can't tell your Holiness where !
Had he as many necks as hairs,
He had broken them all down those perilous stairs !”

“ Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Rise up, rise up, I say to thee ;
A soldier, I trow, Of the Cross art thou ;
Rise up, rise up from thy bended knee !
Ill it beseems that a soldier true
Of holy Church should vainly sue :—
—Foot-pages, they are by no means rare,
A thriftless crew, I ween, be they,
Well mote we spare A Page—or a pair,
For the matter of that—Sir Ingoldsby Bray.
But stout and true Soldiers, like you,
Grow scarcer and scarcer every day !
Be prayers for the dead Duly read,
Let a mass be sung, and a *pater* be said ;
So may your qualms of conscience cease,
And the little Foot-page shall rest in peace !”

“ Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
O Holy Father, pardon and grace !
Dame Alice, my wife, The bane of my life,
I have left, I fear me, in evil case !
A scroll of shame in my rage I tore,
Which that caitiff Page to a paramour bore ;
’Twere bootless to tell how I storm’d and swore
Alack ! alack ! too surely I knew
The turn of each P, and the tail of each Q,
And away to Ingoldsby Hall I flew !

Dame Alice I found,— She sank on the ground,—
I twisted her neck till I twisted it round !
With jibe and jeer, and mock and scoff,
I twisted it on—till I twisted it off !—
All the King’s Doctors and all the King’s Men
Can’t put fair Alice’s head on agen !”

“ Well-a-day ! well-a-day ! Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Why really I hardly know what to say :—

Foul sin, I trow, a fair Ladye to slay,
 Because she's perhaps been a little too gay.—
 — Monk must chant and Nun must pray
 For each mass they sing, and each pray'r they say,
 For a year and a day, Sir Ingoldsby Bray
 A fair rose-noble must duly pay !
 So may his qualms of conscience cease,
 And the soul of Dame Alice may rest in peace !”

“ Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
 O Holy Father, pardon and grace !
 No power could save That paramour knave ;
 I left him, I wot, in evil case !
 There, 'midst the slain Upon Ascalon plain,
 Unburied, I trow, doth his body remain,
 His legs lie here, and his arms lie there,
 And his head lies—I can't tell your Holiness where !

“ Now out and alas ! Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 Foul sin it were, thou doughty Knight,
 To hack and to hew A champion true
 Of Holy Church in such pitiful plight !
 Foul sin her warriors so to slay,
 When they're scarcer and scarcer every day !—
 —A chantry fair, And of Monks a pair,
 To pray for his soul for ever and aye,
 Thou must duly endow, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 And fourteen marks by the year must thou pay
 For plenty of lights To burn there o' nights—
 None of your rascally “ *dips* ”—but sound,
 Round, ten-penny moulds of four to the pound ;—
 And a shirt of the roughest and coarsest hair
 For a year and a day, Sir Ingoldsby, wear !
 So may your qualms of conscience cease,
 And the soul of the Soldier shall rest in peace !”

“ Now nay, Holy Father, now nay, now nay !
 Less penance may serve ! ” quoth Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 No champion free of the Cross was he ;
 No belted Baron of high degree ;
 No Knight nor Squire Did there expire ;
 He was, I trow but a bare-footed Friar !

And the Abbot of Abingdon long may wait
 With his monks around him, and early and late
 May look from loop-hole, and turret, and gate,
 He hath lost his Prior—his Prior his pate!”

“Now Thunder and turf!” Pope Gregory said,
 And his hair raised his triple crown right off his head—

“Now Thunder and turf! and out and alas!
 A horrible thing has come to pass!
 What!—cut off the head of a reverend Prior,
 And say he was ‘only (!!!) a bare-footed Friar!’—

‘What Baron or Squire,
 Or Knight of the shire,
 Is half so good as a holy Friar?’

O turpissime! Vir nequissime!
Sceleratissime!—quissime!—issime!

Never, I trow, have the *Servi servorum*

Had before ’em Such a breach of decorum.
 Such a gross violation of *morum bonorum*,
 And won’t have again *sæcula sæculorum!*—

Come hither to me, My Cardinals three,
 My Bishops in *partibus*, Masters in *Artibus*,
 Hither to me A.B. and D.D.

Doctors and Proctors of every degree.

Go fetch me a book!—go fetch me a bell

As big as a dustman’s!—and a candle as well—

I’ll send him—*where* good manners won’t let me tell!”

—“Pardon and grace!—now pardon and grace!”

—Sir Ingoldsby Bray fell flat on his face—

Meâ culpâ!—in sooth I’m in pitiful case.

Peccavi! peccavi!—I’ve done very wrong!

But my heart it is stout, and my arm it is strong,

And I’ll fight for Holy Church all the day long;

And the Ingoldsby lands are broad and fair,

And they’re here, and they’re there, and I can’t tell you where,

And Holy Church shall come in for her share!”

Pope Gregory paused, and he sat himself down,
 And he somewhat relaxed his terrible frown,
 And his Cardinals three they pick’d up his crown.

"Now, if it be so that you own you've been wrong,
 And your heart is so stout, and your arm is so strong,
 And you really will fight like a trump all day long ;
 If the Ingoldsby lands do lie here and there,
 And Holy Church shall come in for her share,—

Why, my Cardinals three,

You'll agree With me

That it gives a new turn to the whole affair,
 And I think that the Penitent need not despair !

—If it be so, as you seem to say,

Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray !

"An Abbey so fair Sir Bray shall found,
 Whose innermost wall's encircling bound
 Shall take in a couple of acres of ground ;
 And there in that Abbey all the year round,
 A full choir of monks, and a full choir of nuns,
 Shall live upon cabbage and hot-cross buns.

And Sir Ingoldsby Bray, Without delay,

Shall hie him again To Ascalon plain,

And gather the bones of the foully slain :

And shall place said bones, with all possible care,

In an elegant shrine in his Abbey so fair ;

And plenty of lights Shall be there o' nights ;

None of your rascally '*dips*,' but sound,

Best superfine wax-wicks, four to the pound ;

And Monk and Nun Shall pray, each one,

For the soul of the Prior of Abingdon !

And Sir Ingoldsby Bray, so bold and so brave,

Never shall wash himself, comb, or shave,

Nor adorn his body, Nor drink gin-toddy,

Nor indulge in a pipe,— But shall dine upon tripe,

And blackberries gather'd before they are ripe,

And for ever abhor, renounce, and abjure

Rum, hollands, and brandy, wine, punch, and *liqueur* : "

(Sir Ingoldsby Bray Here gave way

To a feeling which prompted a word profane,

But he swallow'd it down, by an effort, again,

And his Holiness luckily fancied his gulp a

Mere repetition of *O, meâ culpâ !*)

"Thrice three times upon Candlemas-day,
Between Vespers and Compline, Sir Ingoldsby Bray
Shall run round the Abbey, as best he may,
 Subjecting his back To thump and to thwack,
Well and truly laid on by a barefooted Friar,
With a stout cat-o'-nine-tails of whip-cord and wire ;
 And nor he, nor his heir, Shall take, use, or bear
Any more, from this day. The surname of Bray,
As being dishonour'd ; but all issue male he has
Shall, with himself, go henceforth by an *alias* !
So his qualms of conscience at length may cease,
And Page, Dame, and Prior shall rest in peace !"

Sir Ingoldsby (now no longer Bray)
Is off like a shot away and away,
 Over the brine To far Palestine,
To rummage and hunt over Ascalon plain
For the unburied bones of his victim slain.

"Look out, my Squire, Look higher and nigher,
Look out for the corpse of a bare-footed Friar !
And pick up the arms and the legs of the dead,
And pick up his body, and pick up his head !"

FYTTE III.

Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
It hath manors a dozen, and royalties three,
With right of free warren (whatever that be) ;
Rich pastures in front, and green woods in the rear,
All in full leaf at the right time of year ;
About Christmas, or so, they fall into the sear,
And the prospect, of course, becomes rather more drear :
But it's really delightful in spring-time,—and near
The great gate Father Thames rolls sun-bright and clear ;
Cobham woods to the right,—on the opposite shore
Laindon Hills in the distance, ten miles off or more ;
Then you've Milton and Gravesend behind,—and before
You can see almost all the way down to the Nore.

So charming a spot It's rarely one's lot
To see, and when seen it's as rarely forgot.

Yes, Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
 And its Monks and its Nuns are fifty and three,
 And there they all stand each in their degree,
 Drawn up in the front of their sacred abode,
 Two by two in their regular mode,
 While a funeral comes down the Rochester road.

Palmers twelve, from a foreign strand,
 Cockle in hat, and staff in hand,
 Come marching in pairs, a holy band !
 Little boys twelve, dress'd all in white,
 Each with his brazen censer bright,
 And singing away with all their might,
 Follow the Palmers—a goodly sight ;

Next high in air Twelve Yeomen bear
 On their sturdy necks, with a good deal of care,
 A patent sarcophagus firmly rear'd,
 Of Spanish mahogany (not veneer'd),
 And behind walks a Knight with a very long beard.

Close by his side Is a Friar, supplied
 With a stout cat-o'-nine-tails of tough cow-hide,

While all sorts of queer men Bring up the rear—Men-
 -at-Arms, Nigger captives, and Bow-men, and Spear-men.

It boots not to tell What you'll guess very well,
 How some sang the *requiem*, some toll'd the bell ;

Suffice it to say, 'Twas on Candlemas-day
 The procession I speak about reach'd the *Sacellum* ;

And in lieu of a supper The Knight on his crup-
 Received the first taste of the Father's *flagellum* ;

That, as chronicles tell, He continued to dwell

All the rest of his days in the Abbey he'd founded,

By the pious of both sexes ever surrounded,

And, partaking the fare of the Monks and the Nuns,

Ate the cabbage alone, without touching the buns ;

—That year after year, having run round the *Quad*

With his back, as enjoin'd him, exposed to the rod,

Having not only kiss'd it, but bless'd it, and thank'd it, he

Died, as all thought, in the odour of sanctity ;

When,—strange to relate ! and you'll hardly believe

What I'm going to tell you,—next Candlemas Eve

The Monks and the Nuns in the dead of the night
Tumble, all of them, out of their beds in affright,
Alarm'd by the bawls, And the calls, and the squal!
Of some one who seem'd running all round the walls!

Looking out, soon, By the light of the moon,
There appears most distinctly to ev'ry one's view,
And making, as seems to them, all this ado,
The form of a Knight with a beard like a Jew,
As black as if steep'd in that "Matchless!" of Hunt's,
And so bushy, it would not disgrace Mr. Muntz;
A bare-footed Friar stands behind him, and shakes
A *flagellum*, whose lashes appear to be snakes;
While more terrible still, the astounded beholders
Perceive the said Friar has NO HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS,
But is holding his pate In his left hand, out straight,
As if by a closer inspection to find
Where to get the best cut at his victim behind,
With the aid of a small "bull's-eye lantern,"—as placed
By our own New Police,—in a belt round his waist.

All gaze with surprise, Scarce believing their eyes,
When the Knight makes a start like a race-horse, and flies
From his headless tormentor, repeating his cries,—
In vain,—for the Friar to his skirts closely sticks,
"Running after him,"—so said the Abbot,—*"like Bricks!"*

Thrice three times did the Phantom Knight
Course round the Abbey as best he might,
Be-thwack'd and be-smack'd by the headless Sprite,
While his shrieks so piercing made all hearts thrill,—
Then a whoop and a halloo,—and all was still!

Ingoldsby Abbey has passed away,
And at this time of day One can hardly survey
Any traces or track, save a few ruins, grey
With age, and fast mouldering into decay,
Of the structure once built by Sir Ingoldsby Bray;
But still there are many folks living who say
That on every Candlemas Eve, the Knight,
Accoutred and dight In his armour bright,
With his thick black beard,—and the clerical Sprite,
With his head in his hand, and his lantern alight,

Run round the spot where the old Abbey stood,
 And are seen in the neighbouring glebe-land and wood :
 More especially still, if it's stormy and windy,
 You may hear them for miles kicking up their wild shindy,
 And that once in a gale Of wind, sleet, and hail,
 They frighten'd the horses, and upset the mail.

What 'tis breaks the rest Of these souls unblest
 Would now be a thing rather hard to be guess'd,
 Though some say the Squire, on his death-bed, confess'd
 That on Ascalon plain, When the bones of the slain
 Were collected that day, and pack'd up in a chest
 Caulk'd and made water-tight,
 By command of the Knight,
 Though the legs and the arms they'd got all pretty right,
 And the body itself in a decentish plight,
 Yet the Friar's *Pericranium* was nowhere in sight ;
 So, to save themselves trouble, they pick'd up instead,
 And popp'd on the shoulders a Saracen's Head !
 Thus the Knight in the terms of his penance had fail'd,
 And the Pope's absolution, of course, nought avail'd.

Now though this might be, It don't seem to agree
 With one thing which, I own, is a poser to me,—
 I mean, as the miracles wrought at the shrine
 Containing the bones brought from far Palestine
 Were so great and notorious, 'tis hard to combine
 This *fact* with the reason these people assign,
 Or suppose that the head of the murder'd Divine
 Could be aught but what Yankees would call "*genu-ine*.
 Tis a very nice question—but be 't as it may,
 The Ghost of Sir Ingoldsby (*ci-devant* Bray),
 It is boldly affirm'd by the folks great and small
 About Milton, and Chalk, and around Cobham Hall,
 Still on Candlemas-day haunts the old ruin'd wall,
 And that many have seen him, and more heard him squall.
 So, I think, when the facts of the case you recall,
 My inference, reader, you'll fairly forestall,

Viz. : that, spite of the hope Held out by the Pope,
 Sir Ingoldsby Bray was d—d after all !

MORAL.

Foot-pages, and Servant's of ev'ry degree,
In livery or out of it, listen to me!
See what comes of lying! don't join in a league
To humbug your master, or aid an intrigue!

Ladies!—married and single, from this understand
How foolish it is to send letters by hand!
Don't stand for the sake of a penny,—but when you
 've a *billet* to send To a lover or friend,
Put it into the post, and don't cheat the revenue!

Rev'rend gentlemen!—you who are given to roam,
Don't keep up a soft correspondence at home!
But while you're abroad lead respectable lives;
Love your neighbours, and welcome,—but dont love their
 wives!
And, as bricklayers cry from the tiles and the leads
When they're shovelling the snow off, "TAKE CARE OF YOUR
 HEADS!"

Knights!—whose hearts are so stout, and whose arms are so
 strong,
Learn,—to twist a wife's neck is decidedly wrong!
If your servants offend you or give themselves airs,
Rebuke them—but mildly—don't kick them downstairs!
To "Poor Richard's" homely old proverb attend,
"If you want matters well-managed, *Go!*—if not, *Send!*"
A servant's too often a negligent elf;
—If it's business of consequence, DO IT YOURSELF!

The state of society seldom requires
People now to bring home with them unburied Friars,
But they sometimes *do* bring home an inmate for life;
Now—don't do that by proxy!—but choose your own wife!
For think how annoying 'twould be when you're wed,
 To find in your bed, On the pillow, instead
Of the sweet face you look for—A SARACEN'S HEAD!

Netley Abbey.

A LEGEND OF HAMPSHIRE.

I SAW thee, Netley, as the sun
 Across the western wave
 Was sinking slow, And a golden glow
 To thy roofless towers he gave ;
 And the ivy sheen, With its mantle of green,
 That wrapt thy walls around,
 Shone lovelily bright, In that glorious light,
 And I felt 'twas holy ground.

Then I thought of the ancient time—
 The days of the Monks of old,—
 When to Matin and Vesper, and Compline chime,
 The loud Hosanna roll'd,
 And thy courts, and “long-drawn aisles” among,
 Swell'd the full tide of sacred song.

And then a vision pass'd
 Across my mental eye ;
 And silver shrines, and shaven crowns,
 And delicate Ladies, in bombazeen gowns,
 And long white veils, went by ;
 Stiff, and staid, and solemn, and sad,—
 —But one, methought, wink'd at the Gardener-lad !

Then came the Abbot, with mitre and ring,
 And pastoral staff, and all that sort of thing,
 And a Monk with a book, and a Monk with a bell,
 And “dear little souls,” In clean linen stoles,
 Swinging their censers, and making a smell,—
 And see where the Choir-master walks in the rear,
 With front severe, And brow austere,
 Now and then pinching a little boy's ear
 When he chaunts the responses too late, or too soon,
 Or his *Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La's* not quite in tune.
 (Then you know, They'd a “movable *Do*,”
 Not a fix'd one as now—and of course never knew
 How to set up a musical Hullah-baloo.)
 It was, in sooth, a comely sight,
 And I welcomed the vision with pure delight.

But then "a change came o'er"
 My spirit—a change of fear—
 That gorgeous scene I beheld no more,
 But deep beneath the basement floor
 A dungeon dark and drear!
 And there was an ugly hole in the wall—
 For an oven too big,—for a cellar too small!
 And mortar and bricks All ready to fix,
 And I said, "Here's a Nun has been playing some tricks!—
 That horrible hole!—it seems to say,
 'I'm a grave that gapes for a living prey!'"
 And my heart grew sick, and my brow grew sad—
 And I thought of that wink at the Gardener-lad.
 Ah me! ah me!—'tis sad to think
 That Maiden's eye, which was made to wink,
 Should be here compell'd to grow blear and blink,
 Or be closed for aye In this kind of way,
 Shut out for ever from wholesome day,
 Wall'd up in a hole with never a chink,
 No light,—no air,—no victuals,—no drink!—
 And that Maiden's lip, Which was made to sip,
 Should here grow wither'd and dry as a chip!
 —That wandering glance and furtive kiss,
 Exceedingly naughty, and wrong, I wis,
 Should yet be consider'd so much amiss
 As to call for a sentence severe as this!—
 And I said to myself, as I heard with a sigh,
 The poor lone victim's stifled cry,
 "Well, I can't understand How any man's hand
 Could wall up that hole in a Christian land!
 Why a Mussulman Turk
 Would recoil from the work,
 And though when his Ladies run after the fellows, he
 Stands not on trifles, if madden'd by jealousy,
 Its objects, I'm sure, would declare, could they speak,
 In their Georgian, Circassian, or Turkish, or Greek,
 'When all's said and done, far better it was for us,
 Tied back to back, And sown up in a sack,
 To be pitch'd neck and heels from a boat in the Bosphorus!'
 —Oh! a Saint 'twould vex To think that the sex
 Should be treated no better than Combe's double X!

Sure some one might run to the Abbess, and tell her
A much better method of stocking her cellar."

If ever on polluted walls
Heaven's red right arm in vengeance falls,—
If e'er its justice wraps in flame
The black abodes of sin and shame,
That justice, in its own good time,
Shall visit for so foul a crime,
Ope desolation's floodgate wide,
And blast thee, Netley, in thy pride !

Lo where it comes !—the tempest lours,—
It bursts on thy devoted towers ;
Ruthless Tudor's bloated form
Rides on the blast and guides the storm ;
I hear the sacrilegious cry,
"Down with the nests, and the rooks will fly !"

Down ! down they come—a fearful fall—
Arch, and pillar, and roof-tree, and all,
Stained pane, and sculptured stone,
There they lie on the greensward strown—
Mouldering walls remain alone.

Shaven crown, Bombazeen gown,
Mitre, and Crozier, and all are flown !

And yet, fair Netley, as I gaze
Upon that grey and mouldering wall,
The glories of thy palmy days
Its very stones recall !
They "come like shadows, so depart"—
I see thee as thou wert—and art—

Sublime in ruin !—grand in woe !
Lone refuge of the owl and bat ;
No voice awakes thine echoes now !
No sound—Good Gracious !—what was that ?
Was it the moan, The parting groan
Of her who died forlorn and alone,
Embedded in mortar, and bricks, and stone ?—
Full and clear On my listening ear

It comes—again—near, and more near—

Why 'zooks ! it's the popping of Ginger Beer !

—I rush'd to the door— I tread the floor,
By Abbots and Abbesses trodden before,
In the good old chivalric days of yore,

And what see I there ?— In a rush-bottom'd chair
A hag surrounded by crockery-ware,
Vending, in cups, to the credulous throng,
A nasty decoction miscall'd Souchong,—
And a squeaking fiddle and wry-neck'd fife
Are screeching away, for the life !—for the life !
Danced to by "All the World and his Wife."
Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, are capering there,
Worse scene, I ween, than Bartlemy Fair !—
Two or three Chimney-sweeps, two or three Clowns,
Playing at "pitch and toss," sport their "Browns,"
Two or three damsels, frank and free,
Are ogling, and smiling, and sipping Bohea.
Parties below, and parties above,
Some making tea, and some making love.

Then the "toot—toot—toot"

O! that vile demi-flute,—

The detestable din Of that crack'd violin,
And the odours of "Stout," and tobacco, and gin.
"—Dear me !" I exclaim'd, "what a place to be in !"
And I said to the person who drove my "shay"
(A very intelligent man, by the way),
"This all things consider'd is rather too gay !
It don't suit my humour,—so take me away !
Dancing ! and drinking !—cigar and song !
If not profanation, it's "coming it strong,"
And I really consider it all very wrong.—

—Pray, to whom does this property now belong ?"

—He paused, and said, Scratching his head,

"Why I really *do* think he's a little to blame,
But I can't say I knows the gentleman's name !"

"Well—well !" quoth I, As I heaved a sigh,
And a tear-drop fell from my twinkling eye,
"My vastly good man, as I scarcely doubt
That some day or other you'll find it out,

Should he come in your way,
 Or ride in your 'shay'
 (As perhaps he may), Be so good as to say
 That a Visitor, whom you drove over one day,
 Was exceedingly angry, and very much scandalised,
 Finding these beautiful ruins so Vandalised,
 And thus of their owner to speak began,
 As he order'd you home in haste,
 'NO DOUBT HE'S A VERY RESPECTABLE MAN,
 But—I can't say much for his taste.'"

Fragment.

A FEELING sad came o'er me as I trod the sacred ground
 Where Tudors and Plantagenets were lying all around :
 I stepp'd with noiseless foot, as though the sound of mortal
 tread
 Might burst the bands of the dreamless sleep that wraps the
 mighty dead !
 The slanting ray of the evening sun shone through those
 cloisters pale,
 With fitful light on regal vest, and warriors sculptured mail,
 As from the stain'd and storied pane it danced with quivering
 gleam,
 Each cold and prostrate form below seem'd quickening in the
 beam.
 Now, sinking low, no more was heard the organ's solemn
 swell,
 And faint upon the listening ear the last Hosanna fell :
 It died—and not a breath did stir ;—above each knightly
 stall,
 Unmoved, the banner'd blazonry hung waveless as a pall.
 I stood alone!—a living thing 'midst those that were no
 more—
 I thought on ages past and gone—the glorious deeds of yore —
 On Edward's sable panoply, on Cressy's tented plain,
 The fatal Roses twined at length—on great Eliza's reign.

I thought on Naseby—Marston Moor—on Worc'ster's "crown-
ing fight ;"
When on mine ear a sound there fell—it chill'd me with
affright,
As thus in low, unearthly tones I heard a voice begin,
"—This here's the Cap of Giniral Monk !—Sir ! please put
summut in !"

Hell Cook.

A LEGEND OF THE "DARK ENTRY."

THE KING'S SCHOLAR'S STORY.

"From the 'Brick Walk' branches off to the right a long narrow vaulted passage, paved with flagstones, vulgarly known by the name of the 'Dark Entry.' Its eastern extremity communicates with the cloisters, crypt, and, by a private staircase, with the interior of the cathedral. On the west it opens into the 'Green Court,' forming a communication between it and the portion of the 'Precinct' called the 'Oaks.'"—*A Walk round Canterbury, &c.*

Scene—A back parlour in Mr. John Ingoldsby's house in the Precinct.—A blazing fire.—Mine Uncle is seated in a high-backed easy-chair, twirling his thumbs, and contemplating his list shoe.—Little Tom, the "King's Scholar," on a stool opposite.—Mrs. John Ingoldsby at the table, busily employed in manufacturing a cabbage-rose (cauliflower ?) in many-coloured worsteds.—Mine Uncle's meditations are interrupted by the French clock on the mantel-piece. He prologizeth with vivacity.

"HARK ! listen, Mrs. Ingoldsby,—the clock is striking nine ! Give Master Tom another cake, and half a glass of wine, And ring the bell for Jenny Smith, and bid her bring his coat, And a warm bandana handkerchief to tie about his throat.

"And bid them go the nearest way, for Mr. Birch has said That nine o'clock's the hour he'll have his boarders all in bed ; And well we know when little boys their coming home delay, They often seem to walk and sit uneasily next day

"—Now nay, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, now send me not, I pray,
Back by that Entry dark, for that you know's the nearest way ;
I dread that Entry dark with Jane alone at such an hour,
It fears me quite—it's Friday night !—and then Nell Cook hath
pow'r !"

"And, who's Nell Cook, thou silly child ?—and what's Nell
Cook to thee ?

That thou shouldst dread at night to tread with Jane that dark
entrée !"

—"Nay, list and hear, mine Uncle dear ! such fearsome things
they tell

Of Nelly Cook, that few may brook at night to meet with
Nell !

"It was in bluff King Harry's days,—and Monks and Friars
were then,

You know, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, a sort of Clergymen.

They'd coarse stuff gowns, and shaven crowns,—no shirts,—and
no cravats,

And a cord was placed about their waist—they had no shovel
hats !

"It was in bluff King Harry's days, while yet he went to
shrift,

And long before he stamp'd and swore, and cut the Pope
adrift ;

There lived a portly Canon then, a sage and learned clerk ;

He had, I trow, a goodly house, fast by that Entry dark !

"The Canon was a portly man—of Latin and of Greek,

And learned lore, he had good store,—yet health was on his
cheek.

The Priory fare was scant and spare, the bread was made of
rye,

The beer was weak, yet he was sleek—he had a merry eye.

"For though within the Priory the fare was scant and thin,

The Canon's house it stood without ;—he kept good cheer
within ;

Unto the best he prest each guest with free and jovial look,

And Ellen Bean ruled his *cuisine*.—He called her 'Nelly
Cook.'

“For soups, and stews, and choice *ragoûts*, Nell Cook was famous still !

She'd make them even of old shoes, she had such wondrous skill :

Her manchets fine were quite divine, her cakes were nicely brown'd,

Her boil'd and roast, they were the boast of all the 'Precinct' round ;

“And Nelly was a comely lass, but calm and staid her air,
And earthward bent her modest look—yet was she passing fair ;

And though her gown was russet brown, their heads grave people shook :

—They all agreed no Clerk had need of such a pretty Cook.

“One day, 'twas on a Whitsun-Eve—there came a coach and four ;—

It pass'd the 'Green-Court' gate, and stopp'd before the Canon's door ;

The travel-stain on wheel and rein bespoke a weary way,—
Each panting steed relax'd its speed—out stept a Lady gay.

“‘Now, welcome ! welcome ! dearest Niece !’—the Canon then did cry,

And to his breast the Lady prest—he had a merry eye,—

‘Now, welcome ! welcome ! dearest Niece ! in sooth, thou'rt welcome here,

'Tis many a day since we have met—how fares my Brother dear ?’—

“‘Now thanks, my loving Uncle,’ that Lady gay replied :

‘Gramercy for thy benison !’—then ‘Out, alas !’ she sigh'd ;

‘My father dear he is not near ; he seeks the Spanish Main ;

He prays thee give me shelter here till he return again !’

“‘Now, welcome ! welcome ! dearest Niece ; come lay thy mantle by !’

The Canon kiss'd her ruby lip—he had a merry eye,—

But Nelly Cook askew did look,—it came into her mind

They were a little less than ‘kin,’ and rather more than ‘kind.’

“Three weeks are gone and over—full three weeks and a day,
Yet still within the Canon’s house doth dwell that Lady gay ;
On capons fine they daily dine, rich cates and sauces rare,
And they quaff good store of Bordeaux wine,—so dainty is
their fare.

“And fine upon the virginals is that gay Lady’s touch,
And sweet her voice unto the lute, you’ll scarce hear any such ;
But is it ‘ *O Sanctissima !* ’ she sings in dulcet tone ?
Or ‘ *Angels ever bright and fair ?* ’—Ah, no !—it’s ‘ *Bobbing
Joan !* ’

“The Canon’s house is lofty, and spacious to the view ;
The Canon’s cell is order’d well—yet Nelly looks askew ;
The Lady’s bower is in the tower,—yet Nelly shakes her
head—
She hides the poker and the tongs in that gay Lady’s bed !

“Six weeks were gone and over—full six weeks and a day,
Yet in that bed the poker and the tongs unheeded lay !
From which, I fear, it’s pretty clear that Lady rest had none ;
Or, if she slept in any bed—it was not in her own.

“But where that Lady pass’d her night, I may not well divine,
Perhaps in pious orisons at good St. Thomas’ Shrine,
And for her father far away breathed tender vows and true—
It may be so—I cannot say—But Nelly look’d askew.

“And still at night, by fair moonlight, when all were lock’d in
sleep,
She’d listen at the Canon’s door,—she’d through the keyhole
peep—
I know not what she heard or saw, but fury fill’d her eye—
—She bought some nasty Doctor’s stuff, and she put it in a
pie !

“It was a glorious summer’s eve—with beams of rosy red,
The Sun went down—all Nature smiled—but Nelly shook her
head !
Full softly to the balmy breeze rang out the Vesper bell—
—Upon the Canon’s startled ear it sounded like a knell !

‘Now, here’s to thee, mine Uncle! a health I drink to thee!
Now, pledge me back in Sherris sack, or a cup of Malvoisie!’—
The Canon sigh’d—but, rousing, cried, ‘I answer to thy call,
And a Warden-pie’s a dainty dish to mortify withal!’

“Tis early dawn—the matin chime rings out for morning
pray’r—

And Prior and Friar is in his stall—the Canon is not there!
Nor in the small Refect’ry hall, nor cloister’d walk is he—
All wonder—and the Sacristan says, ‘Lauk-a-daisy-me!’

“They’ve search’d the aisles and Baptistry—they’ve search’d
above—around—

The ‘Sermon House’—the ‘Audit Room’—the Canon is
not found.

They only find that pretty Cook concocting a *ragoût*,
They ask her where her master is—but Nelly looks askew.

“They call for crow-bars—‘jemmies’ is the modern name
they bear—

They burst through lock, and bolt, and bar—but what a sight
is there!—

The Canon’s head lies on the bed—his Niece lies on the floor!
—They are as dead as any nail that is in any door!

“The livid spot is on his breast, the spot is on his back!
His portly form, no longer warm with life, is swoln and
black!—

The livid spot is on her cheek,—it’s on her neck of snow,
And the Prior sighs, and sadly cries, ‘Well, here’s a pretty
Go!’

“All at the silent hour of night a bell is heard to toll,
A knell is rung, a *requiem*’s sung as for a sinful soul,
And there’s a grave within the Nave; it’s dark, and deep, and
wide,
And they bury there a Lady fair, and a Canon by her side!

“An Uncle—so ’tis whisper’d now throughout the sacred
Fane,—
And a Niece—whose father’s far away upon the Spanish
Main.—

The Sacristan, he says no word that indicates a doubt,
But he puts his thumb unto his nose, and spreads his fingers
out!

“And where doth tarry Nelly Cook, that staid and comely
lass?

Ay, where?—for ne’er from forth that door was Nelly known
to pass.

Her coif and gown of russet brown were lost unto the view,
And if you mention’d Nelly’s name—the Monks all, look’d
askew!

“There is a heavy paving-stone fast by the Canon’s door,
Of granite grey, and it may weigh some half a ton or more,
And it is laid deep in the shade within that Entry dark,
Where sun or moon-beam never play’d, or e’en one starry
spark.

“That heavy granite stone was moved that night, ’twas darkly
said,

And the mortar round its sides next morn seem’d fresh and
newly laid,

But what within the narrow vault beneath that stone doth
lie,

Or if that there be vault or no—I cannot tell—not I!

“But I’ve been told that moan and groan, and fearful wail
and shriek

Came from beneath that paving-stone for nearly half a week—
For three long days and three long nights came forth those
sounds of fear;

Then all was o’er—they never more fell on the listening ear.

“A hundred years have gone and past since last Nell Cook
was seen,

When worn by use, that stone got loose, and they went and
told the Dean.—

—Says the Dean, says he, ‘My Masons three! now haste and
fix it tight;’

And the Masons three peep’d down to see, and they saw a fear-
some sight.

"Beneath that heavy paving-stone a shocking hole they found—

It was not more than twelve feet deep, and barely twelve feet round ;

—A fleshless, sapless skeleton lay in that horrid well !

But who the deuce 'twas put it there those Masons could not tell.

"And near this fleshless skeleton a pitcher small did lie,
And a mouldy piece of 'kissing-crust,' as from a Warden-pie !

And Dr. Jones declared the bones were female bones, and,
'Zooks !

I should not be surprised,' said he, 'If these were Nelly Cook's !'

"It was in good Dean Bargrave's days, if I remember right,
Those fleshless bones beneath the stones these Masons brought to light ;

And you may well in the 'Dean's Chapelle' Dean Bargrave's portrait view,

'Who died one night,' says old Tom Wright, 'in sixteen
forty-two !'

"And so two hundred years have pass'd since that these
Masons three,

With curious looks, did set Nell Cook's unquiet spirit free ;

That granite stone had kept her down till then—so some
suppose,—

—Some spread their fingers out, and put their thumb unto
their nose.

"But one thing's clear—that all the year, on every Friday
night,

Throughout that Entry dark doth roam Nell Cook's unquiet
Sprite :

On Friday was that Warden-pie all by that Canon tried ;

On Friday died he, and that tidy Lady by his side !

"And though two hundred years have flown, Nell Cook doth
still pursue

Her weary walk, and they who cross her path the deed may
rue ;

Her fatal breath is fell as death ! the Simoom's blast is not
More dire—(a wind in Africa that blows uncommon hot).

“But all unlike the Simoom's blast, her breath is deadly cold,
Delivering quivering, shivering shocks upon both young and
old,

And whoso in that Entry dark doth feel that fatal breath,
He ever dies within the year some dire untimely death ;

“No matter who—no matter what condition, age, or sex,
But some ‘get shot,’ and some ‘get drown'd,’ and some ‘get’
broken necks ;

Some ‘get run over’ by a coach;—and one beyond the seas
‘Got’ scraped to death with oyster-shells among the Carib-
bees !

“Those Masons three, who set her free,—fell first!—it is
averr'd

That two were hang'd on Tyburn tree for murdering of the
third :

Charles Storey, too, his friend who slew, had ne'er, if truth
they tell,

Been gibbeted on Chatham Downs, had they not met with
Nell !

“Then send me not, mine Uncle dear, oh ! send me not, I
pray,

Back through that Entry dark to-night, but round some other
way !

I will not be a truant boy, but good, and mind my book,
For Heaven forbend that ever I foregather with Nell Cook !”

The class was call'd at morning tide, and Master Tom was
there ;

He look'd askew, and did eschew both stool, and bench, and
chair.

He did not talk, he did not walk, the tear was in his eye,—
He had not e'en that sad resource, to sit him down and cry.

Hence little boys may learn, when they from schools go out
to dine,

They should not deal in rigmarole, but still be back by nine ;

For if when they've their great coat on, they pause, before
they part,
To tell a long and prosy tale,—perchance their own may
smart.

MORAL.

—A few remarks to learned Clerks in country and in town—
Don't keep a pretty serving-maid, though clad in russet
brown!—

Don't let your Niece sing "Bobbing Joan!"—don't, with a
merry eye,

Hob-nob in Sack and Malvoisie,—and don't eat too much
pie!!

And oh! beware that Entry dark,—Especially at night,—
And don't go there with Jenny Smith all by the pale moon-
light!

So bless the Queen and her Royal Weans,—And the Prince
whose hand she took,—

And bless us all, both great and small,—and keep us from
Nell Cook!

Nursery Reminiscences.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
When I was a little Boy,
One fine morning in September
Uncle brought me home a toy.

I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks in kindest mood;
"Then," said he, "you little Fat-head,
There's a top because you're good."

Grandmamma—a shrewd observer—
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervour,
"Oh! how kind of Uncle John!"

While mamma, my form caressing,—
In her eye the tear-drop stood,

Read me this fine moral lesson,
"See what comes of being good !"

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December
I stole out and went to play ;

I remember Billy Hawkins
Came, and with his pewter squirt
Squibb'd my pantaloons and stockings,
Till they were all over dirt !

To my mother for protection
I ran, quaking every limb ;
—She exclaim'd, with fond affection,
"Gracious Goodness ! look at *him* !" —

Pa cried, when he saw my garment,
—"Twas a newly-purchased dress—
"Oh ! you nasty little *Warment*,
How came you in such a mess ?"

Then he caught me by the collar,
—Cruel only to be kind—
And to my exceeding dolour,
Gave me—several slaps behind.

Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
As she saw my evil plight,
Said—'twas rather stony-hearted—
"Little rascal ! *sarve* him right !"

I remember, I remember,
From that sad and solemn day,
Never more in dark December
Did I venture out to play.

And the moral which they taught, I
Well remember ; thus they said—
"Little Boys, when they are naughty,
Must be whipp'd and sent to bed !"

Aunt Fanny.

A LEGEND OF A SHIRT.

Virginibus, Puerisque canto.—HOR.
Old Maids, and Bachelors I chant to !—T. I.

I SING of a Shirt that *never was* new !
In the course of the year Eighteen hundred and two,
Aunt Fanny began, Upon Grandmamma's plan,
To make one for me, then her "dear little man."—
—At the epoch I speak about, I was between
A man and a boy, A hobble-de-hoy,
A fat, little, punchy concern of sixteen,—
Just beginning to flirt, And ogle,—so pert,
I'd been whipt every day had I had my desert,
—And Aunt Fan volunteer'd to make me a shirt !

I've said she *began* it,— Some unlucky planet
No doubt interfered,—for before she and Janet
Completed the "cutting out," "hemming," and "stitching,"
A tall Irish footman appear'd in the kitchen ;—

—This took off the maid, And, I'm sadly afraid,
My respected Aunt Fanny's attention, too, stray'd ;
For, about the same period, a gay son of Mars,
Cornet Jones of the Tenth (then the Prince's) Hussars,
With his fine dark eyelashes, And finer moustaches,
And the ostrich plume work'd on the corps' sabre-tasches
(I say nought of the gold-and-red cord of the sashes,
Or the boots far above the Guards' vile spatterdashes),—
So eyed, and so sigh'd, and so lovingly tried
To engage her whole ear as he lounged by her side,
Looking down on the rest with such dignified pride,

That she made up her mind, She should certainly find
Cornet Jones at her feet, whisp'ring, "Fan, be my bride !"—
—She had even resolved to say "Yes," should he ask it
—And I—and my Shirt—were both left in the basket.

To her grief and dismay She discover'd one day
Cornet Jones of the Tenth was a little too gay ;
For, besides that she saw him—he could not say nay—
Wink at one of the actresses capering away

In a Spanish *bolero*, one night at the play,
 She found he'd already a wife at Cambray ;—
 One at Paris—a nymph of the *corps de ballet* ;—
 And a third down in Kent, at a place call'd Foot's Cray.—

He was "viler than dirt!"— Fanny vow'd to exert
 All her powers to forget him,—and finish my Shirt.

But, oh ! lack-a-day ! How time slips away !—
 Who'd have thought that while Cupid was playing these tricks,
 Ten years had elapsed, and—I'd turn'd twenty-six ?

"I care not a whit, He's grown not a bit,"
 Says my Aunt, "it will still be a very good fit,"

So Janet and She, Now about thirty-three
 (The maid had been jilted by Mr. Magee),
 Each taking one end of "the Shirt" on her knee,
 Again began working with hearty good will,
 "Felling the Seams," and "whipping the Frill,"—
 For, twenty years since, though the Ruffle had vanish'd,
 A Frill like a Fan had by no means been banish'd ;
 People wore them at playhouses, parties, and churches,
 Like overgrown fins of overgrown perches.

Now, then, by these two thus laying their caps
 Together, my "Shirt" had been finish'd, perhaps,
 But for one of those queer little three-corner'd straps,
 Which the ladies call "Side-bits," that sever the "Flaps ;"

—Here unlucky Janet, Took her needle, and ran it
 Right into her thumb, and cried loudly, "Ads cuss it !
 I've spoil'd myself now by that 'ere nasty Gusset !"

For a month to come Poor dear Janet's thumb
 Was in that sort of state vulgar people call "Rum."

At the end of that time, A youth, still in his prime,
 The Doctor's fat Errand-boy,—just such a dolt as is
 Kept to mix draughts, and spread plasters and poultices,
 Who a bread-cataplasm each morning had carried her,
 Sigh'd,—ogled,—proposed,—was accepted,—and married her !

Much did Aunt Fan Disapprove of the plan ;
 She turn'd up her dear little snub at "the Man."

She "could not believe it,"— "Could scarcely conceive it
 Was possible—What ! *such* a place !—and then leave it !—

And all for a 'Shrimp' not as high as my hat—
A little contemptible 'Shaver' like that!!
With a broad pancake face, and eyes buried in fat!"

For her part, "She was sure She could never endure
A lad with a lisp, and a leg like a skewer!—
Such a name too;—('twas Potts!)—and so nasty a trade—
No, no,—she would much rather die an old maid!—
He a husband, indeed!—Well, mine, come what may come,
Shan't look like a blister, or smell of Guaiacum!"

But there! She'd "declare, It was Janet's affair—
—*Chacun à son goût* As she baked she might brew—
She could not prevent her—'twas no use in trying it—
Oh, no,—she had made her own bed, and might lie in it,
They 'repent at leisure who marry at random.'
No matter—*De gustibus non disputandum!*"

Consoling herself with this choice bit of Latin,
Aunt Fanny resignedly bought some white satin,
And, as the Soubrette, Was a very great pet
After all,—she resolved to forgive and forget,
And sat down to make her a bridal rosette,
With magnificent bits of some white-looking metal
Stuck in, here and there, each forming a petal.—
—On such an occasion, one couldn't feel hurt,—
Of course, that she ceased to remember—my Shirt!

Ten years,—or nigh,— Had again gone by,
When Fan accidentally casting her eye
On a dirty old work-basket, hung up on high
In the store-closet where herbs were put by to dry,
Took it down to explore it—she didn't know why.—

Within, a pea-soup colour'd fragment she spied,
Of the hue of a November fog in Cheapside,
Or a bad piece of ginger-bread spoilt in the baking.

—I still hear her cry,— "I wish I may die
If here isn't Tom's Shirt, that's been so long a-making!"

My gracious me! Well,—only to see!
I declare it's as yellow as yellow can be!
Why it looks as though't had been soak'd in green tea!

Dear me, *did you ever?*— But come—'twill be clever

To bring matters round ; so I'll do my endeavour
 'Better Late,' says an excellent proverb, 'than Never !'
 It is stain'd, to be sure ; but 'grass-bleaching' will bring it
 To rights 'in a jiffy.'—We'll wash it, and wring it ;

Or, stay,—'Hudson's Liquor' Will do it still quicker,
 And——" Here the new maid chimed in, "Ma'am, Salt of
 Lemon

Will make it, in no time, quite fit for a Gemman !"
 So they "set in the gathers,"—the large round the collar,
 While those at the wristbands of course were much smaller,—
 The button-holes now were at length "overcast ;"
 Then a button itself was sewn on—'twas the last !

All's done ! All's won !

Never under the sun

Was Shirt so late finish'd—so early begun !—

—The work would defy The most critical eye.

It was "bleach'd"—it was wash'd,—it was hung out to dry,—
 It was mark'd on the tail with a T and an I !

On the back of a chair it Was placed—just to air it,
 In front of the fire.—"Tom to-morrow shall wear it !"

—*O cæca mens hominum !* Fanny, good soul,

Left her charge for one moment—but one—a vile coal
 Bounced out from the grate, and set fire to the whole !

Had it been Doctor Arnott's new stove—not a grate :—
 Had the coal been a "Lord Mayor's coal,"—viz., a slate ;—
 What a different tale had I had to relate !

And Aunt Fan—and my shirt—been superior to Fate ;—

One moment—no more !— —Fan open'd the door !

The draught made the blaze ten times worse than before ;
 And Aunt Fanny sank down—in despair—on the floor !

You may fancy perhaps Agrippina's amazement,
 When looking one fine moonlight night from her casement,

She saw, while thus gazing, All Rome a-blazing,

And, losing at once all restraint on her temper, or
 Feelings, exclaim'd "Hang that Scamp of an Emperor,
 Although he's my son !— —He thinks it prime fun,
 No doubt !—While the flames are demolishing Rome,
 There's my Nero a fiddling and singing 'Sweet Home !'"

—Stay—I'm really not sure 'twas that lady who said
The words I've put down, as she stepp'd into bed,—
On reflection I rather believe *she* was dead ;

But e'en when at College, I Fairly acknowledge, I
Never was very precise in Chronology ;
So, if there's an error, pray set down as mine a
Mistake of no very great moment—in fine, a
Mere slip—'twas some Pleb's wife, if not Agrippina.

You may fancy that warrior, so stern and so stony,
Whom thirty years since we all used to call BONEY,
When, engaged in what he styled “fulfilling his destinies,
He led his rapsCALLIONS across the Borysthènes,

And made up his mind, Snug quarters to find
In Moscow, against the catarrhs and the coughs
Which are apt to prevail 'mongst the “Owskis” and “Offs.”

At a time of the year When your nose and your ear
Are by no means as safe there as people's are here,
Inasmuch as “Jack Frost,” that most fearful of Bogles,
Makes folks leave their cartilage oft in their “fogles.”

You may fancy, I say, That same BONEY's dismay,
When Count Rostopchin At once made him drop chin,
And turn up his eyes, as his rappee he took,
With a sort of *mort-de-ma-vie* kind of look,

On perceiving that “Swing,” And “all that sort of thing,”
Was at work—that he'd just lost the game without knowing it ;
That the Kremlin was blazing—the Russians “a-going it,”—
Every plug in the place frozen hard as the ground,
And the deuce of a Turncock at all to be found !

You may fancy King Charles at some Court Fancy-Ball,
(The date we may fix In Sixteen sixty-six,)

In the room built by Inigo Jones at Whitehall,
Whence his father, the Martyr,—(as such mourn'd by all
Who, in *his*, wept the Law's and the Monarchy's fall,)
Stept out to exchange regal robes for a pall—

You may fancy King Charles, I say, stopping the brawl,
As burst on his sight the old church of St. Paul,
By the light of its flames, now beginning to crawl
From basement to buttress, and topping its wall—
—You may fancy old Clarendon making a call,
And stating in cold, slow, monotonous drawl,

"Sire, from Pudding Lane's End, close by Fishmongers' Hall
 To Pye Corner, in Smithfield, there is not a stall
 There, in market, or street, not a house great or small,
 In which Knight wields his falchion, or Cobbler his awl,
 But's on fire!!"—You may fancy the general squall,
 And bawl as they all call for wimple and shawl!—
 —You may fancy all this—but I boldly assert
 You *can't* fancy Aunt Fan—as she look'd on MY SHIRT!!

Was't Apelles? or Zeuxis?—I think 'twas Apelles,
 That artist of old—I declare I can't tell his
 Exact patronymic—I write and pronounce ill
 These classical names—whom some Grecian Town-Council
 Employ'd—I believe by command of the Oracle,—
 To produce them a splendid piece, purely historical,
 For adorning the wall Of some fane or Guildhall,
 And who for his subject determined to try a
 Large painting in oils of Miss Iphigenia

At that moment her Sire, By especial desire
 Of "that Spalpeen, O'Dysseus" (see Barney Maguire),

Had resolved to devote Her beautiful throat
 To old Chalcas's knife, and her limbs to the fire;
 —An act which we moderns by no means admire,—
 An offering, 'tis true, to Jove, Mars, or Apollo cost
 No trifling sum in those days, if a holocaust,—
 Still, although for economy we should condemn none,
 In an *αναξ ανδραν* like the great Agamemnon,

To give up to slaughter An elegant daughter,
 After all the French, Music, and Dancing they'd taught her,
 And Singing,—at Heaven knows how much a quarter,—

In lieu of a Calf!— It was too bad by half!
 At a "nigger" so pitiful who would not laugh,
 And turn up their noses at one who could find
 No decenter method of "Raising the Wind?"

No doubt but he might, Without any great *Flight*,
 Have obtain'd it by what we call "flying a kite."
 Or on mortgage—or sure, if he couldn't so do it, he
 Must have succeeded "by way of annuity."

But there—it appears, His crocodile tears,
 His "Oh!s" and his "Ah!s," his "Oh Law!s" and "Oh
 dear!s,"

Were all thought sincere,—so in painting his Victim
 The Artist was splendid—but could not depict *Him*,
 His features and phiz awry Showed so much misery,
 And so like a dragon he Look'd in his agony,
 That the foiled Painter buried—despairing to gain a
 Good likeness—his face in a printed Bandana,
 —Such a veil is best thrown o'er one's face when one's hurt
 By some grief which no power can repair or avert!—
 —Such a veil I shall throw o'er Aunt Fan—and My Shirt!

MORAL.

And now for some practical hints from the story
 Of Aunt Fan's mishap, which I've thus laid before ye :

For, if rather too gay, I can venture to say,
 A fine vein of morality is, in each lay
 Of my primitive Muse, the distinguishing *trait*!—

First of all—Don't put off till to-morrow what may,
 Without inconvenience, be managed to-day !
 That golden occasion we call “Opportunity”
 Rarely's neglected by man with impunity !
 And the “Future,” how brightly soe'er by Hood's dupe colour'd.
 Ne'er may afford You a lost chance restored,
 Till both you, and YOUR SHIRT, are grown old and pea-soup-
 colour'd !

I would also desire You to guard your attire,
 Young Ladies,—and never go too near the fire!—
 —Depend on't there's many a dear little Soul
 Has found that a Spark is as bad as a coal,—
 And “in her best petticoat burnt a great hole!”

Last of all, gentle Reader, don't be too secure!—
 Let seeming success never make you “cock-sure!”

But beware!—and take care, When all things look fair,
 How you hang your Shirt over the back of your chair!—

—“There's many a slip Twixt the cup and the lip!”
 Be this excellent proverb, then, well understood,
 And DON'T HALLOO BEFORE YOU'RE QUITE OUT OF THE WOOD !

Misadventures at Margate.

A LEGEND OF JARVIS'S JETTY

MR. SIMPKINSON (*loquitur*).

'Twas in Margate last July, I walk'd upon the pier,
I saw a little vulgar Boy—I said, "What make you here?
The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy;"
Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar Boy?"

He frown'd, that little vulgar Boy,—he deem'd I meant to
scoff—

And when the little heart is big, a little "sets it off;"
He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose,—
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!—

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man!—it's striking nine," I
said,

"An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed,
Run home and get your supper, else your Ma will scold—Oh!
fie!

It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throb'd with agony,—he cried like anything.
I stoop'd and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur—"Ah!
I haven't got no supper! and I haven't got no Ma!—

"My father he is on the seas,—my mother's dead and gone!
And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone;
I have not had, this livelong day, one drop to cheer my heart,
Nor 'brown' to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart.

"If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was a vulgar Boy;)
'And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fix'd intent
To jump, as Mister Levi did from off the Monu-ment!"

Cheer up! cheer up! my little man—cheer up!" I kindly
said,

"You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head:

If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break your legs,
Perhaps your neck—then Bogey'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs!

"Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup,
My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up—
There's roast potatoes at the fire,—enough for me and you—
Come home, you little vulgar Boy—I lodge at Number 2."

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside "The Foy,"
I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy,—
And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,
"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X!"
But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys."
She with her apron wiped the plates, and as she rubb'd the delf
Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself!"

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb—
I changed a shilling—(which in town the people call "a Bob")—
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child—
And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild!"—
When I came back I gazed about—I gazed on stool and chair—

I could not see my little friend—because he was not there!
I peep'd beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa too—
I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why what's become of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons—I look'd, but could not see
The little fiddle-pattern'd ones I use when I'm at tea;
—I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—oh dear!

I know 'twas on the mantelpiece when I went out for beer.

I could not see my Macintosh—it was not to be seen!—
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad brimm'd and lined
with green;

My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and soy,—

My roast potatoes!—all are gone!—and so's that vulgar Boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,
 "Oh, Mrs. Jones! what *do* you think?—ain't this a pretty
 go?—
 —That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here to-night,
 —He's stolen my things and run away!!"—Says she, "And
 sarve you right!!"

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the Crier round,
 All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound
 To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used me so;
 But when the Crier cried, "O Yes!" the people cried, "O
 No!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,
 There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and down,
 I told my tale—he seem'd to think I'd not been treated well,
 And call'd me "Poor old Buffer!"—what that means I cannot
 tell.

That Sailor-man he said he'd seen that morning on the shore,
 A son of—something—'twas a name I'd never heard before,
 A little "gallows-looking chap"—dear me; what could he
 mean?

With a "carpet-swab" and "muckintogs," and a hat turn'd up
 with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes" and said he'd seen him
 "sheer,"

—It's very odd that Sailor-men should talk so very queer—
 And then he hitch'd his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their use,
 — It's very odd that Sailor-men should wear those things so
 loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say
 He'd seen that little vulgar boy, that morning, swim away
 In Captain Large's Royal George, about an hour before,
 And they were now, as he supposed, "*somewheres*" about the
 Nore.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap—he's been upon the
 Mill—
 and 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him Veeping
 Bill!"

He said, "he'd done me wery brown," and nicely "*stow'd* the *swag*,"
—That's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track :
He ask'd me if "I did not wish that I might get it back ?"
I answer'd, "To be sure I do !—it's what I'm come about."
He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you are out ?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the Boy who'd "done me brown."
His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,
But he rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about.

He sent for Mr. Withair then, and I described "the swag,"
My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag ;
He promised that the New Police should all their powers employ !
But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy.

MORAL.

Remember, then, what when a boy I've heard my Grandma' tell,
"BE WARN'D IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO FULL WELL !"
Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no fixed abode,
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say "they wish they may be blow'd !"

Don't take too much of double X !—and don't at night go out
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your stout !
And when you go to Margate next, just stop and ring the bell,
Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well !

The Smuggler's Leap.

A LEGEND OF THANET.

THE fire-flash shines from Reculver cliff,
 And the answering light burns blue in the skiff,
 And there they stand, That smuggling band,
 Some in the water and some on the sand,
 Ready those contraband goods to land :
 The night is dark, they are silent and still,
 —At the head of the party is Smuggler Bill !

“ Now lower away ! come, lower away !
 We must be far ere the dawn of the day.
 If Exciseman Gill should get scent of the prey,
 And should come, and should catch us here, what would he
 say ?
 Come, lower away, lads—once on the hill,
 We'll laugh, ho ! ho ! at Exciseman Gill ! ”

The cargo's lower'd from the dark skiff's side,
 And the tow-line drags the tubs through the tide,
 No flick nor flam, But your real Schiedam,
 “ Now mount, my merry men, mount and ride ! ”
 Three on the crupper and one before,
 And the led-horse laden with five tubs more ;
 But the rich point-lace, In the oil-skin case
 Of proof to guard its contents from ill,
 The “ prime of the swag,” is with Smuggler Bill !

Merrily now in a goodly row,
 Away and away those smugglers go,
 And they laugh at Exciseman Gill, ho ! ho !
 When out from the turn Of the road to Herne,
 Comes Gill, wide awake to the whole concern !
 Exciseman Gill, in all his pride,
 With the Custom-house officers all at his side !
 They were call'd Custom-house officers then ;
 There were no such things as “ Preventive men.”
 Sauve qui peut ! That lawless crew,
 Away, and away, and away they flew !
 Some dropping one tub, some dropping two ; —

Some gallop this way, and some gallop that,
Through Fordwich Level—o'er Sandwich Flat,
Some fly that way, and some fly this,
Like a covey of birds when the sportsmen miss ;

These in their hurry Made for Sturry,
With Custom-house officers close in their rear.
Down Rushbourne Lane, and so by Westbere,

None of them stopping, But shooting and popping,
And many a Custom-house bullet goes slap
Through many a three-gallon tub like a tap,

And the gin spurts out And squirts all about,
And many a heart grew sad that day,
That so much good liquor was so thrown away.

Sauve qui peut ! That lawless crew
Away, and away, and away they flew !
Some seek Whitstable—some Grove Ferry,
Spurring and whipping like madmen—very—
For the life ! for the life ! they ride ! they ride !
And the Custom-house officers all divide,
And they gallop on after them far and wide !
All, all, save one—Exciseman Gill,—
He sticks to the skirts of Smuggler Bill !

Smuggler Bill is six feet high,
He has curling locks, and a roving eye,
He has a tongue and he has a smile
Trained the female heart to beguile,
And there is not a farmer's wife in the Isle,

From St. Nicholas quite To the Foreland Light,
But that eye, and that tongue, and that smile will wheedle her
To have done with the Grocer and make *him* her Tea-dealer ;
There is not a farmer there but he still
Buys gin and tobacco from Smuggler Bill.

Smuggler Bill rides gallant and gay
On his dapple-grey mare, away, and away,
And he pats her neck, and he seems to say,
"Follow who will, ride after who may,

In sooth he had need Fodder his steed,
In lieu of Lent-corn, with a Quicksilver feed ;

—Nor oats, nor beans, nor the best of old hay,
Will make him a match for my own dapple-grey!
Ho! ho!—ho! ho!” says Smuggler Bill—
He draws out a flask and he sips his fill,
And he laughs “Ho! ho!” at Exciseman Gill.

Down Chislett Lane, so free and so fleet
Rides Smuggler Bill, and away to Up-street;
Sarre Bridge is won— Bill thinks it fun;
“Ho! ho! the old tub-gauging son of a gun—
His wind will be thick, and his breeks be thin,
Ere a race like this he may hope to win!”

Away, away Goes the fleet dapple-grey,
Fresh as the breeze and free as the wind,
And Exciseman Gill lags far behind.
“*I would give my soul*,” quoth Exciseman Gill,
“For a nag that would catch that Smuggler Bill!—
No matter for blood, no matter for bone,
No matter for colour, bay, brown, or roan,
So I had but one!” A voice cried “Done!”
“Ay, dun,” said Exciseman Gill, and he spied
A custom-house officer close by his side,
On a high-trotting horse with a dun-colour’d hide.—
“*Devil take me*,” again quoth Exciseman Gill,
“If I had but that horse, I’d have Smuggler Bill!”

From his using such shocking expressions, it’s plain
That Exciseman Gill was rather profane.

He was, it is true, As bad as a Jew,
A sad old scoundrel as ever you knew,
And he rode in his stirrups sixteen stone two.
—He’d just utter’d the words which I’ve mention’d to you,
When his horse coming slap on his knees with him, threw
Him head over heels, and away he flew,
And Exciseman Gill was bruised black and blue.

When he arose His hands and his clothes
Were as filthy as could be,—he’d pitched on his nose,
And rolled over and over again in the mud,
And his nose and his chin were all cover’d with blood;
Yet he scream’d with passion, “I’d rather grill
Than not come up with that Smuggler Bill!”

—"Mount! Mount!" quoth the Custom-house officer, "get
On the back of my Dun, you'll bother him yet.
Your words are plain, though they're somewhat rough,
'Done and done' between gentlemen's always enough!—
I'll lend you a lift—there—you're up on him—so,
He's a rum one to look at—a *devil to go!*"

Exciseman Gill Dash'd up the hill,
And mark'd not, so eager was he in pursuit,
The queer Custom-house officer's queer-looking boot.

Smuggler Bill rides on amain,
He slacks not girth and he draws not rein,
Yet the dapple-grey mare bounds on in vain,
For nearer now—and he hears it plain—
Sounds the tramp of a horse—" 'Tis the Gauger again!"

Smuggler Bill Dashes round by the mill
That stands near the road upon Monkton Hill,—
"Now speed,—now speed, My dapple-grey steed,
Thou ever, my dapple, wert good at need!
O'er Monkton Mead, and through Minster Level,
We'll baffle him yet be he gauger or devil!

For Manston Cave, away! away!
Now speed thee, now speed thee, my good dapple-grey,
It shall never be said that Smuggler Bill
Was run down like a hare by Exciseman Gill!"

Manston Cave was Bill's abode,
A mile to the north of the Ramsgate Road,
(Of late they say It's been taken away,
That is, levell'd and fill'd up with chalk and clay,
By a gentleman there of the name of Day),
Thither he urges his good dapple-grey;

And the dapple-grey steed, Still good at need,
Though her chest it pants, and her flanks they bleed,
Dashes along at the top of her speed;
But nearer and nearer Exciseman Gill
Cries "Yield thee! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill!"

Smuggler Bill, he looks behind,
And sees the Dun horse come swift as the wind,
And his nostrils smoke and his eyes they blaze
Like a couple of lamps on a yellow post-chaise!

Every shoe he has got Appears red-hot!

And sparks round his ears snap, crackle, and play,
And his tail cocks up in a very odd way ;
Every hair in his mane seems a porcupine's quill,
And there on his back sits Exciseman Gill,
Crying "Yield thee! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill!"

Smuggler Bill from his holster drew
A large horse-pistol of which he had two!
Made by Nock ; He pull'd back the cock
As far as he could to the back of the lock ;
The trigger he touch'd, and the welkin rang
To the sound of the weapon, it made such a bang ;
Smuggler Bill ne'er miss'd his aim,
The shot told true on the Dun—but there came
From the hole where it enter'd—not blood,—but flame,
—He changed his plan, And fired at the man ;
But his second horse-pistol flash'd in the pan!
And Exciseman Gill, with a hearty good will,
Made a grab at the collar of Smuggler Bill.

The dapple-grey mare made a desperate bound
When that queer Dun horse on her flank she found,
Alack! and alas! on what dangerous ground!
It's enough to make one's flesh to creep
To stand on that fearful verge and peep
Down the rugged sides so dreadfully steep,
Where the chalk-hole yawns full sixty feet deep,
O'er which that steed took that desperate leap!
It was so dark then under the trees,
No horse in the world could tell chalk from cheese—
Down they went—o'er that terrible fall,—
Horses, Exciseman, Smuggler, and all!!

Below were found Next day on the ground
By an elderly gentleman walking his round
(I wouldn't have seen such a sight for a pound),
All smash'd and dash'd, three mangled corpses,
Two of them human—the third was a horse's—
That good dapple-grey, and Exciseman Gill
Yet grasping the collar of Smuggler Bill!

But where was the Dun? that terrible Dun?
From that terrible night he was seen by none!—

There are some people think, though I am not one,
That part of the story all nonsense and fun,

But the country-folks there, One and all declare,
When the "Crown's 'Quest" came to sit on the pair,
They heard a loud Horse-laugh up in the air!—

—If in one of the trips Of the steam-boat Eclipse
You should go down to Margate to look at the ships,
Or to take what the bathing-room people call "Dips,"

You may hear old folks talk Of that quarry of chalk :
Or go over—it's rather too far for a walk,
But a three-shilling drive will give you a peep
At that fearful chalk-pit—so awfully deep,
Which is call'd to this moment "The Smuggler's Leap!"
Nay more, I am told, on a moonshiny night,
If you're "plucky," and not over-subject to fright,
And go and look over that chalk-pit white,

You may see if you will, The Ghost of Old Gill
Grappling the Ghost of Smuggler Bill,
And the Ghost of the dapple-grey lying between 'em—
I'm told so—I can't say I know one who's seen 'em!

MORAL.

And now, gentle Reader, one word ere we part,
Just take a friend's counsel, and lay it to heart.
Imprimis, don't smuggle!—if bent to please Beauty,
You *must* buy French lace,—purchase what has paid duty!
Don't use naughty words, in the next place,—and ne'er in
Your language adopt a bad habit of swearing!

Never say, "Devil take me!"

Or "shake me!" or "bake me!"

Or such-like expressions—Remember Old Nick
To take folks at their word is remarkably quick.
Another sound maxim I'd wish you to keep,
Is, "Mind what you're after, and—Look ere you Leap!"
Above all, to my last gravest caution attend—

NEVER BORROW A HORSE YOU DON'T KNOW OF A FRIEND!!

Bloudie Jacke of Shrewsberrie.

THE SHROPSHIRE BLUEBEARD.

A LEGEND OF "THE PROUD SALOPIANS."

OH ! why doth thine eye gleam so bright,

Bloudie Jacke ?

Oh ! why doth thine eye gleam so bright ?—

The Mother's at home, The Maid may not roam,
She never will meet thee to-night !

By the light

Of the moon—it's impossible—quite !

Yet thine eye is still brilliant and bright,

Bloudie Jacke !

It gleams with a fiendish delight—

"'Tis done— She is won !

Nothing under the sun

Can loose the charm'd ring, though it's slight !

Ho ! ho !

It fits so remarkably tight !"—

The wire is as thin as a thread,

Bloudie Jacke !

The wire is as thin as a thread !—

"Though slight be the chain, Again might and main
Cannot rend it in twain,—she is wed !

She is wed !

She is mine, be she living or dead !

Haw ! haw ! !"

Nay, laugh not, I pray thee, so loud,

Bloudie Jacke !

Oh ! laugh not so loud and so clear !

Though sweet is thy smile The heart to beguile,
Yet thy laugh is quite shocking to hear,

O dear !

It makes the blood curdle with fear !

The Maiden is gone by the glen,

Bloudie Jacke !

She is gone by the glen and the wood—

It's a very odd thing She should wear such a ring,
While her tresses are bound with a snood.

By the rood !

It's a thing that's not well understood !

The maiden is stately and tall,

Bloudie Jackie !

And stately she walks in her pride ;

But the young Mary-Anne Runs as fast as she can.
To o'ertake her, and walk by her side !

Though she chide—

She deems not her sister a bride !

But the Maiden is gone by the glen,

Bloudie Jackie !

Mary-Anne she is gone by the lea ;

She o'ertakes not her sister It's clear she has miss'd her,
And cannot think where she can be !

Dear me !

“ Ho ! ho !—We shall see ! we shall see ! ”

Mary-Anne is gone over the lea,

Bloudie Jackie !

Mary-Anne she is come to the Tower !

But it makes her heart quail For it looks like a jail,
A deal more than a fair Lady's bower,

So sour

It's ugly grey walls seem to lour.

For the barbican's massy and high,

Bloudie Jackie !

And the oak-door is heavy and brown ;

And with iron it's plated And machicollated,
To pour boiling oil and lead down ;

How you'd frown

Should a ladle-full fall on your own crown !

The rock that it stands on is steep,

Bloudie Jackie !

To gain it one's forced for to creep ;

The Portcullis is strong, And the Drawbridge is long,

And the water runs all round the Keep ;
At a peep
You can see that the moat's very deep !

The Drawbridge is long, but it's down,
Blondie Jacke!

And the Portcullis hangs in the air ;
 And no Warder is near, With his horn and his spear,
 To give notice when people come there.—

I declare
Mary-Anne has run into the Square !

The oak-door is heavy and brown,
Bloudie Hacke!

But the oak-door is standing ajar,
And no one is there To say, "Pray take a chair,
You seem tired, Miss, with running so far—
So you are—

With grown people you're scarce on a par!"

But the young Mary-Anne is *not* tired,
Blondie Backe !

She roams o'er your Tower by herself ;
 She runs through, very soon, Each boudoir and saloon,
 And examines each closet and shelf,

Your pelf,
All your plate, and your china—and delf.

She looks at your Arras so fine,
Blondie Jacke!

So rich, all description it mocks ;
 And she now and then pauses To gaze at your vases,
 Your pictures, and or-molu clocks ;

Every box,
Every cupboard and drawer she unlocks.

She looks at the paintings so rare,
Blondie Jacke !

That adorn every wall in your house ;
 Your *impayable* pieces, Your Paul Veroneses,
 Your Rembrandts, your Guidos, and Dows,
 Morland's Cows,
 Claude's Landscapes,— and Landseer's Bow-wows.

She looks at your Statues so fine,

Bloudie Jackie !

And mighty great notice she takes

Of your Niobe crying, Your Mirmillo dying,
Your Hercules strangling the snakes,—

How he shakes

The nasty great things as he wakes !

Your Laocoon, his serpents and boys,

Bloudie Jackie !

She views with some little dismay ;

A copy of that I can See in the Vatican,
Unless the Pope's sent it away,

As they say,

In the Globe, he intended last May.

There's your Belvidere Phœbus, with which,

Bloudie Jackie !

Mr. Milman says none other vies.

(His lines on Apollo Beat all the rest hollow,
And gain'd him the Newdigate prize.)

How the eyes

Seem watching the shaft as it flies !

There's a room full of satins and silks,

Bloudie Jackie !

There's a room full of velvet and lace,

There are drawers full of rings

And a thousand fine things,

And a splendid gold watch with a case

O'er its face,

Is in every room in the place.

There are forty fine rooms on a floor,

Bloudie Jackie !

And every room fit for a Ball,

It's so gorgeous and rich, With so lofty a pitch,
And so long, and so broad, and so tall ;

Yes, all,

Save the last one—and that's very small !

It boasts not stool, table, or chair,

Bloudie Jackie !

But *one* Cabinet, costly and grand,
Which has little gold figures Of little gold Niggers
With fishing-rods stuck in each hand.—

It's japann'd,

And its placed on a splendid buhl stand.

Its hinges and clasps are of gold,

Bloudie Jacke !

And of gold are its key-hole and key.

And the drawers within Have each a gold pin,
And they're number'd with 1, 2, and 3,

You may see

All the figures in gold filigree !

Number 1's full of emeralds green,

Bloudie Jacke !

Number 2's full of diamonds and pearl ;

But what does she see In drawer Number 3,
That makes all her senses to whirl,

Poor Girl !

And each lock of her hair to uncurl ?—

Wedding fingers are sweet pretty things,

Bloudie Jacke !

To salute them one eagerly strives,

When one kneels to "propose"—

It's another *quelque chose*

When cut off at the knuckles with knives,

From our wives,

They are tied up in bunches of fives.

Yet there they lie, one, two, three, four !

Bloudie Jacke !

There lie they, five, six, seven, eight !

And by them in rows, Lie eight little Great-toes,
To match in size, colour, and weight !

From their state,

It would seem they'd been sever'd of late.

Beside them are eight Wedding-rings,

Bloudie Jacke !

And the gold is as thin as a thread—

“Ho! ho!—She is mine— This will make up the Nine.”
Dear me! who those shocking words said?—

—She fled

To hide herself under the bed.

But, alas! there's no bed in the room,

Blondie Jackie!

And she peeps from the window on high;

Only fancy her fright And the terrible sight
Down below, which at once meets her eye!

“Oh My!!”

She half utter'd,—but stifled her cry.

For she saw it was You and your Man,

Blondie Jackie!

And she heard your unpleasant “Haw! haw!!”

While her sister, stone dead, By the hair of her head,
O'er the bridge you were trying to draw,

As she saw—

A thing quite contra-ry to law!

Your man has got hold of her heels,

Blondie Jackie!

Blondie Jackie! you've got hold of her hair!—

But nor Jackie nor his Man

Can see young Mary-Anne,

She has hid herself under the stair,

And there

Is a horrid great Dog, I declare!

His eye-balls are bloodshot and blear,

Blondie Jackie!

He's a sad ugly cur for a pet;

He seems of the breed Of that “Billy,” indeed,
Who used to kill rats for a bet;

—I forget

How many one morning he ate.

He has skull, ribs, and vertebræ there,

Blondie Jackie!

And thigh-bones ;—and, though it's so dim,

Yet it's plain to be seen

He has pick'd them quite clean,—

She expects to be torn limb from limb,

So grim

He looks at her—and she looks at him.

She has given him a bun and a roll,

Bloudie Jacke !

She has given him a roll and a bun,

And a Shrewsbury cake, Of *Passin's* own make,

Which she happen'd to take ere her run

She begun—

She'd been used to a luncheon at One.

It's "a pretty particular Fix,"

Bloudie Jacke !

—Above,—there's the Maiden that's dead;

Below—growling at her— There's that Cannibal Cur

Who at present is munching her bread,

Instead

Of her leg,—or her arm,—or her head.

It's "a pretty particular Fix,"

Bloudie Jacke !

She is caught like a mouse in a trap ;—

Stay!—there's something, I think,

That has slipp'd through a chink,

And fall'n, by a singular hap,

Slap,

Into poor little Mary-Anne's lap !

It's a very fine little gold ring,

Bloudie Jacke !

Yet, though slight, it's remarkably stout,

But it's made a sad stain, Which will always remain

On her frock—for Blood will not wash out ;

I doubt

Salts of Lemon won't bring it about !

She has grasp'd that gold ring in her hand,

Bloudie Jacke !

In an instant she stands on the floor,
 She makes but one bound O'er the back of the hound,
 And a hop, skip, and jump to the door,
 And she's o'er
 The drawbridge she'd traversed before !

Her hair's floating loose in the breeze,
Bloudie Jackie !

For gone is her "bonnet of blue."

—Now the Barbican's past !— Her legs "go it" as fast
 As two drumsticks a-beating tattoo,
 As they do
 At Réveille, Parade, or Review !

She has run into Shrewsbury town,
Bloudie Jackie !

She has call'd out the Beadle and May'r,
 And the Justice of Peace, And the Rural Police,
 Till "Battle Field" swarms like a Fair,—
 And see there!—

E'en the Parson's beginning to swear!!

There's a pretty to-do in your Tower,
Bloudie Jackie !

In your Tower there's a pretty to-do !
 All the people of Shrewsbury Playing old gooseberry
 With your choice bits of taste and *vertu* ;
 Each bijou
 Is upset in their search after you !

They are playing the deuce with your things,
Bloudie Jackie !

There's your Cupid is broken in two,
 And so too, between us, is Each of your Venuses,
 The "Antique" ones you bought of the Jew,
 And the new
 One, George Robins swears came from St. Cloud.

The CALLIPYGE's injured behind,
Bloudie Jackie !

The DE MEDICI's injured before !
 And the ANADYOMENE's injured in so many

Places, I think there's a score,
If not more,
Of her fingers and toes on the floor.

They are hunting you up-stairs and down,
Blondie Jacke !

Every person to pass is forbid,
While they turn out the closets And all their deposits —
“There’s the dust-hole—come lift up the lid!”—

So they did—
But they could not find where you were hid!

Ah! Ah!—they will have you at last,
Blondie Jacke!

The chimneys to search they begin ;—
They have found you at last !—

There you are, sticking fast,
With your knees doubled up to your chin,
Though you're thin !—

—Dear me! what a mess you are in!—

What a terrible pickle you're in,
Blondie Jacke !

Why, your face is as black as your hat !
Your fine Holland shirt Is all over dirt !
And so is your point-lace cravat !

What a Flat
To seek such an asylum as that!

They can scarcely help laughing, I vow,
Blondie Jacke!

In the midst of their turmoil and strife ;
 You're not fit to be seen ! —You look like Mr. Kean
 In the play where he murders his wife !—

On my life . . .
You ought to be scraped with a knife!

They have pull'd you down flat on your back.
Blondie Jacke !

They have pull'd you down flat on your back !
And they smack, and they thwack,
Till your "funny bones" crack,

As if you were stretch'd on the rack,
 At each thwack !—
 Good lack ! what a savage attack !

They call for the Parliament Man,
 Bloudie Jacke !
 And the Hangman, the matter to clinch,
 And they call for the Judge, But others cry "Fudge !—
 Don't budge, Mr. Calcraft, an inch !
 Mr. Lynch

Will do very well at a pinch !"
 It is useless to scuffle and cuff,
 Bloudie Jacke !

It is useless to struggle and bite,
 And to kick and to scratch,
 You have met with your match,
 And the Shrewsbury Boys hold you tight,
 Despite
 Your determined attempts "to show fight."

They are pulling you all sorts of ways,
 Bloudie Jacke !
 They are twisting your right leg Nor-West,
 And your left leg due South,
 And your knee's in your mouth,
 And your head is poked down on your breast,
 And it's prest,
 I protest, almost into your chest !

They have pull'd off your arms and your legs,
 Bloudie Jacke !
 As the naughty boys serve the blue flies ;
 And they've torn from their sockets,
 And put in their pockets
 Your fingers and thumbs for a prize !
 And your eyes

A Doctor has bottled—from Guy's.
 Your trunk, thus dismember'd and torn,
 Bloudie Jacke !

They hew, and they hack, and they chop ;
 And, to finish the whole, They stick up a pole

In the place that's still call'd the ~~Capit~~ Coppe,
 And they pop
 Your grim gory head on the top!

They have buried the fingers and toes,
 Bloudie Jacke!

Of the victims so lately your prey.
 From those fingers and eight toes
 Sprang early potatoes,

"Ladys' fingers" they're call'd to this day;
 —So they say,—
 And you usually dig them in May.

What became of the dear little girl?
 Bloudie Jacke!

What became of the young Mary-Anne?
 Why, I'm sadly afraid That she died an Old Maid,
 For she fancied that every Young Man
 Had a plan

To trepan her like "poor Sister Fan!"
 So they say she is now leading apes,
 Bloudie Jacke!

And mends Bachelors' small-clothes below;
 The story is old, And has often been told,
 But I cannot believe it is so—

No! No!
 Depend on't the tale is "No Go!"

MORAL

And now for the moral I'd fain,
 Bloudie Jacke!

That young Ladies should draw from my pen,—
 It's—"Don't take these flights Upon moon-shiny nights,
 With gay, *harum-scarum* young men,
 Down a glen!—

You really can't trust one in ten!

Let them think of your terrible Tower,
 Bloudie Jacke!

And don't let them liberties take,
 Whether Maidens or Spouses, In Bachelors' houses;
 Or, some time or another, they'll make
 A Mistake!

And lose—more than a Shrewsburie Cake!!

The Babes in the Wood; or, the Norfolk Tragedy.

AN OLD SONG TO A NEW TUNE.

WHEN we were all little and good,—
A long time ago I'm afraid, Miss—
We were told of the Babes in the Wood
By their false, cruel Uncle betray'd, Miss ;
Their Pa was a Squire, or a Knight ;
In Norfolk I think his estate lay—
That is, if I recollect right,
For I've not read the history lately.

Rum ti, &c.

Their Pa and their Ma being seized
With a tiresome complaint, which, in some seasons,
People are apt to be seized
With, who're not on their guard against plum-seasons
Their medical man shook his head,
And he could not get well to the root of it ;
And the Babes stood on each side the bed,
While their Uncle, he stood at the foot of it.

"Oh, Brother !" their Ma whisper'd, faint
And low, for breath seeming to labour, "Who'd
Think that this horrid complaint,
That's been going about in the neighbourhood,
Thus should attack me —nay, more,
My poor husband besides,—and so fall on him !
Bringing us so near to Death's door
That we can't avoid making a call on him !

"Now think, 'tis your sister invokes
Your aid, and the last word she says is,
Be kind to those dear little folks
When our toes are turn'd up to the daisies !
By the servants don't let them be snubb'd,—
Let Jane have her fruit and her custard,—
And mind Johnny's chilblains are rubb'd
Well with Whitehead's best essence of mustard.

You know they'll be pretty well off in
Respect to what's call'd 'worldly gear,'
For John, when his Pa's in his coffin,
Comes into three hundred a-year ;
And Jane's to have five hundred pound
On her marriage paid down, ev'ry penny,
So you'll own a worse match might be found,
Any day in the week than our Jenny !"

Here the Uncle pretended to cry,
And, like an old thorough-paced rogue, he
Put his handkerchief up to his eye,
And devoted himself to Old Bogey
If he did not make matters all right,
And said, should he covet their riches,
He "wish'd the old Gentleman might
Fly away with him, body and breeches."

No sooner, however, were they
Put to bed with a spade by the sexton,
Than he carried the darlings away
Out of that parish into the next one,
Giving out he should take them to town,
And select the best school in the nation,
That John might not grow up a clown,
But receive a genteel education.

"Greek and Latin old twaddle I call !"
Says he, "While his mind's ductile and plastic,
I'll place him at Dotheboys Hall,
Where he'll learn all that's new and gymnastic.
While Jane, as, when girls have the dumps,
Fortune-hunters, by scores, to entrap 'em rise,
Shall go to those worthy old frumps,
The two Misses Tickler of Clapham Rise !"

Having thought on the How and the When
To get rid of his nephew and niece,
He sent for two ill-looking men,
And he gave them five guineas a-piece.—
Says he, "Each of you take up a child
On the crupper, and when you have trotted
Some miles through that wood lone and wild,
Take your knife out and cut its carotid !"

"Done" and "Done" is pronounced on each side,
While the poor little dears are delighted
To think they a cock-horse shall ride,
And are not in the least degree frightened ;
They say their "Ta! Ta!" as they start,
And they prattle so nice on their journey,
That the rogues themselves wish to their heart
They could finish the job by attorney.

Nay, one was so taken aback
By seeing such spirit and life in them,
That he fairly exclaim'd "I say, Jack,
I'm blow'd if I *can* put a knife in them!"—
"Pooh!" said his pal, "you great dunce!
You've pouch'd the good gentleman's money,
So out with your whinger at once,
And scrag Jane, while I spiflicate Johnny!"

He refused, and harsh language ensued,
Which ended at length in a duel,
When he that was mildest in mood
Gave the truculent rascal his gruel ;
The Babes quake with hunger and fear,
While the ruffian his dead comrade, Jack, buries ;
Then he cries, "Loves, amuse yourselves here
With the hips, and the haws, and the blackberries!

"I'll be back in a couple of shakes ;
So don't, dears, be quivering and quaking,
I'm going to get you some cakes,
And a nice butter'd roll that's a-baking !"

He rode off with a tear in his eye,
Which ran down his rough cheek, and wet it,
As he said to himself with a sigh,
"Pretty souls!—don't they wish they may get it!!"

From that moment the Babes ne'er caught sight
Of the wretch who thus sought their undoing,
But pass'd all that day and that night
In wandering about and "boo-hoo"-ing.
The night proved cold, dreary, and dark,
So that, worn out with sighings and sobbings,
Next morn they were found stiff and stark,
And stone-dead, by two little Cock-Robins.

These two little birds it sore grieves
To see what so cruel a dodge I call,—
They cover the bodies with leaves,
An interment quite ornithological ;
It might more expensive have been,
But I doubt, though I've not been to see 'em,
If among those in all Kensal Green
You could find a more neat Mausoleum.
Now, whatever your rogues may suppose,
Conscience always makes restless their pillows,
And Justice, though blind, has a nose
That sniffs out all conceal'd peccadilloes.
The wicked old Uncle, they say,
In spite of his riot and revel,
Was hippish and qualmish all day,
And dreamt all night long of the d—l.
He grew gouty, dyspeptic, and sour,
And his brow, once so smooth and so placid,
Fresh wrinkles acquired every hour,
And whatever he swallow'd turn'd acid.
The neighbours thought all was not right,
Scarcely one with him ventured to parley,
And Captain Swing came in the night,
And burnt all his beans and his barley.
There was hardly a day but some fox
Ran away with his geese and his ganders ;
His wheat had the mildew, his flocks
Took the rot, and his horses the glanders ;
His daughters drank rum in their tea,
His son, who had gone for a sailor,
Went down in a steamer at sea,
And his wife ran away with a tailor.
It was clear he lay under a curse ;
None would hold with him any communion ;
Every day matters grew worse and worse,
Till they ended at length in The Union ;
While his man being caught in some fact
(The particular crime I've forgotten),
When he came to be hang'd for the act,
Split, and told the whole story to Cotton.

Understanding the matter was blown,
 His employer became apprehensive
 Of what, when 'twas more fully known,
 Might ensue—he grew thoughtful and pensive ;
 He purchased some sugar-of-lead,
 Took it home, popp'd it into his porridge,
 Ate it up, and then took to his bed,
 And so died in the workhouse at Norwich.

MORAL.

Ponder well now, dear Parents, each word
 That I've wrote, and when Sirius rages
 In the dog-days, don't be so absurd
 As to blow yourselves out with Green-gages !
 Of stone-fruits in general be shy,
 And reflect it's a fact beyond question
 That Grapes, when they're spelt with an *i*,
 Promote anything else but digestion.—

—When you set about making your will,
 Which is commonly done when a body's ill,
 Mind, and word it with caution and skill,
 And avoid, if you can, any codicil !
 When once you've appointed an heir
 To the fortune you've made, or obtain'd, ere
 You leave a reversion beware
 Whom you place in contingent remainder !

Executors, Guardians, and all
 Who have children to mind, don't ill treat them,
 Nor think that, because they are small
 And weak, you may beat them, and cheat them.
 Remember that "ill-gotten goods
 Never thrive ;" their possession's but cursory,
 So never turn out in the woods
 Little folks you should keep in the nursery.

Be sure he who does such base things
 Will ne'er stifle Conscience's clamour ;
 His "riches will make themselves wings,"
 And his property come to the hammer !

Then He,—and not those he bereaves,
 Will have most cause for sighings and sobbings,
 When he finds *himself* smother'd with leaves
 (Of fat catalogues) heap'd up by Robins !

The Dead Drummer.

A LEGEND OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

OH, Salisbury Plain is bleak and bare,—
 At least so I've heard many people declare,
 For I fairly confess I never was there ;—
 Not a shrub, nor a tree, Nor a bush can you see,
 No hedges, no ditches, no gates, no stiles,
 Much less a house or a cottage for miles ;—
 —It's a very sad thing to be caught in the rain
 When night's coming on upon Salisbury Plain.

Now, I'd have you to know That a great while ago,—
 The best part of a century, may be, or so,—
 Across this same plain, so dull and so dreary,
 A couple of Travellers, way-worn and weary,
 Were making their way ; Their profession, you'd say
 At a single glance, did not admit of a query ;
 The pump-handled pig-tail, and whiskers worn then,
 With scarce an exception, by sea-faring men,
 The jacket,—the loose trousers "bows'd up together"—all
 Guiltless of braces, as those of Charles Wetherall,—
 The pigeon-toed step, and the rollicking motion,
 Bespoke them two genuine sons of the Ocean,
 And show'd in a moment their real charâcters,
 (The accent so placed on this word by our Jack Tars).

The one in advance was sturdy and strong,
 With arms uncommonly bony and long,
 And his Guernsey shirt Was all pitch and dirt,
 Which sailors don't think inconvenient or wrong.

He was very broad-breasted, And very deep-chested ;
 His sinewy frame correspond with the rest did,

Except as to height, for he could not be more
At the most, you would say, than some five feet four.
And, if measured, perhaps had been found a thought lower.
Dame Nature, in fact,—whom some person or other,
—A Poet,—has call'd a “capricious step-mother,”—

You saw when beside him, Had somehow denied him
In longitude what she had granted in latitude.

A trifling defect You'd the sooner detect
From his having contracted a stoop in his attitude.
Square-built and broad-shoulder'd, good-humour'd and gay,
With his collar and countenance open as day,
The latter—'twas mark'd with small-pox, by the way,—
Had a sort of expression good-will to bespeak ;
He'd a smile in his eye, and a quid in his cheek !
And, in short, notwithstanding his failure in height,
He was just such a man as you'd say, at first sight,
You would much rather dine, or shake hands, with than fight !

The other, his friend and companion, was taller,
By five or six inches, at least, than the smaller ;
From his air and his mien It was plain to be seen,
That he was, or had been, A something between
The real “Jack Tar” and the “Jolly Marine.”
For, though he would give an occasional hitch,
Sailor-like to his “slops,” there was something, the which,
On the whole, savour'd more of the pipe-clay than pitch.—
Such were now the two men who appear'd on the hill,
Harry Waters the tall one, the short “Spanking Bill.”

To be caught in the rain, I repeat it again,
Is extremely unpleasant on Salisbury Plain ;
And when with a good soaking shower there are blended
Blue lightnings and thunder, the matter's not mended ;
Such was the case In this wild dreary place,
On the day that I'm speaking of now, when the brace
Of trav'lers alluded to quicken'd their pace,
Till a good steady walk became more like a race
To get quit of the tempest which held them in chase.

Louder, and louder Than mortal gunpowder,
The heav'nly artillery kept crashing and roaring,
The lightning kept flashing, the rain too kept pouring,

While they, helter-skelter. In vain sought for shelter
From what I've heard term'd, "a regular pelter ;"

But the deuce of a screen Could be anywhere seen,
Or an object except that, on one of the rises,

An old way-post show'd Where the Lavington road
Branch'd off to the left from the one to Devizes ;
And thither the footsteps of Waters seem'd tending,
Though a doubt might exist of the course he was bending,
To a landsman, at least, who, wherever he goes,
Is content, for the most part, to follow his nose ;—

While Harry kept "backing"

And "filling"—and "tacking,"—

Two nautical terms which, I'll wager a guinea, are
Meant to imply What you, reader, and I
Would call going zig-zag, and not rectilinear.

But here, once for all, let me beg you'll excuse
All mistakes I may make in the words sailors use

'Mongst themselves, on a cruise,

Or ashore with the Jews,

Or in making their court to their Polls and their Sues,
Or addressing those slop-selling females afloat—women
Known in our navy as oddly-named boat-women.

The fact is, I can't say I'm versed in the school
So ably conducted by Marryat and Poole ;

(See the last-mention'd gentleman's "Admiral's Daughter")

The grand *vade mecum* For all who to sea come,
And get, the first time in their lives, in blue water ;
Of course in the use of sea terms you'll not wonder
If I now and then should fall into some blunder,
For which Captain Chamier, or Mr. T. P. Cooke
Would call me a "Lubber," and "Son of a Sea-cook."

To return to our muttons—This mode of progression
At length upon Spanking Bill made some impression,

—"Hillo, messmate, what cheer ?

How queer you *do* steer !"

Cried Bill, whose short legs kept him still in the rear.

"Why, what's in the wind, Bo ?—what is it you fear ?"

For he saw in a moment that something was frightening
His shipmate much more than the thunder and lightning.

"Fear?" stammer'd out Waters, "why, HIM!—don't you see What faces that Drummer-boy's making at me?"

—How he dodges me so Wherever I go?—

What is it he wants with me, Bill,—do you know?"

"What Drummer-boy, Harry?" cries Bill in surprise,
(With a brief exclamation, that ended in "eyes,")

"What Drummer-boy, Waters?—the coast is all clear,
We haven't got never no Drummer-boy here!"

—"Why, there!—don't you see How he's following me?
Now this way, now that way, and won't let me be!
Keep him off, Bill—look here— Don't let him come near!
Only see how the blood-drops his features besmear!
What, the dead come to life again!—Bless me!—Oh dear!"

Bill remark'd in reply, "This is all very queer—
What, a Drummer-boy—bloody too—eh! well, I never—
I can't see no Drummer-boy here, whatsumdever!"

"Not see him!—why, there;—look!—he's close by the post—
Hark!—hark! how he drums at me now!—he's a Ghost!"

"A what?" return'd Bill,—at that moment a flash
More than commonly awful preceded a crash
Like what's call'd in Kentucky "an Almighty Smash."—
And down Harry Waters went plump on his knees,
While the sound, though prolong'd, died away by degrees;
In its last sinking echoes, however, were some
Which, Bill could not help thinking, resembled a drum!

"Hollo! Waters!—I says," Quoth he in amaze,
"Why, I never see'd *nuffin* in all my born days
Half so queer As this here,
And I'm not very clear
But that one of us two has good reason for fear—
You to jaw about drummers with nobody near us!—
I must say as how that I think it's mysterus."

"Oh, mercy!" roar'd Waters, "do keep him off, Bill,
And, Andrew, forgive!—I'll confess all,—I will!

I'll make a clean breast, And as for the rest,
You may do with me just what the lawyers think best;
But haunt me not thus!—let these visitings cease,
And your vengeance accomplish'd, Boy, leave me in peace!"

—Harry paused for a moment,—then turning to Bill,
Who stood with his mouth open, steady and still,
Began “spinning” what nauticals term a “tough yarn,”
Viz : his tale of what Bill call’d “this precious *consarn*.”

“It was in such an hour as this,
On such a wild and wintry day,
The forked lightning seem’d to hiss,
As now, athwart our lonely way,
When first these dubious paths I tried—
Yon livid form was by my side!—

“Not livid then—the ruddy glow
Of life, and youth, and health it bore!
And bloodless was that gory brow,
And cheerful was the smile it wore,
And mildly then those eyes did shine—
Those eyes which now are blasting mine!

“They beam’d with confidence and love
Upon my face,—and Andrew Brand
Had sooner fear’d yon frighten’d dove
Than harm from Gervase Matcham’s hand!
—I am no Harry Waters—men
Did call me Gervase Matcham then.

“And Matcham, though a humble name,
Was stainless as the feathery flake
From Heaven, whose virgin whiteness came
Upon the newly frozen lake;
Commander, comrade, all began
To laud the Soldier,—like the Man.

“Nay, muse not, William,—I have said
I was a soldier—staunch and true
As any he above whose head
Old England’s lion banner flew;
And duty done,—her claims apart,—
’Twas said I had a kindly heart.

“ And years roll’d on, and with them came
Promotion—Corporal—Sergeant—all
In turn—I kept mine honest fame—
Our Colonel’s self,—whom men did call
The veriest Martinet—ev’n he,
Though cold to most, was kind to me!—

“ One morn—oh ! may that morning stand
Accursed in the rolls of fate
Till latest time !—there came command
To carry forth a charge of weight
To a detachment far away,—
—It was their regimental pay!—

“ And who so fit for such a task
As trusty Matcham, true and tried,
Who spurn’d the inebriating flask,
With honour for his constant guide ?—
On Matcham fell their choice—and HE,—
‘ Young Drum,’—should bear him company !

“ And grateful was that sound to hear,
For he was full of life and joy,
The mess-room pet—to each one dear
Was that kind, gay, light-hearted boy ;
—The veriest churl in all our band
Had ay a smile for Andrew Brand.—

“ —Nay, glare not as I name thy name !
That threatening hand, that fearful brow
Relax—avert that glance of flame !
Thou see’st I do thy bidding now !
Vex’d Spirit, rest !—’twill soon be o’er,—
Thy blood shall cry to Heav’n no more !

“ Enough—we journey’d on—the walk
Was long,—and dull and dark the day,—
And still young Andrew’s cheerful talk
And merry laugh beguiled the way ;
Noon came, a sheltering bank was there—
We paused our frugal meal to share.

"Then 'twas, with cautious hand, I sought,
 To prove my charge secure,—and drew
 The packet from my vest, and brought
 The glittering mischief forth to view,
 And Andrew cried,—No !—'twas not He !—
 It was THE TEMPTER spoke to me !

"But it was Andrew's laughing voice
 That sounded in my tingling ear,
 —'Now, Gervase Matcham, at thy choice,'
 It seem'd to say, 'are gauds and gear,
 And all that wealth can buy or bring,
 Ease,—wassail,—worship,—everything !

"'No tedious drill, no long parade,
 No bugle call at early dawn ;
 For guard-room bench, or barrack bed,
 The downy couch, the sheets of lawn ;
 And I thy Page,—thy steps to tend,
 Thy sworn companion,—servant,—friend !'

—"He ceased—that is, I heard no more,
 Though other words pass'd idly by,
 And Andrew chatter'd as before,
 And laugh'd—I mark'd him not—not I,
 "'Tis at thy choice !' that sound alone
 Rang in mine ear—voice else was none.

"I could not eat,—the untasted flask
 Mock'd my parch'd lip—I pass'd it by,
 'What ails the man ?' he seem'd to ask.—
 I *felt*, but could not *meet* his eye.—
 "'Tis at thy choice !'—it sounded yet,—
 A sound I never may forget.

—"Haste ! haste ! the day draws on,' I cried,
 'And, Andrew, thou hast far to go !'—
 'Hast far to go !' the fiend replied
 Within me,—'twas *not* Andrew—no !
 'Twas Andrew's voice no more—'twas HE
 Whose then I was, and aye must be !

—“ On, on we went ;—the dreary plain
 Was all around us—we were *Here* !
 Then came the storm,—the lightning,—rain,—
 No earthly living thing was near,
 Save one wild raven on the wing,
 —If that, indeed, were earthly thing !

“ I heard its hoarse and screaming voice
 High hovering o’er my frenzied head,
 ‘ *Tis, Gervase Matcham, at thy choice !*
But he—the Boy ! ’ methought it said
 —Nay, Andrew, check that vengeful frown,—
 I loved thee when I struck thee down !

“ ’Twas done ! the deed that damns me—done
 I know not how—I never knew ;—
 And *Here* I stood—but not alone,—
 The prostrate Boy my madness slew
 Was by my side—limb, feature, name,
 ’Twas HE ! !—another—yet the same !

“ Away ! away ! in frantic haste
 Throughout that livelong night I flew—
 Away ! away !—across the waste,—
 I know not how—I never knew.—
 My mind was one wild blank—and I
 Had but one thought,—one hope—to fly !

“ And still the lightning plough’d the ground,
 The thunder roar’d—and there would come
 Amidst its loudest bursts a sound
 Familiar once—it was—A DRUM !—
 Then came the morn,—and light,—and then
 Streets,—houses,—spires,—the hum of men.

“ And Ocean roll’d before me—fain
 Would I have whelm’d me in its tide,
 At once beneath the billowy main
 My shame, my guilt, my crime to hide ;
 But HE was there !—HE cross’d my track,—
 I dared not pass—HE waved me back

“ And then rude hands detain’d me—sure
 Justice had grasp’d her victim—no !
 Though powerless, hopeless, bound, secure,
 A captive thrall, it was not so ;
 They cry, ‘ The Frenchman’s on the wave ! ’
 The press was hot—and I a slave.

“ They dragg’d me o’er the vessel’s side :
 The world of waters roll’d below ;
 The gallant ship in all her pride
 Of dreadful beauty sought her foe ;
 —Thou saw’st me, William, in the strife—
 Alack ! I bore a charmed life !

“ In vain the bullets round me fly,
 In vain mine eager breast I bare ;
 Death shuns the wretch who longs to die,
 And every sword falls edgeless there !
 Still HE is near ; and seems to cry,
 ‘ Not *here*, not *thus*, may Matcham die ! ’

“ Thou saw’st me on that fearful day,
 When, fruitless all attempts to save,
 Our pinnance foundering in the bay,
 The boat’s crew met a watery grave,—
 All, all—save ONE,—the ravenous sea
 That swallow’d all—rejected ME !

“ And now, when fifteen ~~sun~~s have each
 Fulfill’d in turn its circling year,
 Thrown back again on England’s beach,
 Our bark paid off—HE drives me *Here* !
 I could not die in flood or fight—
 HE drives me *HERE* ! ! ”—

“ And sarve you right.
 What ! bilk your Commander !—desart—and then rob !
 And go scuttling a poor little Drummer-boy’s nob ;
 Why, my precious eyes ! what a bloodthirsty swab !—
 There’s old Davy Jones, Who cracks Sailors’ bones,
 For his jaw-work would never, I’m sure, s’elp me Bob,
 Have come for to go for to do sich a job !

Hark ye, Waters,—or Matcham,—whichever's your purser-name,
 —T'other, your own, is, I'm sartain, the worser name,—
 Twelve years have we lived on like brother and brother !
 Now—your course lays one way, and mine lays another !”—

“ No, William, it may not be so ;
 Blood calls for blood !—’tis Heaven’s decree !
 And thou with me this night must go,
 And give me to the gallows-tree !
 Ha !—see—HE smiles—HE points the way !
 On, William, on !—no more delay ! ”

Now Bill,—so the story, as told me, goes,
 And who, as his last speech sufficiently shows,
 Was a “ regular trump,”—did not like to turn Nose ;
 But then came a thunder-clap louder than any
 Of those that preceded, though they were so many,
 And hark ! as its rumblings subside in a hum,
 What sound mingles too ?—by the hokey—A DRUM !!

I remember I once heard my Grandfather say,
 That some sixty years since he was going that way,
 When they show’d him the spot
 Where the gibbet—was not—
 On which Matcham’s corse had been hung up to rot ;
 It had fall’n down—but how long before, he’d forgot ;
 And they told him, I think, at the Bear in Devizes,
 The town where the Sessions are held,—or the ‘Sizes,
 That Matcham confess’d, And made a clean breast
 To the May’r ; but that after he’d had a night’s rest,
 And the storm had subsided, he “ pooh-pooh’d ” his friend,
 Swearing all was a lie from beginning to end ;
 Said “ he’d only been drunk ”— That his spirits had sunk
 At the thunder—the storm put him into a funk,—
 That, in fact, he had nothing at all on his conscience,
 And found out, in short, he’d been talking great nonsense.—
 But now one Mr. Jones Comes forth and depones
 That fifteen years since, he had heard certain groans
 On his way to Stonehenge (to examine the stones

Described in a work of the late Sir John Soane's),
 That he'd follow'd the moans, And, led by their tones,
 Found a Raven a-picking a Drummer-boy's bones!—
 Then the Colonel wrote word
 From the King's Forty-third,
 That the story was certainly true which they'd heard,
 For, that one of their drummers, and one Sergeant Matcham,
 Had "brush'd with the dibs," and they never could catch 'em.
 So Justice was sure, though a long time she'd lagg'd,
 And the Sergeant, in spite of his "Gammon," got "scragg'd ;"
 And people averr'd That an ugly black bird,
 The Raven, 'twas hinted, of whom we have heard,
 Though the story, I own, appears rather absurd,
 Was seen (Gervase Matcham not being interr'd)
 To roost all that night on the murderer's gibbet ;
 An odd thing, if so, and it may be a fib—it,
 However's a thing Nature's laws don't prohibit.
 —Next morning they add, that "black-gentleman" flies out,
 Having pick'd Matcham's nose off, and gobbled his eyes out.

MORAL.

*Avis au Voyageur.**Imprimis.*

If you contemplate walking o'er Salisbury plain
 Consult Mr. Murphy, or Moore, and refrain
 From selecting a day when it's likely to rain !

2°.

When travelling don't "flash" Your notes or your cash
 Before other people—it's foolish and rash !

3°.

At dinner be cautious, and note well your party !—
 There's little to dread where the appetite's hearty,—
 But mind and look well to your purse and your throttle
 When you see a man shirking and passing his bottle !

4°.

If you chance to be needy, Your coat and hat seedy,
 In war time especially never go out
 When you've reason to think there's a press-gang about !

5°.

Don't chatter, nor tell people all that you think,
 Nor blab secrets,—especially when you're in drink.—

But keep your own counsel in all that you do !
—Or a Counsel may, some day or other, keep you.

6°.

Discard superstition !—and don't take a post,
If you happen to see one at night, for a Ghost !
—Last of all, if by choice or convenience you're led
To cut a man's throat, or demolish his head,
Don't do't in a thunder-storm—wait for the summer !
And mind, above all things, the MAN'S NOT A DRUMMER !!

A Row in an Omnibus (Box).

A LEGEND OF THE HAYMARKET.

Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus.—HOR.

DOL-DRUM the Manager sits in his chair,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air,
And he says, as he slaps his hand on his knee,
“I'll have nothing to do with Fiddle-de-dee !”

—“But Fiddle-de-dee sings clear and loud,
And his trills and his quavers astonish the crowd ;
Such a singer as he You'll nowhere see :
They'll all be screaming for Fiddle-de-dee !”

—“Though Fiddle-de-dee sings loud and clear,
And his tones are sweet, yet his terms are dear !
The ‘glove won't fit !’ The deuce a bit.
I shall give an engagement to Fal-de-ral-tit !”

The Prompter bow'd, and he went to his stall,
And the green baize rose at the Prompter's call,
And Fal-de-ral-tit sang fol-de-rol-lol ;

But scarce had he done, When a “row” begun,
Such a noise was never heard under the sun.

“Fiddle-de-dee !— —Where is he ?
He's the *Artiste* whom we all want to see !—

Dol-drum !—Dol-drum !— Bid the Manager come,
It's a scandalous thing to exact such a sum

For boxes and gallery, stalls and pit,
And then fob us off with a Fal-de-ral-tit !

Deuce a bit ! We'll never submit !
Vive Fiddle-de-dee ! *à bas* Fal-de-ral-tit ! ”

Dol-drum the Manager rose from his chair,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air ;

But he smooth'd his brow As he well knew how
And he walk'd on, and made a most elegant bow,
And he paused, and he smiled, and advanced to the lights,
In his opera-hat, and his opera-tights ;
“ Ladies and Gentlemen,” then said he,
“ Pray what may you please to want with me ? ”

“ Fiddle-de-dee !— Fiddle-de-dee ! ”
Folks of all sorts and of every degree,
Snob, and Snip, and haughty Grandee,
Duchesses, Countesses, fresh from their tea,
And Shopmen, who'd only come there for a spree,
Halloo'd, and hooted, and roar'd with glee

“ Fiddle-de-dee !— None but He !—
Subscribe to his terms, whatever they be !—
Agree, agree, or you'll very soon see
In a brace of shakes we'll get up an O.P. ! ”

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air,
Looks distrest, And he bows his best,
And he puts his right hand on the side of his breast,
And he says,—says he, “ We *can't* agree ;
His terms are a vast deal too high for me.—
There's the rent, and the rates, and the sesses, and taxes—
I can't afford Fiddle-de-dee what he *axes*.

If you'll only permit Fal-de-ral-tit——”

The “ Generous Public ” cried, “ Deuce a bit !
Dol-drum !—Dol-drum !— We'll none of us come.
It's ‘ No Go ! ’—its ‘ Gammon ! ’—its ‘ all a Hum : ’—
You're a miserly Jew !—‘ Cock-a-doodle-do ! ’
He *don't* ask too much, as you know—so you do—
It's a shame—it's a sin—it's really too bad—
You ought to be 'shamed of yourself—so you had !

Dol-drum the Manager never before
 In his lifetime had heard such a wild uproar.
 Dol-drum the Manager turn'd to flee ;
 But he says—says he, “ *Mort de ma vie !*
 I shall *nevare* engage vid dat Fiddle-de-dee ! ”
 Then all the gentlefolks flew in a rage,
 And they jump'd from the Omnibus on to the Stage,
 Lords, Squires, and Knights, they came down to the lights
 In their opera-hats and their opera-tights.

Ma'am'selle Cherrytoes Shook to her very toes,
 She couldn't hop on, so hopp'd off on her merry toes,
 And the “evening concluded” with “Three times three ! ”
 “Hip—hip !—hurrah ! for Fiddle-de-dee ! ”

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,
 With a troubled brow and dissatisfied air,
 Saddest of men, Sat down, and then
 Took from his table a Perryan pen,
 And he wrote to the “News,”
 How Mac Fuze and Tregooze,
 Lord Tomnoddy, Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,
 And the whole of their tail, and the separate crews
 Of the Tags and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos,
 Had combined Monsieur Fal-de-ral-tit to abuse,
 And make Dol-drum agree
 With Fiddle-de-dee,

Who was not a bit better singer than he.
 —Dol-drum declared “ he never could see,
 For the life of him, yet, why Fiddle-de dee,
 Who in B flat, or C, Or whatever the key,
 Could never at any time get below G,
 Should expect a fee the same in degree
 As the great Burlyumbo who sings double D.”
 Then sllily he adds a little N.B.,
 “ If they'd have him in Paris he'd not come to me ! ”

The Manager rings, And the Prompter springs
 To his side in a jiffy, and with him he brings
 A set of those odd-looking envelope things,
 Where Britannia (who seems to be crucified) flings

To her right and her left funny people with wings
 Amongst Elephants, Quakers, and Catabaw Kings;
 And a taper and wax
 And small Queen's heads in packs,
 Which, when notes are too big, you're to stick on their backs.
 Dol-drum the Manager seal'd with care
 The letter and copies he'd written so fair,
 And sat himself down with a satisfied air;
 Without delay He sent them away,
 In time to appear in "our columns" next day!

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,
 Walk'd on to the stage with an anxious air,
 And peep'd through the curtain to see who were there.
 There was Mac Fuze,
 And Lieutenant Tregooze,
 And there was Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,
 And the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos;
 And the green-baize rose at the Prompter's call,
 And they all began to hoot, bellow, and bawl,
 And cry "Cock-a-doodle," and scream and squall
 "Dol-drum!—Dol-drum!— Bid the Manager come!"
 You'd have thought from the tones
 Of their hisses and groans,
 They were bent upon breaking his (Opera) bones.
 And Dol-drum comes, and he says—says he,
 "Pray what may you please to want with me?"—
 "Fiddle-de-dee!— Fiddle-de-dee!—
 We'll have nobody give us *sol fa* but He!
 For he's the *Artiste* whom we all want to see."

—Manager Dol-drum says—says he—
 (And he looks like an owl in a "hollow beech-tree")

"Well, since I see The thing must be,
 I'll sign an agreement with Fiddle-de-dee!"

Then Mac Fuze, and Tregoose,
 And Jenks of the Blues,
 And the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos,
 Extremely delighted to hear such good news,
 Desist from their shrill "Cock-a-doodle-does."

" *Vive* Fiddle-de-dee ! Dol-drum and He !
 They are jolly good fellows as ever need be !
 And so's Burlybumbo, who sings double D !
 And whenever they sing, why, we'll all come and see ! "

So, after all This terrible squall,
 Fiddle-de-dee 's at the top of the tree,
 And Dol-drum and Fal-de-ral-tit sing small !
 Now Fiddle-de-dee sings loud and clear
 At I can't tell you how many thousands a-year,
 And Fal-de-ral-tit is consider'd " Small Beer ; "

And Ma'am'selle Cherrytoes Sports her merry toes,
 Dancing away to the fiddles and flutes,
 In what the folks call a " Lithuanian " in boots.

So here's an end to my one, two, and three ;
 And bless the Queen—and long live She !
 And grant that there never again may be
 Such a halliballoo as we've happen'd to see
 About nothing on earth but " Fiddle-de-dee ! "

The Lay of St. Cuthbert ; OR, THE DEVIL'S DINNER-PARTY.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH COUNTRÉE.

It's in Bolton Hall, and the clock strikes one,
 And the roast meat's brown and the boil'd meat's done,
 And the barbecu'd sucking-pig's crisp'd to a turn,
 And the pancakes are fried, and beginning to burn ;

The fat stubble-geese Swims in gravy and juice,
 With the mustard and apple-sauce ready for use ;
 Fish, flesh, and fowl, and all of the best,
 Want nothing but eating—they're all ready drest,
 But where is the Host, and where is the Guest ?

Pantler and serving-man, henchman and page,
 Stand sniffing the duck-stuffing (onion and sage),
 And the scullions and cooks, With fidgety looks,

Are grumbling and mutt'ring, and scowling as black
 As cooks always do when the dinner's put back ;
 For though the board's deckt, and the napery, fair
 As the unsunn'd snow-flake, is spread out with care,
 And the Dais is furnish'd with stool and with chair,
 And plate of *orfèverie* costly and rare,
 Apostle-spoons, salt-cellar, all are there,

And Mess John in his place, With his rubicund face,
 And his hands ready folded, prepared to say Grace,
 Yet where is the Host ?—and his convives—where ?

The Scroope sits lonely in Bolton Hall,
 And he watches the dial that hangs by the wall,
 He watches the large hand, he watches the small,
 And he fidgets and looks As cross as the cooks,
 And he utters—a word which we'll soften to "Zooks !"
 And he cries, "What on earth has become of them all ?—

What can delay De Vaux and De Saye ?
 What makes Sir Gilbert de Umfraville stay ?
 What's gone with Poyntz, and Sir Reginald Braye ?

"Why are Ralph Ufford and Marny away ?
 And De Nokes and De Styles, and Lord Marmaduke Grey ?
 And De Roe ? And De Doe ?—
 Poynings, and Vavasour—where be they ?
 Fitz-Walter, Fitz-Osbert, Fitz-Hugh, and Fitz-John,
 And the Mandevilles, *père et filz* (father and son) ?
 Their cards said 'Dinner precisely at One !'

There's nothing I hate, in The world, like waiting !
 It's a monstrous great bore, when a Gentleman feels
 A good appetite, thus to be kept from his meals !"

It's in Bolton Hall, and the clock strikes Two !
 And the scullions and cooks are themselves in "a stew,"
 And the kitchen-maids stand, and don't know what to do,
 For the rich plum-puddings are bursting their bags,
 And the mutton and turnips are boiling to rags,
 And the fish is all spoil'd, And the butter's all oil'd,
 And the soup's got cold in the silver tureen,
 And there's nothing, in short, that is fit to be seen !

While Sir Guy Le Scroope continues to fume,
 And to fret by himself in the tapestried room,
 And still fidgets, and looks More cross than the cooks,
 And repeats that bad word, which we've soften'd to "Zooks!"

Two o'clock's come, and Two o'clock's gone,
 And the large and the small hands move steadily on,
 Still nobody's there, No De Roos, or De Clare,
 To taste of the Scroope's most delicate fare,
 Or to quaff off a health unto Bolton's Heir,
 That nice little boy who sits in his chair,
 Some four years old, and a few months to spare,
 With his laughing blue eyes and his long curly hair,
 Now sucking his thumb, and now munching his pear.

Again, Sir Guy the silence broke,
 "It's hard upon Three!—it's just on the stroke!
 Come, serve up the dinner!—A joke is a joke!"
 Little he deems that Stephen de Hoaques,
 Who "his fun," as the Yankees say, everywhere "pokes,"
 And is always a great deal too fond of his jokes,
 Has written a circular note to De Nokes,
 And De Stiles, and De Roe, and the rest of the folks,
 One and'all, Great and small,
 Who were ask'd to the Hall
 To dine there and sup, and wind up with a ball,
 And had told all the party a great bouncing lie, he
 Cook'd up that "the *fête* was postponed *sine die*,
 The dear little curly-wigg'd heir of Le Scroope
 Being taken alarmingly ill with the croup!"

When the clock struck Three, And the Page on his knee
 Said, "An't please you, Sir Guy Le Scroope, *On a servi!*"
 And the Knight found the banquet-hall empty and clear.

With nobody near To partake of his cheer,
 He stamp'd, and he storm'd—then his language!—Oh dear!
 'Twas awful to see, and 'twas awful to hear!
 And he cried to the button-deck'd Page at his knee,
 Who had told him so civilly "*On a servi,*"
 "Ten thousand fiends seize them wherever they be!
 —The Devil take *them!* and the Devil take *thee!*
 And the DEVIL MAY EAT UP THE DINNER FOR ME!!"

In a terrible fume He bounced out of the room,
 He bounced out of the house—and page, footman, and groom,
 Bounced after their master ; for scarce had they heard
 Of this left-handed Grace the last finishing word,
 Ere the horn at the gate of the Barbican tower
 Was blown with a loud twenty-trumpeter power,

And in rush'd a troop Of strange guests !—such a group
 As had ne'er before darken'd the door of the Scroope !
 This looks like De Saye—yet—it is not De Saye—
 And this is—no, 'tis not—Sir Reginald Braye—
 This has somewhat the favour of Marmaduke Grey—
 But stay !—*Where on earth did he get those long nails ?*
 Why, they're *claws* !—then Good Gracious !—they've all of
 them *tails* !

That can't be De Vaux—why, his nose is a bill,
 Or, I would say a beak !—and he can't keep it still !—
 Is that Poynings ?—Oh Gemini ! look at his feet !
 Why, they're absolute *hoofs* !—is it gout or his corns
 That have crumpled them up so ?—by Jingo, he's *horns* !
 Run ! run !—There's Fitz-Walker, Fitz-Hugh, and Fitz-John,
 And the Mandevilles, *père et filz* (father and son),
 And Fitz-Osbert, and Ufford—*they've all got them on* !

Then their great saucer eyes— It's the Father of lies
 And his Imps—run ! run ! run !—they're all fiends in disguise,
 Who've partly assumed, with more sombre complexions,
 The forms of Sir Guy Le Scroope's friends and connections,
 And He—at the top there—that grim-looking elf—
 Run ! run ! that's the “muckle-horn'd Clootie” himself !

And now what a din Without and within !
 For the court-yard is full of them.—How they begin
 To mop, and to mowe, and make faces, and grin !

Cock their tails up together, Like cows in hot weather,
 And butt at each other, all eating and drinking,
 The viands and wine disappearing like winking.

And then such a lot As together had got !
 Master Cabbage, the steward, who'd made a machine
 To calculate with, and count noses,—I ween
 The cleverest thing of the kind ever seen,—

Declared, when he'd made, By the said machine's aid,
 Up, what's now called, the “tottle” of those he survey'd,

There were just—how he proved it I cannot divine,—
Nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety, and nine.

Exclusive of Him, Who, giant in limb,
 And black as the crow they denominate *Jim*,
 With a tail like a bull, and a head like a bear,
 Stands forth at the window,—and what holds he there,

Which he hugs with such care, And pokes out in the air
 And grasps as its limbs from each other he'd tear?

Oh! grief and despair! I vow and declare
 It's Le Scroope's poor, dear, sweet, little curly-wigg'd Heir!
 Whom the nurse has forgot, and left there in his chair
 Alternately sucking his thumb and his pear.

What words can express The dismay and distress
 Of Sir Guy, when he found what a terrible mess
 His cursing and banning had now got him into?
 That words, which to use are a shame and a sin too,
 Had thus on their speaker recoil'd, and his malison
 Placed in the hands of the Devil's own "pal" his son!—

He sobb'd and he sigh'd, And he scream'd, and he cried,
 And behaved like a man that is mad or in liquor,—he
 Tore his peak'd beard, and he dash'd off his "Vicary,"

Stamp'd on the jasey As though he were crazy,
 And staggering about just as if he were "hazy,"
 Exclaim'd "Fifty pounds!" (a large sum in those times)
 "To the person, whoever he may be, that climbs
 To that window above there, *en ogive*, and painted,
 And bring down my curly-wi—" here Sir Guy fainted!

With many a moan, And many a groan,
 What with tweaks of the nose, and some *eau de Cologne*,
 He revived,—Reason once more remounted her throne,
 Or rather the instinct of Nature,—'twere treason
 To Her, in the Scroope's case, perhaps, to say Reason,
 But what saw he then?—Oh! my goodness! a sight
 Enough to have banish'd his reason outright!—

In that broad banquet hall The fiends one and all,
 Regardless of shriek, and of squeak, and of squall,
 From one to another were tossing that small
 Pretty, curly-wigg'd boy, as if playing at ball:

Yet none of his friends or his vassals might dare
To fly to the rescue, or rush up the stair,
And bring down in safety his curly-wigg'd Heir!

Well a day! Well a day! All he can say
Is but just so much trouble and time thrown away;
Not a man can be tempted to join the *mêlée*,
E'en those words cabalistic, "I promise to pay
Fifty pounds on demand," have, for once, lost their sway,
And there the Knight stands, Wringing his hands
In his agony—when on a sudden, one ray
Of hope darts through his midriff!—His Saint!—Oh, it's
funny

And almost absurd, That it never occur'd!—
"Ay! the Scroope's Patron Saint!—he's the man for my money.
Saint—who is it?—really I'm sadly to blame,—
On my word I'm afraid,—I confess it with shame,—
That I've almost forgot the good Gentleman's name,—
Cut—let me see—Cutbeard?—no!—CUTHBERT!—egad
St. Cuthbert of Bolton!—I'm right—he's the lad!
Oh, holy St. Cuthbert, if forbears of mine—
Of myself I say little,—have knelt at your shrine,
And have lash'd their bare backs, and—no matter—with
twine,

Oh! list to the vow Which I make to you now,
Only snatch my poor little boy out of the row
Which that Imp's kicking up with his fiendish bow-wow,
And his head like a bear, and his tail like a cow!
Bring him back here in safety!—perform but this task,
And I'll give!—Oh!—I'll give you whatever you ask!—

There is not a shrine In the County shall shine
With a brilliancy half so resplendent as thine,
Or have so many candles, or look half so fine!—
Haste, holy St Cuthbert, then,—hasten in pity!"—

—Conceive his surprise

When a strange voice replies,
"It's a bargain!—but, mind, sir, THE BEST SPERMACE! !"—
Say, whose that voice?—whose that form by his side,
That old, old, grey man, with his beard long and wide,
In his coarse Palmer's weeds,
And his cockle and beads?—

And, how did he come?—did he walk?—did he ride?
 Oh! none could determine,—oh! none could decide,—
 The fact is, I don't believe any one tried;
 For while ev'ry one stared, with a dignified stride,
 And without a word more, He march'd on before,
 Up a flight of stone steps, and so through the front door,
 To the banqueting-hall, that was on the first floor,
 While the fiendish assembly were making a rare
 Little shuttlecock there of the curly-wigg'd Heir.—
 —I wish, gentle Reader, that you could have seen
 The pause that ensued when he stepp'd in between,
 With his resolute air, and his dignified mien,
 And said, in a tone most decided, though mild,
 "Come!—I'll trouble you just to hand over that child!"

The Demoniac crowd In an instant seem'd cow'd;
 Not one of the crew volunteer'd a reply,
 All shrunk from the glance of that keen-flashing eye,
 Save one horrid Humgruffin, who seem'd by his talk,
 And the airs he assumed, to be Cock of the walk,
 He quail'd not before it, but saucily met it,
 And as saucily said, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

My goodness!—the look that the old Palmer gave!
 And his frown!—'twas quite dreadful to witness—"Why,
 slave!

You rascal!" quoth he, "This language to ME!!
 —At once, Mr. Nicholas! down on your knee,
 And hand me that curly-wigg'd boy!—I command it—
 Come!—none of your nonsense!—you know I won't stand it."

Old Nicholas trembled,—he shook in his shoes,
 And seem'd half inclined, but afraid, to refuse.

"Well, Cuthbert," said he, "If so it must be,
 For you've had your own way from the first time I knew
 ye;—

Take your curly-wigg'd brat, and much good may he do ye!
 But I'll have in exchange"—here his eye flash'd with rage—
 "That chap with the buttons—he *gave me* the Page!"—

"Come, come," the Saint answer'd, "you very well know
 The young man's no more his than your own to bestow—

Touch one button of his if you dare, Nick—no! no!
Cut your stick, sir—come, mizzle! be off with you!—go!”—

The Devil grew hot— “If I do I’ll be shot!

An you come to that, Cuthbert, I’ll tell you what’s what;
He has *ask’d* us to *dine here*, and go we will not!

Why, you Skinflint,—at least

You may leave us the feast!

Here we’ve come all that way from our brimstone abode,
Ten million good leagues, sir, as ever you strode,
And the deuce of a luncheon we’ve had on the road—
—‘Go!’—‘Mizzle!’ indeed—Mr. Saint, who are you,
I should like to know?—‘Go!’—I’ll be hang’d if I do!
He invited us all—we’ve a right here—it’s known
That a Baron may do what he likes with his own—
Here, Asmodeus—a slice of that beef;—now the mustard!—
What have *you* got?—oh, apple-pie—try it with custard!”

The Saint made a pause As uncertain, because
He knew Nick is pretty well “up” in the laws,
And they *might* be on *his* side—and then, he’d such claws!
On the whole, it was better, he thought, to retire
With the curly-wigg’d boy he’d pick’d out of the fire,
And give up the victuals—to retrace his path,
And to compromise—(spite of the Member for Bath).

So to old Nick’s appeal, As he turn’d on his heel,
He replied, “Well, I’ll leave you the mutton and veal,
And the soup *à la Reine*, and the sauce *Bechamel*;
As the Scroope *did* invite you to dinner, I feel
I can’t well turn you out—’twould be hardly genteel—
But be moderate, pray,—and remember thus much,
Since you’re treated as Gentlemen, show yourselves such,
And don’t make it late, But mind and go straight
Home to bed when you’ve finish’d—and don’t steal the plate,
Nor wrench off the knocker, or bell from the gate.
Walk away, like respectable Devils, in peace,
And don’t ‘lark’ with the watch, or annoy the police!”

Having thus said his say, That Palmer grey
Took up little Le Scroope, and walk’d coolly away,
While the Demons all set up a “Hip! hip! hurray!”
Then fell, tooth and claw, on the victuals, as they
Had been guests at Guildhall upon Lord Mayor’s day,

All scrambling and scuffling, for what was before 'em,
No care for precedence or common decorum.

Few ate more hearty Than Madame Astarte,
And Hecate,—consider'd the Belles of the party.
Between them was seated Leviathan, eager
To "do the polite," and take wine with Belphegor ;
Here was *Morbleu* (a French devil), supping soup-meagre,
And there, munching leeks, Davy Jones of Tredegar
(A Welsh one), who'd left the domains of Ap Morgan
To "follow the sea,"—and next him Demogorgon,—
Then Pan with his pipes, and Fauns grinding the organ
To Mammon and Belial, and half a score dancers,
Who'd join'd with Medusa to get up "the Lancers ;"
—Here's Lucifer lying blind drunk with Scotch ale,
While Beëlzebub's tying huge knots in his tail.
There's Setebos, storming because Mephistopheles
Gave him the lie, Said he'd "blacken his eye,"
And dash'd in his face a whole cup of hot coffee-lees ;—
Ramping and roaring, Hiccoughing, snoring,
Never was seen such a riot before in
A gentleman's house, or such profligate revelling
At any *soirée*—where they don't let the Devil in.

Hark !—as sure as fate The clock's striking Eight !
(An hour which our ancestors call'd "getting late,")
When Nick, who by this time was rather elate,
Rose up and address'd them.

"'Tis full time," he said,
"For all elderly Devils to be in their bed ;
For my own part I mean to be jogging, because
I don't find myself now quite so young as I was ;
But, Gentlemen, ere I depart from my post,
I must call on you all for one bumper—the toast
Which I have to propose is,—OUR EXCELLENT HOST !
—Many thanks for his kind hospitality—may

We also be able To see at *our* table
Himself, and enjoy, in a family way,
His good company *down-stairs* at no distant day !

You'd, I'm sure, think me rude If I did not include
In the toast my young friend there, the curly-wigg'd Heir !

He's in very good hands, for you're all well aware
That St. Cuthbert has taken him under his care :

Though I must not say ' bless,'—

—Why you'll easily guess,—

May our curly-wigg'd Friend's shadow never be less !”

Nick took off his heel-taps—bow'd—smiled—with an air
Most graciously grim,—and vacated the chair.—

Of course the *élite* Rose at once on their feet,
And follow'd their leader, and beat a retreat ;
When a sky-larking Imp took the President's seat,
And, requesting that each would replenish his cup,
Said, “ Where we have dined, my boys, there let us sup ! ”—
—It was three in the morning before they broke up !!!

I scarcely need say Sir Guy didn't delay
To fulfil his vow made to St. Cuthbert, or pay
For the candles he'd promised, or make light as day
The shrine he assured him he'd render so gay.
In fact, when the votaries came there to pray,
All said there was nought to compare with it—nay,

For fear that the Abbey Might think he was shabby,
Four Brethren thenceforward, two cleric, two lay,
He ordain'd should take charge of a new-founded chantry,
With six marcs apiece, and some claims on the pantry ;

In short, the whole County
Declared, through his bounty,
The Abbey of Bolton exhibited fresh scenes
From any display'd since Sir William de Meschines,
And Cecily Roumeli came to this nation
With William the Norman, and laid its foundation.

For the rest, it is said, And I know I have read
In some Chronicle—whose, has gone out of my head—
That, what with these candles, and other expenses,
Which no man would go to if quite in his senses,

He reduced, and brought low His property so,
That at last he'd not much of it left to bestow ;
And that, many years after that terrible feast,
Sir Guy, in the Abbey, was living a Priest ;
And there, in one thousand and—something,—deceased.

(It's supposed by this trick He bamboozled Old Nick
 And slipp'd through his fingers remarkably "slick.")
 While, as to young Curly-wig,—dear little Soul,
 Would you know more of him, you must look at "The Roll,"
 Which records the dispute, And the subsequent suit,
 Commenced in "Thirteen sev'nty-five,"—which took root
 In Le Grosvenor's assuming the arms Le Scroope swore
 That none but *his* ancestors, ever before,
 In foray, joust, battle, or tournament wore,
 To wit, "*On a Prussian-blue Field, a Bend Or;*"
 While the Grosvenor averr'd that *his* ancestor bore
 The same, and Scroope lied like a—somebody tore
 Off the simile,—so I can tell you no more,
 Till some A double S shall the fragment restore.

MORAL.

This Legend sound maxims exemplifies—*e.g.*

- 1^{mo}. Should anything tease you,
 Annoy, or displease you,
 Remember what Lilly says, "*Animum rege!*"
 And as for that shocking bad habit of swearing,—
 In all good society voted past bearing,—
 Eschew it! and leave it to dustmen and mobs,
 Nor commit yourself much beyond "Zooks!" or "Ods-
 bobs!"
- 2^{do}. When ask'd out to dine by a Person of Quality,
 Mind, and observe the most strict punctuality!
 For should you come late, And make dinner wait,
 And the victuals get cold, you'll incur, sure as fate,
 The Master's displeasure, the Mistress's hate.
 And—though both may, perhaps, be too well-bred to
 swear,
 They heartily *wish* you—I need not say *Where*.
- 3^{io}. Look well to your Maid-servants!—say you expect them
 To see to the children, and not to neglect them!
 And if you're a widower, just throw a cursory
 Glance in, at times, when you go near the Nursery.

—Perhaps it's as well to keep children from plums,
And from pears in the season,—and sucking their thumbs!

- 4to. To sum up the whole with a "Saw" of much use,
Be *just* and be *generous*,—don't be *profuse*!—
Pay the debts that you owe,—keep your word to your
friends,
But—DON'T SET YOUR CANDLES ALIGHT AT BOTH
ENDS!!—
For of this be assured, if you "go it" too fast,
You'll be "dish'd" like Sir Guy
And like him, perhaps, die
A poor, old, half-starved, Country Parson at last!

The Lay of St. Aloys.

A LEGEND OF BLOIS.

SAINT ALOYS

Was the Bishop of Blois,
And a pitiful man was he,
He grieved and he pined
For the woes of mankind,
And of brutes in their degree,—
He would rescue the rat
From the claws of the cat,
And set the poor captive free;
Though his cassock was swarming
With all sorts of vermin,
He'd not take the life of a flea!—
Kind, tender, forgiving,
To all things living,
From injury still he'd endeavour to screen 'em,
Fish, flesh, or fowl,—no difference between 'em—

NIHIL PUTAVIT A SE ALIENUM.

The Bishop of Blois was a holy man,—
A holy man was he!
For Holy Church
He'd seek and he'd search

As a Bishop in his degree
 From foe and from friend
 He'd "rap and he'd rend,"
 To augment her treasure.
 Nought would he give, and little he'd lend,
 That Holy Church might have more to spend—

"Count Stephen" (of Blois) "was a worthy Peer,
 His breeches cost him but a crown,
 He held them sixpence all too dear,
 And so he call'd the Tailor lown!"—
 Had it been the Bishop instead of the Count,
 And he'd overcharged him to half the amount,
 He had knock'd that Tailor down!—
 Not for himself!— He despised the self;
 He dress'd in sackcloth, he dined off delf;
 And, when it was cold, in lieu of a *surtout*,
 The good man would wrap himself up in his virtue.
 Alack! that a man so holy as he,
 So frank and free in his degree,
 And so good and so kind, should mortal be!

Yet so it is—for loud and clear
 From St. Nicholas' tower, on the listening ear,
 With solemn swell The deep-toned bell
 Flings to the gale a funeral knell;
 And hark!—at its sound, As a cunning old hound,
 When he opens, at once causes all the young whelps
 Of the cry to put in their less dignified yelps,
 So—the little bells all, No matter how small,
 From the steeples both inside and outside the wall
 With bell-metal throat Respond to the note,
 And join the lament that a prelate so pious is
 Forced thus to leave his disconsolate diocese,
 Or, as Blois' Lord May'r Is heard to declare,
 "Should leave this here world for to go to that there."

And see, the portals opening wide,
 From the Abbey flows the living tide;
 Forth from the doors The torrent pours,
 Acolytes, Monks, and Friars in scores,

This with his chasuble, that with his rosary,
This from his incense-pot turning his nose awry,

Holy Father, and Holy Mother,
Holy Sister, and Holy Brother,
Holy Son, and Holy Daughter,
Holy Wafer, and Holy Water ;

Every one drest Like a guest in his best,
In the smartest of clothes they're permitted to wear,
Serge, sackcloth, and shirts of the same sort of hair
As now we make use of to stuff an arm-chair,
Or weave into gloves at three shillings a pair,
And employ for shampooing in cases rheumatic,—a
Special specific, I'm told, for Sciatica.

Through groined arch, and by cloister'd stone,
With mosses and ivy long o'ergrown,
Slowly the throng Come passing along,
With many a chaunt and solemn song,
Adapted for holidays, high-days and Sundays --

Dies iræ, and *De profundis*,
Miserere, and *Domine dirige nos*,—

Such as, I hear, to a very slow tune are all
Commonly chaunted by Monks at a funeral,

To secure the defunct's repose,
And to give a broad hint to Old Nick, should the news
Of a prelate's decease bring him there on a cruise,
That he'd better be minding his P's and his Q's,
And not come too near,—since they can, if they choose
Make him shake in his hoofs—as he does not wear shoes

Still on they go, A goodly show,
With footsteps sure, though certainly slow,
Two by two in a very long row ;

With feathers, and Mutes In mourning suits,
Undertaker's men walking in hat-bands and boots,—
Then comes the Crosier, all jewels and gold,
Borne by a lad about eighteen years old ;
Next, on a black velvet cushion, the Mitre,
Borne by a younger boy, 'cause it is lighter.

Eight Franciscans, sturdy and strong,
Bear, in the midst, the good Bishop along

Eight Franciscans, stout and tall,
 Walk at the corners, and hold up the pall
 Eight more hold a canopy high over all,
 With eight Trumpeters tooting the Dead March in Saul.—
 Behind, as Chief Mourner, the Lord Abbot goes, his
 Monks coming after him, all with posies,
 And white pocket-handkerchiefs up at their noses,
 Which they blow whenever his Lordship blows his—
 And oh ! 'tis a comely sight to see
 How Lords and Ladies of high degree,
 Vail, as they pass, upon bended knee,
 While quite as polite are the Squires and the Knights,
 In their helmets, and hauberks, and cast-iron tights.

Ay, 'tis a comely sight to behold,
 As the company march
 Through the rounded arch
 Of that Cathedral old !—
 Singers behind 'em, and singers before 'em,
 All of them ranging in due decorum,
 Around the inside of the *Sanctum Sanctorum*,
 While brilliant and bright An unwonted light
 (I forgot to premise this was all done at night)
 The links, and the torches, and flambeaux shed
 On the sculptured forms of the Mighty Dead,
 That rest below, mostly buried in lead,
 And above, recumbent in grim repose,
 With their mailed hose,
 And their dogs at their toes,

And little boys kneeling beneath them in rows,
 Their hands join'd in pray'r, all in very long clothes,
 With inscriptions on brass, begging each who survives,
 As they some of them seem to have led so-so lives,
 To ~~Prate~~ *Prate* for the ~~Soules~~ *Souls* of themselves and their wives.—
 —The effect of the music, too, really was fine,
 When they let the good prelate down into his shrine,
 And by old and young The "*Requiem*" was sung ;
 Not vernacular French, but a classical tongue,
 That is—Latin—I don't think they meddled with Greek—
 In short, the whole thing produced—so to speak—
 What in Blois they would call a *Coup d'œil magnifique* !

Yet, surely, when the level ray
 Of some mild eve's descending sun
 Lights on the village pastor, grey
 In years ere ours had well begun—

As there—in simplest vestment clad,
 He speaks, beneath the churchyard tree,
 In solemn tones,—but yet not sad.—
 Of what Man is—what Man shall be!

And clustering round the grave, half hid
 By that same quiet churchyard yew,
 The rustic mourners bend, to bid
 The dust they loved a last adieu—

—That ray, methinks, that rests so sheen
 Upon each briar-bound hillock green,
 So calm, so tranquil, so serene,
 Gives to the eye a fairer scene,—
 Speaks to the heart with holier breath
 Than all this pageantry of Death.—

But *chacun à son goût*—this is talking at random—
 We all know "*De Gustibus non disputandum!*"
 So canter back, Muse, to the scene of your story

The Cathedral of Blois— Where the Sainted Aloys
 Is by this time, you'll find, "left alone in his glory,"
 "In the dead of the night," though with labour opprest,
 Some "mortals" disdain "the calm blessings of rest;"
 Your cracksman, for instance, thinks night-time the best
 To break open a door, or the lid of a chest;
 And the gipsy who close round your premises prowls,
 To ransack your hen-roost, and steal all your fowls,
 Always sneaks out at night with the bats and the owls,
 —So do Witches and Warlocks, Ghosts, Goblins, and Ghouls
 To say nothing at all of those troublesome "Swells"
 Who come from the playhouses "flash kens," and "hells,"
 To pull off people's knockers, and ring people's bells.

Well—'tis now the hour Ill things have power!
 And all who, in Blois, entertain honest views,
 Have long been in bed, and enjoying a snooze,—
 Nought is waking Save Mischief and "Faking,"
 And a few who are sitting up brewing or baking,

When an ill-looking Infidel, sallow of hue,
 Who stands in his slippers some six feet two
 (A rather remarkable height for a Jew),
 Creeps cautiously out of the churchwarden's pew,
 Into which, during service, he managed to slide himself—
 While all were intent on the anthem—and hide himself.

From his lurking-place, With stealthy pace,
 Through the "long-drawn aisle" he begins to crawl,
 As you see a cat walk on the top of the wall,
 When it's stuck full of glass, and she thinks she shall fall.

—He proceeds to feel For his flint and his steel
 (An invention on which we've improved a great deal
 Of late years—the substitute best to rely on
 's what Jones of the Strand calls his *Pyrogeneion*),

He strikes with dispatch!—his Tinder catches!—
 Now, where is his candle?—and where are his matches?—
 'Tis done!—they are found!—

He stands up and looks round
 By the light of a "dip" of sixteen to the pound!
 —What is it now that makes his nerves to quiver?—
 His hand to shake—and his limbs to shiver?—
 Fear?—pooh!—it is only a touch of the liver—

All is silent—all is still—
 It's "gammon"—it's "stuff!"—he may do what he will!
 Carefully now he approaches the shrine,
 In which, as I've mention'd before, about nine,
 They had placed in such state the lamented Divine!
 But not to worship—No!—No such thing!—
 His aim is—TO "PRIG" THE PASTORAL RING!!

Fancy his fright, When, with all his might
 Having forced up the lid, which they'd not fasten'd quite,
 Of the marble sarcophagus—"All in white"
 The dead Bishop started up, bolt upright
 On his hinder end,—and grasp'd him so tight,
 That the clutch of a kite, Or a bull-dog's bite
 When he's most provoked and in bitterest spite,
 May well be conceived in comparison slight,
 And having thus "tackled" him—blew out his light!!

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! The fright and the fear!—

No one to hear—nobody near!

In the dead of the night!—at a bad time of year!—

A defunct Bishop squatting upright on his bier,

And shouting so loud, that the drum of his ear

He thought would have split as these awful words met it—

“AH! HA! MY GOOD FRIEND! DON’T YOU WISH YOU MAY
GET IT?”—

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! ’*Twas* a night of fear!

—I should just like to know, if the boldest man here,

In his situation would not have felt queer?

The wretched man bawls, And he yells and he squalls,

But there’s nothing responds to his shrieks save the walls,

And the desk, and the pulpit, the pews, and the stalls.

Held firmly at bay, Kick and plunge as he may,

His struggles are fruitless—he can’t get away,

He really can’t tell what to do or to say,

And being a Pagan, don’t know how to pray;

Till through the east window, a few streaks of grey

Announce the approach of the dawn of the day!

Oh, a welcome sight Is the rosy light

Which lovelily heralds a morning bright,

Above all to a wretch kept in durance all night

By a horrid dead gentleman holding him tight,—

Of all sorts of gins that a trespasser can trap,

The most disagreeable kind of a man trap!

—Oh! welcome that bell’s *Matin* chime, which tells

To one caught in this worst of all possible snares,

That the hour is arrived to begin Morning Prayers,

And the Monks and the Friars are coming down-stairs!—

Conceive the surprise Of the Choir—how their eyes

Are distended to twice their original size,—

How some begin bless,—some anathematize,—

And all look on the thief as old Nick in disguise.

While the mystified Abbot cries, “Well!—I declare!—

—This is really a very mysterious affair!

Bid the bandy-legg’d Sexton go run for the May’r!”

The May’r and his *suite* Are soon on their feet,—

(His worship kept house in the very same street,—)

At once he awakes, "His compliments" makes
 "He'll be up at the church in a couple of shakes !
 Meanwhile the whole Convent is pulling and hauling,
 And bawling and squalling, And terribly mauling,
 The thief whose endeavour to follow his calling
 Had thus brought him into a grasp so enthralling.—

Now high, now low, They drag "to and fro,"—
 Now this way, now that way they twist him—but—No !
 The glazed eye of St. Aloys distinctly says, "Poh !
 You may pull as you please, I shall *not* let him go !"
 Nay, more ;—when his worship at length came to say
 He was perfectly ready to take him away,
 And fat him to grace the next *Auto-da-fé*,

Still closer he prest The poor wretch to his breast,
 While a voice—though his jaws still together were jamm'd—
 Was heard from his chest, "If you do, I'll——" here slamm'd
 The great door of the church,—with so awful a sound
 That the close of the good Bishop's sentence was drown'd !

Out spake *Frère Jehan*, A pitiful man,

Oh ! a pitiful man was he !

And he wept and he pined For the sins of mankind,
 As a Friar in his degree.

"Remember, good gentlefolks," so he began,

"Dear Aloys was always a pitiful man !—

That voice from his chest Has clearly exprest
 He has pardon'd the culprit—and as for the rest,
 Before you shall burn him—he'll see you all blest !"

The Monks, and the Abbot, the Sexton, and Clerk
 Were exceedingly struck with the Friar's remark,
 And the Judge, who himself was by no means a shark
 Of a Lawyer, and who did not do things in the dark,
 But still lean'd (having once been himself a gay spark)
 To the merciful side,—like the late Allan Park, —

Agreed that, indeed, The best way to succeed,
 And by which this poor caitiff alone could be freed,
 Would be to absolve him, and grant a free pardon,
 On a certain condition, and that not a hard one,
 Viz.—"That he, the said Infidel, straightway should ope
 His mind to conviction, and worship the Pope,
 And 'ev'ry man Jack' in an amice or cope ;

And that, to do so, He should forthwith go
 To Rome, and salute there his Holiness' toe ;—
 And never again Read Voltaire or Tom Paine,
 Or Percy Bysshe Shelley or Lord Byron's Cain ;—
 His pilgrimage o'er, take St. Francis's habit ;—
 If anything lay about never to ' nab ' it ;
 Or, at worst, if he *should* light on articles gone astray,
 To be sure and deposit them straight in the Monast'ry !'

The oath he took— As he kiss'd the book,
 Nave, transept, and aisle with a thunder-clap shook !
 The Bishop sank down with a sanctified look,
 And the Thief, released By the saint deceased
 Fell into the arms of a neighbouring Priest !

It skills not now To tell you how
 The transmogrified Pagan performed his vow ;
 How he quitted his home, Travell'd to Rome,
 And went to St. Peter's and look'd at the Dome,
 And obtain'd from the Pope an assurance of bliss,
 And kiss'd—whatever he gave him to kiss—
 Toe, relic, embroidery, nought came amiss ;

And how Pope Urban Had the man's turban
 Hung up in the Sistine chapel, by way
 Of a relic—and how it hangs there to this day.—

Suffice it to tell, Which will do quite as well,
 That the whole of the Convent the miracle saw,
 And the Abbot's report was sufficient to draw
 Ev'ry *bon Catholique* in *la belle France* to Blois,
 Among others, the Monarch himself, François,
 The Archbishop of Rheims, and his "Pious Jackdaw,"*
 And there was not a man in Church, Chapel, or Meeting-
 house,

Still less in *Cabaret*, Hotel, or Eating-house,

But made an oration, And said, "In the nation
 If ever a man deserved canonization,
 It was the kind, pitiful, pious Aloys."—

So the Pope says—says he, "Then a saint he shall be !"—
 So he made him a Saint, and remitted the fee.

* *Vide* page 50.

What became of the Pagan I really can't say ;
 But I think I've been told, When he'd enter'd their fold,
 And was now a Franciscan some twenty days old,
 He got up one fine morning before break of day,
 Put the *Pyx* in his pocket—and then ran away.

MORAL.

I think we may coax out a moral or two
 From the facts which have lately come under our view.
 First—Don't meddle with Saints ! for you'll find if you do
 They're what Scotch people call "kittle cattle to shoe !"
 And when once they have managed to take you in tow,
 It's a deuced hard matter to make them let go !
 Now to you, wicked Pagans !—who wander about,
 Up and down Regent Street every night, "on the scout,"—
 Recollect the Police keep a sharpish look-out,
 And if once you're suspected, your skirts they will stick to
 Till they catch you at last *in flagrante delicto* !

Don't the inference draw That because he of Blois
 Suffer'd *one* to bilk "Old father Antic the Law,"
 That *our* May'rs and *our* Aldermen—and we've a City full—
 Show themselves, at *our* Guildhall, quite so pitiful !

Lastly, as to the Pagan who play'd such a trick,
 First assuming the tonsure, then cutting his stick,
 There is but one thing which occurs to me—that
 Is—Don't give too much credit to people who "rat !"

—Never forget Early habit's a net
 Which entangles us all, more or less, in its mesh ;
 And, "What's bred in the bone won't come out of the flesh !"
 We must all be aware Nature's prone to rebel, as
 Old Juvenal tells us, *Naturam expellas*

Tamen usque recurret ! There's no use making Her rat !

So that all that I have on this head to advance
 Is,—whatever they think of these matters in France,
 There's a proverb, the truth of which each one allows here,
 "YOU NEVER CAN MAKE A SILK PURSE OF A SOW'S EAR !"

The Lay of the Old Woman Clothed in Grey.

A LEGEND OF DOVER.

ONCE there lived, as I've heard people say,
 An "Old Woman clothed in grey,"
 So furrow'd with care, So haggard her air,
 In her eye such a wild supernatural stare,
 That all who espied her, Immediately shied her,
 And strove to get out of her way.

This fearsome Old Woman was taken ill ;
 —She sent for the Doctor—he sent her a pill,
 And by way of a trial, A two-shilling phial,
 Of green-looking fluid, like lava diluted,
 To which I've profess'd an abhorrence most rooted.
 One of those draughts they so commonly send us,
 Labell'd, "*Haustus catharticus, mane sumendus* ;"—
 She made a wry face, And, without saying Grace,
 Toss'd it off like a dram—it improved not her case.

The Leech came again ; He now open'd a vein,
 Still the little Old Woman continued in pain.
 So her "Medical Man," although loth to distress her,
 Conceived it high time that her Father Confessor
 Should be sent for to shrive, and assoilzie, and bless her,
 That she might not slip out of these troublesome scenes
 "Unaneal'd and Unhousel'd,"—whatever that means.

Growing afraid, He calls to his aid
 A bandy-legg'd neighbour, a "*Tailor by trade*,"
 Tells him his fears, Bids him lay by his shears,
 His thimble, his goose, and his needle, and hie
 With all possible speed to the Convent hard by,
 Requests him to say That he begs they'll all pray,
 Viz : The whole pious brotherhood, Cleric and Lay,
 For the soul of an Old Woman clothed in grey,
 Who was just at that time in a very bad way,
 And he really believed couldn't last out the day ;—

And to state his desire That some erudite Friar,
 Would run over at once, and examine, and try her ;

For he thought he would find
 There was "something behind,"
 A something that weigh'd on the Old Woman's mind,—
 "In fact, he was sure, from what fell from her tongue,
 That this little Old Woman had done something wrong."
 Then he wound up the whole with this hint to the man,
 "Mind and pick out as holy a friar as you can !"

Now I'd have you to know That this story of woe,
 Which I'm telling you, happen'd a long time ago ;
 I can't say exactly *how* long, nor, I own,
 What particular monarch was then on the throne,
 But 'twas here in Old England : and all that one knows is,
 It must have preceded the Wars of the Roses.

Inasmuch as the times Described in these rhymes,
 Were as fruitful in virtues as ours are in crimes ;

And if 'mongst the Laity Unseemly gaiety
 Sometimes betray'd an occasional taint or two,

At once all the clerics Went into hysterics,
 While scarcely a convent but boasted its Saint or two ;
 So it must have been long ere the line of the Tudors,

As since then the breed Of Saints rarely indeed
 With their dignified presence have darken'd our pew doors.

—Hence the late Mr. Froude and the live Dr. Pusey
 We moderns consider as each worth a Jew's eye ;
 Though Wiseman and Dullman combine against Newman,
 With Doctors and Proctors, and say he's no true man.
 —But this by the way,—The Convent I speak about
 Had Saints in scores—they said Mass week and week about ;
 And the two now on duty were each, for their piety,
 "Second to none" in that holy society,

And well might have borne

Those words which are worn

By our "*Nulli Secundus*" Club—poor dear lost muttons,—
 Of Guardsmen—on Club days, inscribed on their buttons,—

They would read, write, and speak

Latin, Hebrew, and Greek,

A radish-bunch munch for a lunch,—or a leek ;

Though scoffers and boobies Ascribe certain rubies

That garnish'd the nose of the good Father Hilary
 To the overmuch use of Canary and Sillery,
 —Some said spirituous compounds of viler distillery—

Ah ! little reck'd they That with Friars, who say
 Fifty *Paters* a night, and a hundred a day,
 A very slight sustenance goes a great way—
 Thus the consequence was that his colleague, Basilius,
 Won golden opinions, by looking more bilious,
 From all who conceived strict monastical duty
 By no means conducive to personal beauty ;
 And being more meagre, and thinner, and paler,
 He was snap't up at once by the bandy-legg'd Tailor.

The latter's concern For a speedy return
 Scarce left the Monk time to put on stouter sandals,
 Or go round to his shrines, and snuff all his Saint's candles ;
 Still less had he leisure to change the hair-shirt he
 Had worn the last twenty years—probably thirty,—
 Which not being wash'd all that time, had grown dirty.

—It seems there's a sin in The wearing clean linen,
 Which Friars must eschew at the very beginning,
 Though it makes them look frowsy, and drowsy, and blowsy,
 And—a rhyme modern etiquette never allows ye.—

As for the rest, E'en if time had not prest,
 It didn't much matter how Basil was drest,
 Nor could there be any great need for adorning,
 The night being almost at odds with the morning.

Oh ! sweet and beautiful is Night, when the silver moon is
 high,
 And countless Stars, like clustering gems, hang sparkling in
 the sky,
 While the balmy breath of the summer breeze comes whisper-
 ing down the glen,
 And one fond voice alone is heard—Oh ! Night is lovely then !
 But when that voice, in feeble moans of sickness and of pain,
 But mocks the anxious ear that strives to catch its sound in
 vain,—
 When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering
 light,
 Where all we love is fading fast—how terrible is Night ! !

More terrible yet, If you happen to get
By an old woman's bedside, who, all her life long,
Has been, what the vulgar call, "coming it strong"
In all sorts of ways that are naughty and wrong.—

As Confessions are sacred, it's not very facile
To ascertain what the old hag said to Basil ;

But whatever she said, It fill'd him with dread,
And made all his hair stand on end on his head,—
No great feat to perform, inasmuch as said hair
Being clipp'd by the tonsure, his crown was left bare,
So of course Father Basil had little to spare ;

But the little he had Seem'd as though 't had gone mad,
Each lock, as by action galvanic, uprears
In the two little tufts on the tops of his ears.—

What the old woman said

That so "fill'd him with dread,"

We should never have known any more than the dead,
If the bandy-legg'd Tailor, his errand thus sped,
Had gone quietly back to his needle and thread,

As he ought ; but instead, Curiosity led,—
A feeling we all deem extremely ill-bred,—
He contrived to secrete himself under the bed !

—Not that he heard One half, or a third
Of what pass'd as the Monk and the Patient conferr'd,
But he here and there managed to pick up a word,

Such as "Knife," and "Life,"
And he thought she said "Wife,"
And "Money," that "source of all evil and strife ;"
Then he plainly distinguish'd the words "Gore," and "Cash,"
Whence he deem'd—and I don't think his inference rash—
She had cut some one's throat for the sake of his cash !

Intermix'd with her moans,

And her sighs and her groans,
Enough to have melted the hearts of the stones,
Came at intervals Basil's sweet, soft, silver tones,
For somehow it happen'd—I can't tell you why—
The good Friar's indignation,—at first rather high,—
To judge from the language he used in reply,
Ere the old woman ceased, had a good deal gone by ;

And he gently address'd her in accents of honey,
 "Daughter, don't you despair?—WHAT'S BECOME OF THE
 MONEY?"

In one just at Death's door, it was really absurd
 To see how her eye lighted up at that word—
 Indeed there's not one in the language that I know,
 (Save its synonyms "Spanish," "Blunt," "Stumpy," and
 "Rhino,")

Which acts so direct, And with so much effect
 On the human *sensorium*, or makes one erect
 One's ears so, as soon as the sound we detect—

It's a question with me Which of the three,
 Father Basil himself, though a grave S.T.P.,
 (Such as he have, you see, the degree of D.D.,)
 Or the eaves-dropping, bandy-legg'd Tailor,—or She
 Caught it quickest—however traditions agree
 That the Old Woman perk'd up as brisk as a bee.—

'Twas the last quivering flare of the taper,—the fire
 It so often emits when about to expire!
 Her excitement began the same instant to flag,
 She sank back, and whisper'd, "Safe!—Safe! in the Bag!!

Now I would not by any means have you suppose
 That the good Father Basil was just one of those

Who entertain views We're so apt to abuse,
 As neither befitting Turks, Christians, nor Jews,

Who haunt death-bed scenes, By underhand means
 To toady or tease people into a legacy,—

For few folk, indeed, had such good right to beg as he,
 Since Rome, in her pure Apostolical beauty,
 Not only permits, but enjoins as a duty,

Her sons to take care That, let who will be heir,
 The Pontiff shall not be choused out of his share,
 Nor stand any such mangling of chattels and goods,
 As, they say, was the case, with the late Jemmy Wood's ;
 Her Conclaves, and Councils, and Synods in short main-
 -tain principles adverse to statutes of *Mortmain* ;

Besides you'll discern

It, at once, when you learn

That Basil had something to give in return,
 Since it rested with him to say how she should burn,
 Nay, as to her ill-gotten wealth, should she turn it all
 To uses he named, he could say, "You shan't burn at all,

Or nothing to signify, Not what you'd dignify
 So much as even to call it a roast,
 But a mere little singeing, or scorching at most.—
 What many would think not unpleasantly warm,—
 Just to keep up appearance—mere matter of form."

All this in her ear He declared, but I fear
 That her senses were wand'ring—she seem'd not to hear,
 Or, at least, understand,—for mere unmeaning talk her
 Parch'd lips babbled now,—such as "Hookey!"—and
 "Walker!"

—She expired, with her last breath expressing a doubt
 If "his Mother were fully aware he was out?"

Now it seems there's a place they call Purgat'ry—so
 I must write it, my verse not admitting the O—
 But as for the *venue*, I vow I'm perplext
 To say if it's in this world, or if in the next—
 Or whether in both—for 'tis very well known
 That St. Patrick, at least, has got one of his own,
 In a "tight little Island" that stands in a Lake
 Call'd "Lough-dearg"—that's "The Red Lake," unless I mis-
 take—

In Fermanagh—or Antrim—or Donegal—which
 I declare I can't tell, But I know very well
 It's in latitude 54, nearly their pitch
 (At Tappington, now, I could look in the Gazetteer,
 But I'm out on a visit, and nobody has it here).

There are some, I'm aware, Who don't stick to declare
 There's "no differ" at all 'twixt "this here" and "that there,"
 That it's all the same place, but the Saint reserves his entry
 For the separate use of the "finest of pisentry,"

And that his is no more Than a mere private door
 From the *rez-de-chaussée*,—as some call the ground floor,—
 To the one which the Pope had found out long before.

But no matter—lay The *locale* where you may ;
 —And where it is no one exactly can say—

There's one thing, at least, which is known very well,
That it acts as a Tap-room to Satan's Hotel.

"Entertainment" there's worse
Both for "Man and for Horse ;"

For broiling the souls They use Lord Mayor's coals ;—
Then the sulphur's inferior, and boils up much slower,
Than the fine fruitly brimstone they give you down lower.

It's by no means so strong—
Mere sloe-leaves to Souchong ;
The "prokers" are not half so hot, or so long,
By an inch or two either in handle or prong ;
The Vipers and Snakes are less sharp in the tooth,
And the Nondescript Monsters not near so uncouth ;—
In short, it's a place the good Pope, its creator,
Made for what's called by Cockneys a "Minor The-âtre."
Better suited, of course, for a "minor performer,"

Than the "House" that's so much better lighted and
warmer,
Below, in that queer place which nobody mentions,—
—You understand where I don't question—down there
Where in lieu of wood blocks, and such modern inventions,
The Paving Commissioners use "Good Intentions,"
Materials which here would be thought on by few men,
With so many founts of Asphaltic bitumen
At hand, at the same time to pave and illumine.

To go on with my story, This same Purga-tory,
(There ! I've got in the O, to my Muse's great glory,)
Is close lock'd, and the Pope keeps the keys of it—that I can
Boldly affirm—in his desk in the Vatican ;

—Not those of St. Peter—

These of which I now treat, are
A bunch by themselves, and much smaller and neater—
And so cleverly made, Mr. Chubb could not frame a
Key better contrived for its purpose—nor Bramah.

Now it seems that by these Most miraculous keys
Not only the Pope, but his "clergy," with ease
Can let people in and out just as they please ;
And—provided you "make it all right" about fees,
There is not a Friar, Dr. Wiseman will own, of them,
But can always contrive to obtain a short loan of them ;

And Basil, no doubt Had brought matters about,
 If the little old woman would but have "spoke out,"
 So far as to get for her one of those tickets,
 Or passes, which clear both the great gates and wickets ;
 So that after a grill, Or short turn on the Mill,
 And with no worse a singeing, to purge her iniquity,
 Than a Freemason gets in the "Lodge of Antiquity,"
 She'd have rubb'd off old scores, Popp'd out of doors.
 And sheer'd off at once for a happier port,
 Like a white-wash'd Insolvent that's "gone through the Court."

But Basil was one Who was not to be *done*
 By any one, either in earnest or fun ;—
 The cunning old beads-telling son of a gun,
 In all bargains, unless he'd his *quid* for his *quo*,
 Would shake his bald pate, and pronounce it "No Go."
 So unless you're a dunce You'll see clearly, at once,
 When you come to consider the facts of the case, he,
 Of course never gave her his *Vade in pace* ;
 And the consequence was, when the last mortal throe
 Released her pale Ghost from these regions of woe,
 The little old woman had nowhere to go !

For, what could she do ? She very well knew
 If she went to the gates I have mention'd to you,
 Without Basil's, or some other passport to show,
 The Cheque-takers never would let her go through ;
 While, as to *the other place*, e'en had she tried it,
 And really had wish'd it, as much as she shied it
 (For no one who knows what it is can abide it),
 Had she knock'd at the portal with ne'er so much din,
 Though she died in, what folks at Rome call, "Mortal sin,"
 Yet Old Nick, for the life of him, daren't take her in,
 As she'd not been turn'd formally out of "the pale :—"
 So much the bare name of the Pope made him quail,
 In the times that I speak of, his courage would fail
 Of Rome's vassals the lowest and worst to assail,
 Or e'en touch with so much as the end of his tail ;
 Though, now he's grown older,
 They say he's much bolder,
 And his Holiness not only gets the "cold shoulder,"

But Nick rumps him completely, and don't seem to care a *Dump*—that's the word—for his triple tiara.

Well—what shall she do ?—

What's the course to pursue ?—

“Try St. Peter ?—the step is a bold one to take ;
For the Saint is, there can't be a doubt, ‘wide awake ;’

But then there's a quaint Old Proverb says ‘Faint
Heart ne'er won fair Lady,’ then how win a Saint ?
I've a great mind to try,— One can but apply,
If things come to the worst why he can but deny—

The sky 's rather high

To be sure—but, now I

That cumbersome carcase of clay have laid by,
I am just in the ‘order’ which some folks—though why
I am sure I can't tell you—would call ‘Apple-pie.’

Then ‘never say die,’ It won't do to be shy,
So I'll tuck up my shroud, and here goes for a fly !”

—So said and so done—she was off like a shot,
And kept on the whole way at a pretty smart trot.

When she drew so near That the Saint could see her,
In a moment he frown'd, and began to look queer,
And scarce would allow her to make her case clear,
Ere he pursed up his mouth 'twixt a sneer and a jeer,
With “It's all very well—but you do not lodge here !”
Then, calling her everything but “My dear !”
He applied his great toe with some force *au derrière*,
And dismiss'd her at once with a flea in her ear.

“Alas ! poor Ghost !” It's a doubt which is most
To be pitied—one doom'd to fry, broil, boil, and roast,—
Or one bandied about thus from pillar to post,—
To be all “abroad” to be “stump'd”—not to know where

To go—so disgraced As not to be “placed,”—
Or, as Crocky would say to Jem Bland, “To be Nowhere.”—
However that be, The *affaire* was *finie*,
And the poor wretch rejected by all, as you see !

Mr. Oliver Goldsmith observes—not the Jew—

That the “Hare whom the hounds and the huntsmen pursue,”
Having no other sort of asylum in view,
“Returns back again to the place whence she flew,”
A fact which experience has proved to be true.—

Mr. Gray,—in opinion with whom Johnson clashes,—
 Declares that our “wonted fires live in our ashes.”—
 These motives combined, perhaps, brought back the hag,
 The first to her mansion, the last to her bag,
 When only conceive her dismay and surprise,
 As a Ghost how she open’d her cold stony eyes,
 When there,—on the spot where she’d hid her “supplies,”—
 In an underground cellar of very small size,
 Working hard with a spade, All at once she survey’d
 That confounded old bandy-legg’d “Tailor by trade.”

Fancy the tone Of the half moan, half groan,
 Which burst from the breast of the Ghost of the crone !
 As she stood there,—a figure ’twixt moonshine and stone,
 Only fancy the glare in her eyeballs that shone !
 Although, as Macbeth says, “they’d no speculation.”

While she utter’d that word Which American Bird,
 Or James Fenimore Cooper, would render “Tarnation!!”

At the noise which she made Down went the spade!—
 And up jump’d the bandy-legg’d “Tailor by trade,”
 (Who had shrewdly conjectured, from something that fell,
 her

Deposit was somewhere conceal’d in the cellar ;))

Turning round at a sound So extremely profound,
 The moment her shadowy form met his view
 He gave vent to a sort of a lengthen’d “Bo-o—ho-o!”—
 With a countenance Keeley alone could put on,
 Made one grasshopper spring to the door—and was gone !

Erupit ! Evasit ! As at Rome they would phrase it—
 His flight was so swift, the eye scarcely could trace it—
 Though elderly, bandy-legg’d, meagre, and sickly,
 I doubt if the Ghost could have vanish’d more quickly ;
 He reach’d his own shop, then fell into fits,
 And it’s said never rightly recover’d his wits,
 While the chuckling old Hag takes his place and there sits !

I’ll venture to say, She’d sat there to this day,
 Brooding over what Cobbett calls “vile yellow clay,”
 Like a vulture, or other obscene bird of prey,
 O’er the nest full of eggs she had managed to lay,
 If, as legends relate, and I think we may trust ’em, her
 Stars had not brought her another guess customer—

"Twas Basil himself!— Come to look for her pelf :
But not, like the Tailor, to dig, delve, and grovel,
And grub in the cellar with pickaxe and shovel :

Full well he knew Such tools would not do,—
Far other the weapons he brought into play,
Viz., a Wax-taper "hallow'd on Candlemas-day,"

To light to her ducats,— Holy water two buckets,
Made with salt—half a peck to four gallons—which brews a
(Strong triple X "strike,"—see Jacobus de Chusa).

With these, too, he took His bell and his book—
Not a nerve ever trembled,—his hand never shook
As he boldly march'd up where she sat in her nook,
Glow'ring round with that wild indescribable look,
Which *Some* may have read of, perchance, in "Nell Cook,"
All, in "Martha the Gipsy," by Theodore Hook.

And now, for the reason I gave you before,
Of what pass'd then and there I can tell you no more,
As no Tailor was near with his ear at the door :

But I've always been told. With respect to the gold,
For which she her "jewel eternal" had sold,

That the old Harridan, Who, no doubt, knew her man,
Made some compromise—hit upon some sort of plan,
By which Friar and Ghost were both equally pinn'd—
Heaven only knows how the "Agreement" got wind ;

But its purpose was this, That the things done amiss
By the Hag should not hinder her ultimate bliss ;

Provided—" *Imprimis*, The cash from this time is
The Church's—impounded for good pious uses—
—Father B. shall dispose of it just as he chooses,

And act as trustee— In the mean time that She,
The said Ghostess,—or Ghost,—as the matter may be,—
From 'impediment,' 'hindrance,' and 'let' shall be free,
To sleep in her grave, or to wander, as he
The said Friar, with said Ghost, may hereafter agree.—

Moreover—The whole Of the said cash or 'cole,'
Shall be spent for the good of said Old Woman's soul !

"It is further agreed—while said cash is so spending,
Said Ghost shall be fully absolved from attending,

And shall quiet remain In the grave, her domain,
To have and enjoy, and uphold, and maintain,

Without molestation, or trouble, or pain,
 Hindrance, let, or impediment (over again)
 From old Nick, or from any one else of his train,
 Whether Pow'r—Domination,—or Princedom,—or Throne,
 Or by what name soever the same may be known,
 Howsoe'er call'd by Poets or styled by Divines,—
 Himself,—his executors, heirs, and assigns.

“Provided that,—nevertheless,—notwithstanding
 All herein contain'd—if whoever's a hand in
 Dispensing said cash,—or said 'cole,'—shall dare venture
 To misapply money, note, bill, or debenture
 To uses not named in this present Indenture,
 Then that such sum, or sums, shall revert and come home
 again

Back to said Ghost,—who thenceforward shall roam again,
 Until such time, or times, as the said Ghost produces
 Some good man and true, who no longer refuses
 To put sum, or sums, aforesaid, to said uses ;
 Which duly perform'd, the said Ghost shall have rest,
 The full term of her natural death, of the best,
 In full consideration of this, her bequest,
 In manner and form aforesaid,—as exprest :—
 In witness whereof, we, the parties aforesaid,
 Hereunto set our hands and our seals—and no more said,
 Being all that these presents intend to express,
 Whereas—notwithstanding—and nevertheless.

“Sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd, this 20th of May,
Anno Domini, blank (though I've mention'd the day),
 (Signed)

BASIL.

OLD WOMAN (late) CLOTHED IN GREY.”

Basil now, I am told, Walking off with the gold,
 Went and straight got the document duly enroll'd,
 And left the testatrix to mildew and mould,
 In her sepulchre, cosy, cool,—not to say cold.
 But somehow—though how I can hardly divine,—

A runlet of fine Rich Malvoisie wine
 Found its way to the convent that night before nine,
 With custards, and “flawns” and a “fayre florentine,”

Peach, apricot, nectarine, melon, and pine ;—
 And some half a score Nuns of the rule Bridgetine,
 Abbess and all were invited to dine
 At a very late hour,—that is after Compline.—
 —Father Hilary's rubies began soon to shine
 With fresh lustre, as though newly dug from the mine ;
 Through all the next year, Indeed 'twould appear
 That the Convent was much better off, as to cheer ;
 Even Basil himself, as I very much fear,
 No longer addicted himself to small beer ;

His complexion grew clear, While in front and in rear
 He enlarged so, his shape seem'd approaching a sphere.

No wonder at all, then, one cold winter's night,
 That a servant girl going down-stairs with a light
 To the cellar we've spoken of, saw, with affright,
 An Old Woman, astride on a barrel, invite
 Her to take, in a manner extremely polite,
 With her left hand, a bag, she had got in her right,
 For tradition asserts that the Old Woman's purse
 Had come back to her *scarcely one penny the worse* !

The girl, as they say, Ran screaming away,
 Quite scared by the Old Woman clothed in grey ;
 But there came down a Knight, at no distant a day,
 Sprightly and gay As the bird on the spray,
 One Sir Rufus Mountfardington, Lord of Foot's-cray,
 Whose estate, not unlike those of most our "Swell" beaux,
 Was, what's, by a metaphor, term'd "out at elbows ;"
 And the fact was, said Knight was now merely delay'd
 From crossing the water to join the Crusade
 For converting the Pagans with bill, bow, and blade,
 By the want of a little pecuniary aid
 To buy arms and horses, the tools of his trade,
 And enable his troop to appear on parade ;

The unquiet Shade Thought Sir Rufus, 'tis said,
 Just the man for her money,—she readily paid
 For the articles named, and with pleasure convey'd
 To his hands every farthing she ever had made ;

But, alas ! I'm afraid Most unwisely she laid
 Out her cash—the *Beaux yeux* of a Saracen maid
 (Truth compels me to say a most pestilent jade)

Converted the gallant converter—betray'd
 Him to do everything which a Knight could degrade,
 —E'en to worship Mahound !—She required—He obey'd,—
 The consequence was, all the money was wasted
 On Infidel pleasures he should not have tasted ;
 So that, after a very short respite, the Hag
 Was seen down in her cellar again with her bag.

Don't fancy, dear Reader, I mean to go on
Seriatim through so many ages bygone,

And to bore you with names
 Of the Squires and the Dames,

Who have managed, at times, to get hold of the sack,
 But spent the cash so that it always came back ;

The list is too long To be given in my song,—
 There are reasons beside, would perhaps make it wrong ;
 I shall merely observe, in those orthodox days,
 When Mary set Smithfield all o'er in a blaze,

And show'd herself very se- -vere against heresy,
 While many a wretch scorn'd to flinch, or to scream, as he
 Burnt for denying the Papal supremacy,

Bishop Bonner the bag got,
 And all thought the Hag got

Released, as he spent all in fuel and faggot.—

But somehow—though how I can't tell you, I vow—
 I suppose by mismanagement—ere the next reign
 The Spectre had got all her money again.

The last time, I'm told, That the Old Woman's gold
 Was obtain'd—as before,—for the asking,—'twas had
 By a Mr. O—Something—from Ballinafad ;
 And the whole of it, so 'tis reported, was sent
 To John Wright's, in account for the Catholic Rent,
 And thus, like a great deal more money—it “ went !”

So 'tis said at Maynooth, But I can't think it's truth,
 Though I know it was boldly asserted last season,
 Still I can *not* believe it ; and that for this reason,
 It's certain *the cash has got back to its owner !”*
 —Now no part of the Rent to do so e'er was known,— or,
 In any shape, ever come home to the donor.

GENTLE READER !—you must know the proverb, I think—
 “To a blind horse a Nod is as good as a Wink !”

Which some learned Chap, In a square College cap,
Perhaps would translate by the words "*Verbum Sap!*"

—Now should it so chance That you're going to France
In the course of next Spring, as you probably may,

Do pull up and stay, Pray, If but for a day,
At Dover, through which you must pass on your way,
At the York,—or the Ship,—where, as all people say,
You'll get good wine yourself, and your horses good hay,
Perhaps, my good friend, you may find it will *pay*,
And you cannot lose much by so short a delay.

FIRST DINE!—You can do That on joint or *ragoût*—
Then say to the waiter,—“I'm just passing through,—
Pray, where can I find out the old *Maison Dieu*?”—
He'll show you the street—(the French call it a *Rue*,
But you won't have to give here a *petit écu*).
Well,—when you've got there,—never mind how you're
taunted,—

Ask boldly, “Pray which is the house here that's haunted?”
—I'd tell you myself, but I can't recollect
The proprietor's name, but he's one of that sect
Who call themselves “Friends,” and whom others call
“Quakers,”—

You'll be sure to find out if you ask at the Baker's,—
Then go down with a light, To the cellar at night!
And as soon as you see her don't be in a fright!

But ask the old Hag, At once, for the bag!—
If you find that she's shy, or your senses would dazzle,
Say, “Ma'am, I insist!—in the name of St. Basil!”

If she gives it you, seize It, and—do as you please—
But there is not a person I've ask'd but agrees,
You should spend—part at least—for the Old Woman's ease
—For the rest—if it *must* go back some day—why—let it!—
Meanwhile, if you're poor, or in love, or in debt, it
May do you some good, and—I WISH YOU MAY GET IT!!!

Raising the Devil.

A LEGEND OF CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

"AND hast thou nerve enough?" he said,
That grey Old Man, above whose head
Unnumber'd years had roll'd,—
"And hast thou nerve to view," he cried,
"The incarnate Fiend that Heaven defied!
—Art thou indeed so bold?"

"Say, canst thou, with unshrinking gaze,
Sustain, rash youth, the withering blaze
Of that unearthly eye,
That blasts where'er it lights—the breath
That, like the Simoom, scatters death,
On all that yet *can* die!"

"—Darest thou confront that fearful form,
That rides the whirlwind, and the storm,
In wild unholy revel!
The terrors of that blasted brow,
Archangel's once,—though ruin'd now—
—Ay,—dar'st thou face THE DEVIL?"—

"I dare!" the desperate Youth replied,
And placed him by that Old Man's side,
In fierce and frantic glee,
Unblench'd his cheek, and firm his limb;
"—No paltry juggling Fiend, but HIM!
—THE DEVIL!—I fain would see!"—

"In all his Gorgon terrors clad,
His worst, his fellest shape!" the Lad
Rejoin'd in reckless tone.—
—"Have then thy wish!" Agrippa said,
And sigh'd and shook his hoary head,
With many a bitter groan.

He drew the mystic circle's bound,
With skull and cross-bones fenced around;

He traced full many a sigil there ;
 He mutter'd many a backward pray'r,
 That sounded like a curse—
 "He comes!"—he cried with wild grimace,
 "The fellest of Apollyon's race!"—
 —Then in his startled pupil's face
 He dash'd—an EMPTY PURSE!!

Saint Medard.

A LEGEND OF AFRIC.

IN good King Dagobert's palmy days,
 When Saints were many, and sins were few,
 Old Nick, 'tis said, Was sore bested
 One evening,—and could not tell what to do.—

He had been East, and he had been West,
 And far had he journey'd o'er land and sea ;
 For women and men, Were wariier then,
 And he could not catch one where he'd now catch three.

He had been North, and he had been South,
 From Zembla's shores unto far Peru,
 Ere he fill'd the sack Which he bore on his back—
 Saints were so many, and sins so few!

The way was long, and the day was hot ;
 His wings were weary ; his hoofs were sore ;
 And scarce could he trail His nerveless tail,
 As it furrow'd the sand on the Red Sea shore!

The day had been hot, and the way was long ;
 —Hoof-sore, and weary, and faint was he ;
 He lower'd his sack, And the *heat of his back*,
As he lean'd on a palm-trunk, blasted the tree!

He sat himself down in the palm-tree's shade,
 And he gazed, and he grinn'd in pure delight,
 As he peep'd inside The buffalo's hide,
 He had sewn for a sack, and had crammed so tight.

For, though he'd "gone over a good deal of ground,"

And game had been scarce, he might well report

That still, he had got A decentish lot,

And had had, on the whole, not a bad day's sport.

He had pick'd up in France a *Maître de danse*,—

A *Maîtresse en titre*,—two smart *Grisettes*,

A Courtier at play,— And an English *Roué*—

Who had bolted from home without paying his debts,—

—He had caught in Great Britain a Scrivener's clerk,

A Quaker,—a Baker,—a Doctor of Laws,—

And a jockey of York— But Paddy from Cork

"Desaved the ould divil," and slipp'd through his claws !

In Moscow a Boyar knouting his wife

—A Corsair's crew, in the Isles of Greece—

And, under the dome Of St. Peter's, at Rome,

He had snapp'd up a nice little Cardinal's Niece.—

He had bagg'd an Inquisitor fresh from Spain—

A mendicant Friar—of Monks a score,

A grave Don, or two, And a Portuguese Jew,

Whom he nabb'd while clipping a new Moidore.

And he said to himself, as he lick'd his lips,

"Those nice little Dears !—what a delicate roast !—

—Then, that fine fat Friar, At a very quick fire,

Dressed like a Woodcock, and served on toast !"

—At the sight of tit-bits so toothsome and choice

Never did mouth water more than Nick's ;

But,—alas ! and alack !— He had stuff'd his sack

So full that he found himself quite "in a fix :"

For, all he could do, or all he could say,

When, a little recruited, he rose to go,

Alas ! and alack !— He could *not* get the sack

Up again on his shoulders "whether or no !"

Old Nick look'd East, Old Nick look'd West,

With many a stretch, and with many a strain,

He bent till his back Was ready to crack,

And he pull'd and he tugg'd,—but he tugg'd in vain.

Old Nick look'd North, Old Nick look'd South ;
 —Weary was Nicholas, weak and faint,—
 And he was aware Of an old man there,
 In Palmer's weeds, who look'd much like a Saint.

Nick eyed the Saint,—then he eyed the Sack—
 The greedy old glutton!—and thought with a grin,
 “Dear heart alive ! If I could but contrive
 To pop that elderly gentleman in !—

“For were I to choose among all the *ragoûts*
 The *cuisine* can exhibit—flesh, fowl, or fish,—
 To myself I can paint That a barbecued Saint
 Would be for my palate the best side-dish !”

Now St. Medard dwelt on the banks of the Nile,
 —In a Pyramis fast by the lone Red Sea.
 (We call it “Semiramis,” Why not say Pyramis ?—
 Why should we change the S into a D ?)

St. Medard, he was a holy man,
 A holy man I ween was he,
 And even by day, When he went up to pray,
 He would light up a candle, that all might see !

He *salaam'd* to the East,—He *salaam'd* to the West ;
 —Of the gravest cut, and the holiest brown
 Were his Palmer's weeds,— And he finger'd his beads
 With the right side up, and the wrong side down.—

* * * *

(*Hiatus in MSS. valde deflendus.*)

St. Medard dwelt on the banks of the Nile ;—
 He had been living there years fourscore,—
 And now, “taking the air,” and saying a pray'r,
 He was walking at eve on the Red Sea shore.

Little he deem'd—that holy man !—
 Of Old Nick's wiles, and his fraudulent tricks,—
 When he was aware Of a stranger there,
 Who seem'd to have got himself into a fix.

Deeply that Stranger groan'd and sigh'd,
 That wayfaring Stranger, grisly and grey :—
 "I can't raise my sack On my poor old back !
 Oh, lend me a lift, kind Gentleman, pray !—

"For I have been East, and I have been West,
 Foot-sore, weary, and faint am I,
 And, unless I get home Ere the Curfew bome,
 Here in this desert I well may die !"

"Now Heav'n thee save !"—Nick winced at the words,
 As ever he winces at words divine—
 "Now Heav'n thee save!— What strength I have,—
 It's little, I wis,—shall be freely thine !

"For foul befall that Christian man
 Who shall fail, in a fix,—woe worth the while !—
 His hand to lend To foe or to friend,
 Or to help a lame dog over a stile !"

—St. Medard had boon'd himself for the task :
 To hoist up the sack he doth well begin ;
 But the fardel feels Like a bag full of eels,
 For the folks are all curling, and kicking within.—

St. Medard paused—he began to "smoke"—
 For a Saint,—if he isn't exactly a cat,—
 Has a very good nose, As this world goes,
 And not worse than his neighbour's for "smelling a rat."

The Saint look'd up, and the Saint look'd down ;
 He "*smelt* the rat," and he "*smoked*" the trick :
 —When he came to view His comical shoe,
 He saw in a moment his friend was Nick !

He whipp'd out his oyster-knife, broad and keen—
 A Brummagem blade which he always bore,
 To aid him to eat, By way of a treat,
 The "natives" he found on the Red Sea shore ;—

He whipp'd out his Brummagem blade so keen,
 And he made three slits in the buffalo's hide,
 And all its contents,
 Through the rents, and the vents,
 Came tumbling out,—and away they all hied !

Away went the Quaker—away went the Baker,
 Away went the Friar—that fine fat Ghost,
 Whose marrow Old Nick Had intended to pick,
 Dress'd like a Woodcock, and served on toast !

—Away went the nice little Cardinal's Niece,—
 And the pretty *Grisettes*,—and the Dons from Spain—
 And the Corsair's crew, And the coin-clipping Jew,—
 And they scamper'd, like lamplighters, over the plain.—

—Old Nick is a black-looking fellow at best,
 Ay, e'en when he's pleased ; but never before
 Had he look'd *so* black As on seeing his sack
 Thus cut into slits on the Red Sea shore.

You may fancy his rage, and his deep despair,
 When he saw himself thus befool'd by one
 Whom, in anger wild, He profanely styled
 " A stupid, old, snuff-colour'd son of a gun ! "

Then his supper—so nice !—that had cost him such pains—
 —Such a hard day's work—now " all on the go ! "
 —'Twas beyond a joke, And enough to provoke
 The mildest and best-temper'd Fiend below !

Nick snatch'd up one of those great, big stones,
 Found in such numbers on Egypt's plains,
 And he hurl'd it straight At the Saint's bald pate,
 To knock out " the gruel he call'd his brains."

Straight at his pate he hurl'd the weight,
 The crushing weight of that great, big stone ;
 But St. Medard Was remarkably hard,
 And solid about the parietal bone.

And, though the whole weight of that great, big stone,
 Came straight on his pate, with a great, big thump,
 It fail'd to graze The skin,—or to raise
 On the tough epidermis a lump, or a bump !—

As the hail bounds off from the pent-house slope,—
 As the cannon recoils when it sends its shot,—
 As the finger and thumb Of an old woman come
 From the kettle she handles, and finds too hot ;

—Or, as you may see, in the Fleet, or the Bench,—
 —Many folks do in the course of their lives,—
 The well-struck ball Rebound from the wall,
 When the Gentlemen jail-birds are playing at “fives :”
 All these,—and a thousand fine similes more,—
 Such as all have heard of, or seen, or read
 Recorded in print, May give you a hint
 How the stone bounced off from St. Medard’s head .
 —And it curl’d, and it twirl’d, and it whirl’d in air,
 As this great, big stone at a tangent flew !
 Just missing his crown, It at last came down
 Plump upon Nick’s Orthopedical shoe !
 Oh ! what a yell and a screech were there !
 How did he hop, skip, bellow, and roar !
 —“ Oh dear ! oh dear ! ”— You might hear him here,
 Though we’re such a way off from the Red Sea shore !
 It smash’d his shin, and it smash’d his hoof,
 Notwithstanding his stout Orthopedical shoe ;
 And this is the way That, from that same day.
 Old Nick became what the French call *Boiteux* !
 Quakers, and Bakers, *Grisettes*, and Friars,
 And Cardinal’s Nieces,—wherever ye be,
 St. Medard bless ; You can scarcely do less
 If you of your *corps* possess any *esprit*.—
 And, mind and take care, yourselves,—and beware
 How you get in Nick’s buffalo bag !—if you do,
 I very much doubt If you’ll ever get out,
 Now sins are so many, and Saints so few !!

MORAL.

Gentle Reader, attend To the voice of a friend !
 And if ever you go to Herne Bay or Southend,
 Or any gay wat’ring place outside the Nore,
 Don’t walk out at eve on the lone sea-shore !
 —Unless you’re too saintly to care about Nick,
 And are sure that your head is sufficiently thick !
 Learn not to be greedy !—and, when you’ve enough,
 Don’t be anxious your bags any tighter to stuff—

Recollect that good fortune too far you may push,
 And, "A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH!"
 Then turn not each thought to increasing your store,
 Nor look always like "Oliver asking for more!"

Gourmandise is a vice—a sad failing at least ;—
 So remember "Enough is as good as a feast!"
 And don't set your heart on "stew'd," "fried," "boil'd," or
 "roast,"

Nor on delicate "Woodcocks served up upon toast!"

Don't give people nicknames!—don't, even in fun!
 Call any one "snuff-colour'd son of a gun!"
 Nor fancy, because a man *nous* seems to lack,
 That, whenever you please, you can "give him the sack!"

Last of all, as you'd thrive, and still sleep in whole bones,
 IF YOU'VE ANY GLASS WINDOWS NEVER THROW STONES!!!

The Lord of Thoulouse.

A LEGEND OF LANGUEDOC.

COUNT RAYMOND rules in Languedoc,
 O'er the champaign fair and wide,
 With town and stronghold many a one,
 Wash'd by the wave of the blue Garonne,
 And from far Auvergne to Rousillon,
 And away to Narbonne,
 And the mouths of the Rhone ;
 And his Lyonnois silks, and his Narbonne honey
 Bring in his lordship a great deal of money.

A thousand lances, stout and true,
 Attend Count Raymond's call ;
 And Knights and Nobles of high degree,
 From Guienne, Provence, and Burgundy,
 Before Count Raymond bend the knee,
 And vail to him one and all.

And Isabel of Arragon
 He weds, the pride of Spain ;

You might not find so rich a prize,
 A Dame so "healthy, wealthy, and wise ;"
 So pious withal—with such beautiful eyes—
 So exactly the Venus de Medicis' size—
 In all that wide domain.

Then his cellar is stored As well as his board,
 With the choicest of all *La Belle France* can afford ;
 Chambertin, Château Margaux, La Rose, and Lafitte,
 With Moët's Champagne, "of the Comet year," "neat
 As imported,"—"fine sparkling,"—and not over-sweet ;
 While his Chaplain, good man, when call'd in to say grace,
 Would groan, and put on an elongated face
 At such turtle, such turbot, John Dory, and plaice ;
 Not without blushing, pronouncing a benison,
 Worthy old soul ! on such *very* fat venison,

Sighing to think Such victuals and drink
 Are precisely the traps by which Satan makes men his own.

And grieving o'er scores Of huge barbecued Boars,
 Which he thinks should not darken a Christian man's doors,
 Though 'twas all very well Pagan Poets should rate 'em
 As "*Animal propter convivia natum.*"

He was right, I must say, For at this time of day,
 When we're not so precise, whether cleric or lay,
 With respect to our food, as in time so *passé*,
 We still find our Boars, whether grave ones or gay,
After dinner, at least, very much in the way,
 (We spell the word now with an E, not an A ;)
 And as honest *Père Jacques* was inclined to spare diet, he
 Gave this advice to all grades of society,
 "Think less of pudding—and think more of piety."

As to his clothes, Oh ! nobody knows
 What lots the Count had of cloaks, doublets, and hose,
Pantoufles, with bows, Each as big as a rose,
 And such shirts with lace ruffles, such waistcoats, and those
 Indescribable garments it is not thought right
 To do more than whisper to *oreilles* polite.

Still in spite of his power, and in spite of his riches,
 In spite of his dinners, his dress, and his — which is

The strangest of all things—in spite of his Wife,
 The Count led a rather hum-drum sort of life.
 He grew tired, in fact, of mere eating and drinking,
 Grew tired of flirting, and ogling, and winking

At nursery maids As they walk'd the Parades,
 The Crescents, the Squares, and the fine Colonnades,
 And the other gay places, which young ladies use
 As their *promenade* through the good town of Thoulouse.

He was tired of hawking, and fishing, and hunting,
 Of billiards, short-whist, chicken-hazard, and punting ;

Of popping at pheasants,

Quails, woodcocks, and peasants ;

Of smoking, and joking, And soaking, provoking

Such headaches next day As his fine St. Peray,

Though the best of all Rhone wines, can never repay.

Till weary of war, women, roast-goose, and glory,

With no great desire to be "famous in story,"

All the day long, This was his song,

"Oh, dear! what will become of us?

Oh, dear! what shall we do?

We shall die of blue devils if some of us

Can't hit on something that's new!"

Meanwhile his sweet Countess, so pious and good,
 Such pomps and such vanities stoutly eschew'd,
 With all fermented liquors and high-season'd food,
 Devill'd kidneys, and sweet-breads, and ducks and green peas ;
 Baked sucking-pig, goose, and all viands like these,
 Hash'd calf's-head included, no longer could please ;
 A curry was sure to elicit a breeze,

So was ale, or a glass of port-wine after cheese :

Indeed, anything strong, As to tippie, was wrong ;

She stuck to "fine Hyson," "Bohea," and "Souchong,"

And similar imports direct from Hong-Kong.

In vain does the family Doctor exhort her

To take with her chop one poor half-pint of porter ;

No! she alleges She's taken the pledges!

Determined to aid In a gen'ral crusade

Against publicans, vintners, and all of that trade,

And to bring in sherbet, ginger-pop, lemonade,

Eau sucrée, and drinkables, mild and home-made!

So she claims her friends' efforts, and vows to devote all hers
Solely to found "The Thoulousian Teetotalers."

Large sums she employs In dressing small boys
In long duffle jackets, and short corderoys,
And she boxes their ears when they make too much noise ;
In short, she turns out a complete Lady Bountiful,
Filling with drugs and brown Holland the county full.

Now just at the time when our story commences,
It seems that a case Past the common took place,
To entail on her ladyship further expenses,
In greeting with honour befitting his station
The Prior of Arles, with a Temperance Legation,
Dispatched by Pope Urban, who seized the occasion
To aid in diluting that part of the nation.

An excellent man, One who stuck to his can
Of cold water "without"—and he'd take such a lot of it ;

None of your sips That just moistens the lips ;
At one single draught he'd toss off a whole pot of it,—

No such bad thing, By the way, if they bring
It you iced as at Verey's, or fresh from the spring.
When the Dog-star compels folks in town to take wing,
Though I own even then I should see no great sin in it,
Were there three drops of Sir Felix's gin in it.

Well, leaving the lady to follow her pleasure,
And finish the pump with the Prior at leisure,
Let's go back to Raymond, still bored beyond measure,
And harping away, On the same dismal lay,

"Oh dear ! what will become of us ?

Oh dear ! what can we do ?

We shall die of blue devils if some of us

Can't find out something that's new !"

At length in despair of obtaining his ends
By his own mother wit, he takes courage and sends,
Like a sensible man as he is, for his friends,
Not his Lyndhursts or Eldons, or any such high sirs,
But only a few of his "backstairs" advisers ;

"Come hither," says he, "My gallants so free,
My bold Rigmarole, and my brave Rigmaree,
And my grave Baron Proser, now listen to me !
You three can't but see I'm half dead with *ennui*.

What's to be done? I *must* have some fun,
 And I will too, that's flat—ay, as sure as a gun.
 So find me out "something new under the sun,"
 Or I'll knock your three jobbernowls all into one!

You three Agree! Come, what shall it be?
 Resolve me—propound in 'three skips of a flea!'"
 Rigmarole gave a "Ha!" Rigmaree gave a "Hem;"
 They look'd at Count Raymond—Count Raymond at them,
 As much as to say, "Have you *nilhil ad rem*?"

At length Baron Proser Responded, "You know, sir,
 That question's some time been a regular poser;

Dear me!—let me see,—In the way of a 'spree'
 Something new?—Eh!—No!—Yes!—*No!*—'tis really no go,
 sir."

Says the Count, "Rigmarole, You're as jolly a soul,
 On the whole, as King Cole, with his pipe and his bowl;
 Come, I'm sure you'll devise something novel and droll."—
 In vain,—Rigmarole, with a look most profound,
 With his hand to his heart and his eye to the ground,
 Shakes his head as if nothing was there to be found.

"I can only remark, That as touching a 'lark'
 I'm as much as your Highness can be, in the dark;
 I can hit on no novelty—none, on my life,
 Unless, peradventure, you'd 'tea' with your wife!"

Quoth Raymond, "Enough!

Nonsense!—humbug!—fudge!—stuff!

Rigmarole, you're an ass,—you're a regular Muff!
 Drink tea with her ladyship?—I?—not a bit of it!
 Call you that fun?—faith, I can't see the wit of it;

Mort de ma vie! My dear Rigmaree,
 You're the man, after all,—come, by way of a fee,
 If you will but be bright, from the simple degree
 Of a knight I'll create you at once a *Mar-quis*!
 Put your conjuring cap on—consider and see,
 If you can't beat that stupid old 'Sumph' with his 'tea!'"

"That's the thing! that will do! Ay, marry, that's new!"
 Cries Rigmaree, rubbing his hands, "that will please—
 My '*Conjuring cap*' it's the thing;—it's 'the cheese!'
 It was only this morning I pick'd up the news;
 Please your Highness, a *Conjurer's* come to Thoulouse;

I'll defy you to name us A man half so famous
 For devildoms,—Sir, it's the great Nostradamus ;
 Cornelius Agrippa, 'tis said, went to school to him,
 Gyngell's an ass, and old Faustus a fool to him.
 Talk of Lilly, Albertus, Jack Dee !—pooh ! all six
 He'd soon put in a pretty particular fix ;
 Why, he'd beat at digesting a sword, or 'Gun tricks,'
 The great Northern Wizard himself all to sticks !

I should like to see you Try to *sauter le coup*
 With this chap at short whist, or unlimited loo,
 By the Pope, you'd soon find it a regular 'Do.'
 Why, he does as he likes with the cards,—when he's got 'em
 There's always an Ace or a King at the bottom ;
 Then for casting Nativities !—Only you look
 At the volume he's publish'd,—that wonderful book !
 In all France not another, to swear I dare venture, is
 Like, by long chalks, his 'Prophetical Centuries'—
 Don't you remember how, early last summer, he
 Warn'd the late King 'gainst the Tournament mummary ?
 Didn't his Majesty call it all flummery,

Scorning 'The Warning, And get the next morning
 His poke in the eye from that clumsy Montgomery ?

Why, he'll tell you, before You're well inside his door,
 All your Highness may wish to be up to, and more !"
 "Bravo !—capital !—come, let's disguise ourselves—quick !
 —Fortune's sent him on purpose here, just in the nick ;
 We'll see if old Hocus will smell out the trick ;
 Let's start off at once—Rigmaree, you're a Brick !"

The moon in gentle radiance shone
 O'er lowly roof and lordly bower,
 O'er holy pile and armed tower,
 And danced upon the blue Garonne :
 Through all that silver'd city fair,
 No sound disturb'd the calm, cool air,
 Save the lover's sigh alone !
 Or where, perchance, some slumberer's nose
 Proclaim'd the depth of his repose,
 Provoking from connubial toes
 A hint—or elbow bone ;

It might, with such trifling exceptions, be said,
That Thoulouse was as still as if Thoulouse were dead,
And her "oldest inhabitant" buried in lead.

But hark! a sound invades the ear,
Of horses' hoofs advancing near!
They gain the bridge—they pass—they're here!

Side by side Two strangers ride,
For the streets in Thoulouse are sufficiently wide,
That is, I'm assured they are—not having tried.

—See, now they stop Near an odd-looking shop,
And they knock and they ring, and they won't be denied.
At length the command Of some unseen hand
Chains, and bolts, and bars obey,
And the thick-ribb'd oaken door, old and grey,
In the pale moonlight gives, slowly, way.

They leave their steeds to a page's care,
Who comes mounted behind on a Flanders mare,
And they enter the house, that resolute pair,
With a blundering step, but a dare-devil air,
And ascend a long, darksome, and rickety stair;
While, arm'd with a lamp that just helps you to see
How uncommonly dark a place can be,
The grimmest of lads with the grimmest of grins,
Says, "Gentlemen, please to take care of your shins!
Who ventures this road need be firm on his pins!
Now turn to the left—now turn to the right—
Now a step—now stoop—now again upright—
Now turn once again, and directly before ye
's the door of the great Doctor's Labora-tory."

A word! a blow! And in they go!
No time to prepare, or to get up a show,
Yet everything there they find quite *comme il faut*—
Such as queer-looking bottles and jars in a row,
Retorts, crucibles, such as all conjurer's stow
In the rooms they inhabit, huge bellows to blow
The fire burning blue with its sulphur and tow!
From the roof a huge crocodile hangs rather low,
With a tail such as that, which we all of us know,
Mr. Waterton managed to tie in a bow,

Pickled snakes, potted lizards, in bottles and basins,
Like those at Morel's, or at Fortnum and Mason's,
All articles found, you're aware without telling,
In every respectable conjurer's dwelling.

Looking solemn and wise, Without turning his eyes,
Or betraying the slightest degree of surprise.
In the midst sits the doctor—his hair is white,
And his cheek is wan—but his glance is bright,
And his long black roquelaure, not over tight,
Is mark'd with strange characters, much, if not quite,
Like those on the bottles of green and blue light
Which you see in a chymist's shop-window at night.
His figure is tall and erect—rather spare about
Ribs,—and no wonder,—such folk never care about
Eating or drinking, While reading and thinking
Don't fatten—his age might be sixty or thereabout.

Raising his eye so grave and so sage,
From some manuscript work of a bygone age,
The seer very composedly turns down the page,
Then shading his sight With his hand from the light,
Says, "Well, sirs, what would you at this time of night?
What brings you abroad these lone chambers to tread,
When all sober folks are at home and abed?"

"Trav'lers, we, In our degree,
All strange sights we fain would see,
And hither we come in company;
We have far to go, and we come from far,
Through Spain and Portingale, France and Navarre;
We have heard of your name,
And your fame, and our aim,
Great sir, is to witness, ere yet we depart
From Thoulouse,—and to-morrow at cock-crow we start—
Your skill—we would fain crave a touch of your art!"

"Now naye, now naye—no trav'lers ye!
Nobles ye be Of high degree!
With half an eye that one may easily see,—
Count Raymond, your servant!—Yours, Lord Rigmaree!
I must call you so now since you're made a *Mar-quis*;
Faith, clever boys both, but you can't humbug me!"

No matter for that! I see what you'd be at—

Well—pray no delay, For it's late, and ere day
I myself must be hundreds of miles on my way;
So tell me at once what you want with me—say!

Shall I call up the dead From their mouldering bed?—
Shall I send you yourselves down to Hades instead?—
Shall I summon old Harry himself to the spot?"

—"Ten thousand thanks, No! we had much rather not.

We really can't say That we're curious that way;
But, in brief, if you'll pardon the trouble we're giving,
We'd much rather take a sly peep at the living!

Rigmaree, what say you, in This case, as to viewing
Our spouses, and just ascertain what they're doing?"

"Just what pleases your Highness—I don't care a *sous* in
The matter—but don't let old Nick and his crew in!"

—"Agreed!—pray proceed, then, most sage Nostradamus,
And show us our *wives*—I dare swear they won't shame us!"

A change came o'er the wizard's face,
And his solemn look by degrees gives place
To a half grave, half comical, kind of grimace.

"For good or for ill, I work your will!
Yours be the risk and mine the skill;
Blame not my art if unpleasant the pill!"

He takes from a shelf, and he pops on his head,
A square sort of cap, black, and turn'd up with red,
And desires not a syllable more may be said;

He goes on to mutter,
And stutter, and sputter

Hard words, such as no men but wizards dare utter.

"Dies mies!—Hocus pocus—

Adsis Demon! non est jokus!

Hi Cocolorum—don't provoke us!

Adesto! Presto! Put forth your best toe!"

And many more words, to repeat which would choke us,—
Such a sniff then of brimstone!—it did not last long,
Or they could not have borne it, the smell was so strong.

A mirror is near, So large and so clear,
If you priced such a one in a drawing-room here,

And was ask'd fifty pounds, you'd not say it was dear ;
 But a mist gather'd round at the words of the seer,
 Till at length as the gloom Was subsiding, a room
 On its broad polish'd surface began to appear,
 And the Count and his comrade saw plainly before 'em
 The room Lady Isabel called her "*Sanctorum*."

 They start, well they might,
 With surprise, at the sight—
 Methinks I hear some lady say, "Serve 'em right !"
 For on one side of the fire Is seated the Prior,
 At the opposite corner a fat little Friar :
 By the side of each gentleman, easy and free,
 Sits a lady, as close as close well may be,
 She might almost as well have been perch'd on his knee.
 Dear me ! dear me ! Why one's Isabel—she
 On the opposite side's *La Marquise Rigmaree* !
 To judge from the spread
 On the board, you'd have said,
 That the *partie quarrée* had like aldermen fed ;
 And now from long flasks, with necks cover'd with lead,
 They were helping themselves to champagne, white and red.
 Hobbing and nobbing, And nodding and bobbing,
 With many a sip Both from cup and from lip,
 And with many a toast follow'd up by a "Hip !—
 Hip !—hip !—huzzay !"—The Count, by the way,
 Though he sees all they're doing, can't hear what they say,
 Notwithstanding both he
 And *Mar-quis Rigmaree*
 Are so vex'd and excited at what they can see,
 That each utters a sad word beginning with D.

 That word once spoke The silence broke,
 In an instant the vision is cover'd with smoke !
 But enough has been seen. "Horse ! horse ! and away !"
 They have, neither, the least inclination to stay,
 E'en to thank Nostradamus, or ask what's to pay.—

 They rush down the stair,
 How, they know not, nor care.
 The next moment the Count is astride on his bay,
 And my Lord Rigmaree on his mettlesome grey ;

They dash through the town,
 Now up, and now down ;
 And the stones rattle under the hoofs as they ride,
 As if poor Thoulouse were as mad as Cheapside :
 Through lane, alley, and street,
 Over all that they meet,
 The Count leads the way on his courser so fleet,
 My Lord Rigmaree close pursuing his beat,
 With the page in the rear to protect the retreat,
 Where the bridge spans the river, so wide and so deep,
 Their headlong career o'er the causeway they keep,
 Upsetting the watchman, two dogs, and a sweep,
 All the town population that was not asleep.
 They at length reach the castle, just outside the town
 Where—in peace it was usual for Knights of renown
 The portcullis was up, and the drawbridge was down.
 They dash by the sentinels—" *France et Thoulouse !*"
 Ev'ry soldier (—they then wore cock'd hats and long *queues*,
 Appendages banish'd from modern reviews),
 His arquebus lower'd, and bow'd to his shoes ;
 While Count Raymond push'd on to his lady's *boudoir*—he
 Had made up his mind to make one at her *soirée*.

He rush'd to that door, Where ever before
 He had rapp'd with his knuckles, and "tirl'd at the pin,"
 Till he heard the soft sound of his Lady's "Come in !"
 But now, with a kick from his iron-heel'd boot,
 Which, applied to a brick wall, at once had gone through't,
 He dash'd open the lock ;
 It gave way at the shock !

(—Dear ladies, don't think in recording the fact,
 That your bard's for one moment defending the act.
 No—it is not a gentleman's—none but a low body—
 No—could perform it)—and there he saw—NOBODY !!

Nobody ?—No !! Oh, ho !—Oh, ho !
 There was not a table,—there was not a chair
 Of all that Count Raymond had ever seer there
 (They'd maroon-leather bottoms well stuff'd with horse-hair)

That was out of its place !— There was not a trace
 Of a party—there was not a dish or a plate—
 No sign of a table-cloth—nothing to prate
 Of a supper, *symposium*, or sitting up late ;

There was not a spark of fire left in the grate,
It had all been poked out, and remain'd in that state.

If there was not a fire, Still less was there Friar,
Marquise, or long glasses, or Countess, or Prior.
And the Count, who rush'd in open-mouth'd, was struck dumb,
And could only ejaculate, "Well!—this *is* rum."

He rang for the maids—had them into the room
With the butler, the footman, the coachman, the groom.
He examined them all very strictly—but no!
Notwithstanding he cross- and re-questioned them so,
'Twas in vain—it was clearly a case of "No Go!"

"Their lady," they said, "Had gone early to bed,
Having rather complain'd of a cold in her head—
The stout little Friar, as round as an apple,
Had pass'd the whole night in a vigil in chapel,
While the Prior himself, as he'd usually done,
Had rung in the morning, at half-after one,
For his jug of cold water and twopenny bun,
And been visible, since they were brought him, to none.

But," the servants averr'd,

"From the sounds that were heard
To proceed now and then from the father's *sacellum*,
They thought he was purging
His sins with a scourging,
And making good use of his knotted *flagellum*."

For Madame Rigmaree, They all testified, she
Had gone up to her bed-chamber soon after tea,
And they really supposed that there still she must be,
Which her spouse the *Mar-quis*,
Found at once to agree

With the rest of their tale, when he ran up to see.

Alack for Count Raymond! he could not conceive
How the case really stood, or know *what* to believe;
Nor could Rigmaree settle to laugh or to grieve.

There was clearly a hoax, But which of the folks
Had managed to make them the butt of their jokes,
Wife or wizard, they both knew no more than Jack Nokes;
That glass of the wizard's
Stuck much in their gizzards,
His cap, and his queer cloak all 'Xs and Izzards;

Then they found, when they came to examine again,
Some slight falling off in the stock of champagne,
Small, but more than the butler could fairly explain.
However, since nothing could make the truth known,
Why,—they thought it was best to let matters alone.

The Count in the garden Begg'd Isabel's pardon
Next morning for waking her up in a fright,
By the racket he'd kick'd up at that time of night :
And gave her his word he had ne'er misbehaved so,
Had he not come home as tipsy as David's sow.
Still, to give no occasion for family snarls,
The Friar was pack'd back to his convent at Arles.

While as for the Prior, At Raymond's desire,
The Pope raised his reverence a step or two higher,
And made him a bishop *in partibus*—where
His see was I cannot exactly declare,
Or describe his cathedral, not having been there,
But I dare say you'll all be prepared for the news,
When I say 'twas a good many miles from Thoulouse.
Where the prelate, in order to set a good precedent,
Was enjoind, as a *sine quâ non*, to be resident.

You will fancy with me,
That Count Raymond was free,
For the rest of his life, from his former *ennui* ;
Still it somehow occur'd that as often as he
Chanced to look in the face of my Lord Rigmaree,
There was something or other—a trifling degree
Of constraint—or embarrassment—easy to see,
And which seem'd to be shared by the noble *Mar-quis*,
While the ladies—the queerest of all things by half in
My tale—never met from that hour without laughing.

MORAL.

Good gentlemen, all, who are subjects of Hymen,
Don't make new acquaintances rashly, but try men,
Avoid above all things your cunning (that's sly) men !

Don't go out o' nights To see conjuring sleights,
But shun all such people, delusion whose trade is ;
Be wise !—stay at home and take tea with the ladies.

If you *chance* to be out, At a "regular bout,"
And get too much of "Abbot's Pale Ale" or "Brown Stout."

Don't be cross when you come home at night to your spouse,
 Nor be noisy, nor kick up a dust in the house !
 Be careful yourself, and admonish your sons,
 To beware of all folks who love twopenny buns !
 And don't introduce to your wife or your daughter,
 A sleek, mcek, weak gent—who subsists on cold water !

The Wedding-Day ; OR, THE BUCCANEER'S CURSE.

A FAMILY LEGEND.

It has a jocund sound,
 That gleeful marriage chime,
 As from the old and ivied tower,
 It peals, at the early matin hour,
 Its merry, merry round ;
 And the Spring is in its prime,
 And the song-bird, on the spray,
 Trills from his throat, in varied note,
 An emulative lay—
 It has a joyous sound !!

And the Vicar is there with his wig and his book,
 And the Clerk, with his grave, *quasi*-sanctified look,
 And there stand the village maids, all with their posies,
 Their lilies, and daffy-down-dillies, and roses,
 Dight in white, A comely sight,
 Fringing the path to the left and the right ;
 —From our nursery days we all of us know
 Ne'er doth "Our Ladye's garden grow"
 So fair for a "Grand Horticultural Show"
 As when border'd with "pretty maids all on a row."
 And the urchins are there, escaped from the rule
 Of that "Limbo of Infants," the National School,
 Whooping, and bawling, And squalling, and calling,
 And crawling, and creeping,
 And jumping, and leaping,

Bopeeping 'midst "many a mouldering heap" in
Whose bosoms their own "rude forefathers" are sleeping.
—Young rascals!—instead of lamenting and weeping,

Laughing and gay, *A gorge-déployée*—
Only now and then pausing—and checking their play
To "wonder what 'tis makes the gentlefolks stay."

Ah, well a-day! Little deem they,
Poor ignorant dears! the bells, ringing away,
Are anything else Than mere parish bells,
Or that each of them, should we go into its history,
Is but a "Symbol" of some deeper mystery—

That the clappers and ropes
Are mere practical tropes
Of "trumpets" and "tongues," and of "preachers," and popes,
Unless Clement the Fourth's worthy Chaplain, *Durand*, err,
See the "*Rationale*," of that goosey-gander.

Gently! gently, Miss Muse!
Mind your P's and your Q's!
Don't be malapert—laugh, Miss, but never abuse!
Calling names, whether done to attack or to back a schism,
Is, Miss, believe me, a great piece of jack-ass-ism,
And as, on the whole, You're a good-natured soul,
You must never enact such a pitiful *rôle*.
No, no, Miss, pull up, and go back to your boys
In the churchyard, who're making this hubbub and noise—
But hush! there's an end to their romping and mumming,
For voices are heard—here's the company coming!

And see,—the avenue gates unfold,
And forth they pace, that bridal train,
The grave, the gay, the young, the old,—
They cross the green and grassy lane,
Bridesman, Bridesmaid, Bridegroom, Bride,
Two by two, and side by side,
Uncles, and aunts, friends tried and proved,
And cousins, a great many times removed,
A fairer or a gentler she,
A lovelier maid, in her degree,
Man's eyes might never hope to see,
Than darling, bonnie Maud Ingoldsby,
The flow'r of that goodly company;

While whispering low, with bated voice,
Close by her side, her heart's dear choice,
Walks Fredvill's hope, young Valentine Boys.

—But where, oh where—Is Ingoldsby's heir?
Little Jack Ingoldsby?—where, oh where?

Why he's here,—and he's there, And he's everywhere—

He's there, and he's here; In the front—in the rear,—
Now this side, now that side,—now far, and now near—

The Puck of the party, the darling “pet” boy,
Full of mischief and fun, and good-humour and joy,
With his laughing blue eye, and his cheek like a rose,
And his long curly locks, and his little snub nose;
In his tunic, and trousers, and cap—there he goes!
Now pinching the bridesman,—now teasing his sister,
And telling the bridesmaids how “Valentine kiss'd her;”
The torment, the plague, the delight of them all,
See, he's into the churchyard!—he's over the wall—
Gambolling, frolicking, capering away,
He's the first in the church, be the second who may!

'Tis o'er; the holy rite is done,

The rite that “incorporates two in one,”

—And now for the feasting, the frolic, and fun!

Spare we to tell of the smiling and sighing,

The shaking of hands, the embracing, and crying,

The “toot—toot—toot” Of the tabour and flute,
Of the white-wigg'd Vicar's prolong'd salute,
Or of how the blithe “College *Youths*,”—rather old stagers,
Accustom'd, for years, to pull bell-ropes for wagers—
Rang, faster than ever, their “triple-bob-MAJORS;”

(So loud as to charm ye, At once, and alarm ye;
—“*Symbolic*” of course, of that rank in the army.)

Spare we to tell of the fees and the dues

To the “little old woman that open'd the pews,”

Of the largesse bestow'd on the Sexton and Clerk,

Of the four-year-old sheep roasted whole in the park,

Of the laughing and joking,

The quaffing, and smoking,

And chaffing, and broaching—that is to say, poking

A hole in a mighty magnificent tub
 Of what men, in our hemisphere, term "Humming Bub,"
 But which gods,—who, it seems, use a different lingo
 From mortals,—are won't to denominate "Stingo."
 Spare we to tell of the horse-collar grinning;
 The cheese! the reward of the ugly one winning;
 Of the young ladies racing for Dutch body-linen,—
 —The soapy-tail'd sow,—a rich prize when you've caught
 her,—

Of little boys bobbing for pippins in water;
 The smacks and the whacks,
 And the jumpers in sacks,
 These down on their noses and those on their backs;—
 Nor skills it to speak of those darling old ditties,
 Sung rarely in hamlets now—never in cities,
 The "*King and the Miller*," the "*Bold Robin Hood*,"
 "*Chevy Chase*," "*Gilderoy*," and the "*Babes in the Wood*!"
 —You'll say that my taste Is sadly misplaced,
 But I can't help confessing these simple old tunes,
 The "*Auld Robin Grays*," and the "*Aileen Aroons*,"
 The "*Gramachree Mollys*," and "*Sweet Bonny Doons*,"
 Are dearer to me, In a tenfold degree,

Than a fine *fantasia* from over the sea;
 And, for sweetness, compared with a Beethoven fugue, are
 As "best-refined loaf," to the coarsest "brown sugar;"
 —Alack, for the Bard's want of science! to which he owes
 All this misliking of foreign *capricios*!—

Not that he'd say One word, by the way,
 To disparage our new Idol, Monsieur Duprez—
 But he grudges, he owns, his departed half-guinea,
 Each Saturday night when, devour'd by chagrin, he
 Sits listening to singers whose names end in *ini*.

But enough of the rustics—let's leave them pursuing
 Their out-of-door gambols, and just take a view in
 The inside the hall, and see what *they* are doing;
 And first there's the Squire, The hale, hearty sire
 Of the bride,—with his coat-tails subducted and higher,
 A thought, than they're commonly wont to aspire;
 His back and his buckskins exposed to the fire;—

—Bright, bright are his buttons,—and bright is the hue
 Of his squarely-cut coat of fine Saxony blue ;
 And bright the shalloon of his little quill'd *queue* ;
 —White, white as “ Young England's,” the dimity vest
 Which descends like an *avalanche* o'er his broad breast,
 Till its further progression is put in arrest
 By the portly projection that springs from his chest,
 Overhanging the garment—that can't be exprest ;
 —White, white are his locks,—which, had Nature fair play,
 Had appear'd a clear brown, slightly sprinkled with grey ;
 But they're white as the peaks of Plinlimmon to-day,
 Or Ben Nevis, his pate is *si bien poudre* !
 Bright, bright are the boots that envelop his heels,
 —Bright, bright is the gold chain suspending his seals,
 And still brighter yet may the gazer descry
 The tear-drop that spangles the fond father's eye
 As it lights on the bride—
 His beloved one—the pride
 And delight of his heart,—sever'd now from his side ;—
 But brighter than all, Arresting its fall,
 Is the smile, that rebukes it for spangling at all,
 —A clear case, in short, of what old poets tell, as
 Blind Homer for instance, *εν δακρυσι γελας*.

Then, there are the Bride and the Bridegroom, withdrawn
 To the deep Gothic window that looks on the lawn,
 Ensconced on a squab of maroon-colour'd leather,
 And talking—and *thinking*, no doubt, of the weather.

But here comes the party—Room ! room for the guests,
 In their Pompadour coats, and laced ruffles, and vests,
 —First, Sir Charles Grandison, Baronet, and his son
 Charles,—the mamma does not venture to “ show ”—
 —Miss Byron, you know, She was call'd long ago—
 For that lady, 'twas *said*, had been playing the d—l
 Last season, in town, with her old beau, Squire Greville,
 Which very much shock'd and chagrin'd, as may well be
 Supposed, “ Doctor Bartlett,” and “ Good Uncle Selby.”
 —Sir Charles, of course, could not give Greville his gruel, in
 Order to prove his abhorrence of duelling,

Nor try for, deterr'd by the serious expense, a
 Complete separation, *a thoro et mensâ*,
 So he "kept a calm sough," and when ask'd to a party,
 A dance, or a dinner, or tea and *écarté*,
 He went with his son, and said, looking demurely,
 He'd "left her at home, as she found herself poorly."

Two foreigners near, "Of distinction," appear ;
 A pair more illustrious you ne'er heard of, or saw,
 Count Ferdinand Fathom,—Count Thaddeus of Warsaw,
 All cover'd with glitt'ring *bijouterie* and hair—Poles,
 Whom Lord Dudley Stuart calls "Patriot,"—Hook "Bare Poles ;"
 Such rings, and such brooches, such studs, and such pins !

'Twere hard to say which

Were more gorgeous and rich,
 Or more truly Mosaic, their chains or their chins !
 Next Sir Roger de Coverley,—Mr. Will Ramble,
 With Dame Lismahago (*née* Tabitha Bramble),—
 Mr. Random and Spouse,—Mrs. Pamela Booby,
 (Whose nose was acquiring a tinge of the ruby,
 And "people *did say*"—but no matter for that,
 Folks were not then enlighten'd by good Father Mat.)—
 —Three friends from "the Colonies" near them were seen,
 The Great Massachusetts man, General Muff Green,—
 Mr. Jonathan W. Doubikins,—men
 "Influential *some*,"—and their "smart" Uncle Ben ;—
 Rev. Abraham Adams (preferr'd to a stall),—
 —Mr. Jones and his lady, from Allworthy Hall ;

—Our friend Tom, by the way,

Had turn'd out rather gay

For a married man—certainly "people *did say*"
 He was shrewdly suspected of using his wife ill,
 And being as sly as his half-brother Bliffl.—
 (Miss Seagrim 'tis well known, was now in high feather,
 And "people *did say*," they'd been seen out together,—
 A fact, the "Boy Jones," who, in our days, with malice
 Aforethought, so often got into the Palace,
 Would seem to confirm, as 'tis whisper'd he owns, he's
 The son of a natural son of Tom Jones's.)
 Lady Bellaston (*mem.* she had not been invited !)
 Sir Peregrine Pickle, now recently knighted,—
 All joyous, all happy, all looking delighted !

—It would bore you to death should I pause to describe,
 Or enumerate half of the elegant tribe
 Who fill'd the back-ground,
 And among whom were found
 The *élite* of the old country families round,
 Such as Honeywood, Oxenden, Knatchbull, and Norton,
 Matthew Robinson, too, with his beard from Monk's Horton.
 The Faggs, and Finch-Hattons, Tokes, Derings, and Deedses,
 And Fairfax (who then call'd the castle of Leeds his) ;
 Esquires, Knights, and Lords,
 In bag-wigs and swords ;
 And the troops, and the groups,
 Of fine Ladies in hoops ;
 The *pompoons*, the *toupees*, and the diamonds and feathers,
 The flower'd-silk *sacques*
 Which they wore on their backs,—
 —How?—*sacques* and *pompoons*, with the Squire's boots and
 leathers?—
 Stay ! stay !—I suspect, Here's a trifling neglect
 On your part, Madame Muse, though you're commonly
 accurate,
 As to costume, as brown Quaker, or black Curate,
 For once I confess, Here you're out as to dress ;—
 You've been fairly caught napping, which gives me distress.
 For I can't but acknowledge it is not the thing,
 Sir Roger de Coverley's lace suit to bring
 Into contact with square-cut coats,—such as George Byng,
 And poor dear Sir Francis appear'd in, last spring.—
 So, having for once been compell'd to acknowledge, I
 've made a small hole in our mutual chronology,—
 Canter on, Miss, without further apology,—
 Only don't make, Such another mistake,
 Or you'll get in a scrape, of which I shall partake ;—
 Enough !—you are sorry for what you have done,
 So dry your eyes, Miss, blow your nose, and go on !
 Well—the party are met, all radiant and gay,
 And how ev'ry person is dress'd—we won't say ;
 Suffice it, they all come glad homage to pay
 To our dear “ bonnie Maud,” on her own wedding-day,
 To dance at her bridal, and help “ throw the stocking,”
 —A practice that's now discontinued as shocking.

There's a breakfast, they know— There always is so
 On occasions like these, wheresoever you go.
 Of course there are "lots" of beef, petted and hung,
 Prawns, lobsters, cold fowl, and cold ham, and cold tongue,
 Hot tea, and hot coffee, hot rolls, and hot toast,
 Cold pigeon-pie (rook ?), and cold boil'd and cold roast,
 Scotch marmalade, jellies, cold creams, colder ices—
Blancmange, which young ladies say, so very nice is,—
 Rock-melons in thick, pines in much thinner slices,—
 Char, potted with clarified butter and spices,
 Renewing an appetite long past its crisis—
 Refined barley-sugar, in various devices,
 Such as bridges, and baskets, and temples, and grottoes—
 And nasty French lucifer snappers with mottoes.
 —In short, all those gimcracks together were met
 Which people of fashion tell Gunter to get
 When they give a *grand déjeuner à la fourchette*—
 (A phrase which, though French, in our language still lingers,
 Intending a breakfast with forks and not fingers).
 And see ! what a mountainous bridecake !—a thing
 By itself—with small pieces to pass through the ring !

Now as to the wines !—"Ay, the wine ?" cries the Squire,
 Letting fall both his coat-tails—which nearly take fire,—
 Rubbing his hands, He calls out as he stands,
 To the serving-men waiting "his Honour's" commands,
 "The wine !—to be sure—here you, Harry—Bob—Dick—
 The wine, don't you hear ?—bring us lights—come, be
 quick !—

And a crow-bar to knock down the mortar and brick—
 Say what they may 'Fore George we'll make way
 Into old Roger Ingoldsby's cellar to-day ;
 And let loose his captives, imprison'd so long,
 His flasks, and his casks, that he brick'd up so strong !"

"Oh dear ! oh dear ! Squire Ingoldsby, bethink you what you
 do !"

—Exclaims old Mrs. Botherby,—she is in *such* a stew !—

"Oh dear ! oh dear ! what do I hear ?—full oft you've heard
 me tell

Of the curse 'Wild Roger' left upon whoe'er should break his
 cell !

“Full five-and-twenty years are gone since Roger went
 away,
 As I bethink me, too, it was upon this very day !
 And I was then a comely dame, and you, a springald gay,
 Were up and down to London town, at opera, ball, and play ;
 Your locks were nut-brown then, Squire—you grow a little
 grey !—

“‘Wild Roger,’ so we call’d him then, your grandsire’s
 youngest son,
 He was in truth, A wayward youth,
 We fear’d him, every one.
 In ev’ry thing he had his will, (he would be stay’d by none),
 And when he did a naughty thing, he laugh’d and call’d it fun !
 —One day his father chid him sore—I know not what he’d
 done,
 But he scorn’d reproof ; And from this roof
 Away that night he run !

“Seven years were gone and over—‘Wild Roger’ came
 again,
 He spoke of forays and of frays upon the Spanish Main ;
 And he had store of gold galore, and silks, and satins fine,
 And flasks, and casks of Malvoisie, and precious Gascon
 wine !
 Rich booties he had brought, he said, across the western
 wave,
 And came, in penitence and shame, now of his sire to crave
 Forgiveness and a welcome home—his sire was in his
 grave !

“Your father was a kindly man—he play’d a brother’s part,
 He press’d his brother to his breast—he had a kindly heart.
 Fain would he have him tarry here, their common hearth to
 share,
 But Roger was the same man still—he scorn’d his brother’s
 pray’r !
 He call’d his crew,—away he flew, and on those foreign
 shores
 Got kill’d in some outlandish place,—they call it the Eye-
 sores ;
 But ere he went, and quitted Kent,

—I well recall the day,—
 His flasks and casks of Gascon wine he safely 'stow'd
 away ;'
 Within the cellar's deepest nook he safely stow'd them all,
 And Mason Jones brought bricks and stones, and they built
 up the wall.

"Oh ! then it was a fearful thing to hear 'Wild Roger's' ban !
 Good gracious me ! I never heard the like from mortal man :
 'Here's that,' quoth he, 'shall serve me well when I return
 at last,

A batter'd hulk, to quaff and laugh at toils and dangers past ;
 Accurst be he, whoe'er he be, lays hand on gear of mine,
 Till I come back again from sea, to broach my Gascon wine !'
 And more he said, which fill'd with dread all those who
 listen'd there ;

In sooth my very blood ran cold, it lifted up my hair
 With very fear, to stand and hear 'Wild Roger' curse and
 swear !!

He saw my fright, as well he might, but still he made his
 game,

He call'd me 'Mother Bounce-about ;' my Gracious ! what
 a name !

Nay, more, 'an old'—some 'boat-woman,'—I may not say
 for shame !—

Then, gentle Master, pause awhile, give heed to what I tell,
 Nor break, on such a day as this, 'Wild Roger's' secret
 cell !"

"Pooh, pooh !" said the Squire,
 As he moved from the fire,
 And bade the old Housekeeper quickly retire :
 "Pooh !—never tell me ! Nonsense ! fiddle-de-dee !
 What ?—wait Uncle Roger's return back from sea ?

Why he may, as you say,
 Have been somewhat too gay,
 And, no doubt, was a broth of a boy in his way ;
 But what's that to us, now, at this time of day ?

What, if some quarrel With Dering or Darrell—
 —I hardly know which, but I think it was Dering,—
 Sent him back in a huff to his old privateering,
 Or what his unfriends choose to call Buccaneering ;

It's twenty years since, as we very well know,
 He was knock'd on the head in a skirmish, and so
 Why rake up 'auld warld' tales of deeds long ago ?—
 —Foul befall him who would touch the deposit
 Of living man, whether in cellar or closet !

But since, as I've said, Knock'd on the head,
 Uncle Roger has now been some twenty years dead :
 As for his wine, I'm his heir, and it's mine !

And I'd long ago work'd it well, but that I tarried
 For this very day— And I'm sure you'll all say
 I was right—when my own darling Maud should get married !
 So lights and a crow-bar !—the only thing lies
 On my conscience, at all, with respect to this prize,
 Is some little compunction anent the Excise.

Come—you, Master Jack, Be the first, and bring back
 Whate'er comes to hand—Claret, Burgundy, Sack,
 Head the party, and mind that you're back in a crack !”

Away go the clan, With cup and with can,
 Little Jack Ingoldsby leading the van :
 Little reck they of the Buccaneer's ban :
 Hope whispers, “Perchance we'll fall in with strong beer too
 here !”

Blest thought ! which sets them all grinning from ear to ear !
 Through cellar one, through cellars two,
 Through cellars three they pass'd !

And their way they took To the farthest nook
 Of cellar four—the last !

Blithe and gay, they batter away,

On this wedding-day of Maud's,
 With all their might, to bring to light,

“Wild Roger's” “Custom-house frauds !”

And though stone and brick Be never so thick,
 When stoutly assail'd, they are no bar

To the powerful charm Of a Yeoman's arm

When wielding a decentish crow-bar !

Down comes brick, and down comes stone,

One by one— The job's half done !—

“Where is he ?—now come—where's Master John ?” —

—There's a breach in the wall three feet by two,

And little Jack Ingoldsby soon pops through !

Hark !—what sound's that ?—a sob ?—a sigh ?
The choking gasp of a stifled cry ?—

“—What can it be ?— Let's see ?—let's see !
It *can't* be little Jack Ingoldsby ?

The candle—quick ! ”

Through stone and through brick,
They poke in the light on a long split stick ;
But ere he who holds it can wave it about,
He gasps and he sneezes—the LIGHT GOES OUT !

Yet were there those, in after days,
Who said that pale light's flickering blaze,
For a moment, gleam'd on a dark Form there,
Seem'd as bodied of foul black air !—

—In Mariner's dress,—with cutlass braced
By buckle and broad black belt to his waist,—

On a cock'd hat, laced With gold, and placed
With a *degagé*, devil-may-care, kind of taste,
O'er a *balafré* brow by a scar defaced !—

That Form, they said, so foul and so black,
Grinn'd as it pointed at poor little Jack.—

—I know not, I, how the truth may be,

But the pent-up vapour, at length set free,

Set them all sneezing, And coughing, and wheezing,

As working its way To the regions of day,

It, at last, let a purer and healthier breeze in !

Of their senses bereft, To the right and the left,
Those varlets so lately courageous and stout,
There they lay kicking and sprawling about,
Like Billingsgate fresh fish, unconscious of ice,
Or those which, the newspapers give us advice,
Mr. Taylor, of Lombard Street, sells at half-price ;
—Nearer the door, some half-dozen or more !

Scramble away To the *rez de chaussée*
(As our Frenchified friend always calls his ground-floor),
And they call, and they bawl, and they bellow and roar
For lights, vinegar, brandy, and fifty things more.
At length, after no little clamour and din,
The foul air let out, and the fresh air let in,
They drag one and all Up into the hall,

Where a medical Quaker, the great Dr. Lettsom,
Who's one of the party, "bleeds, physicks, and sweats em."

All ?—all—save One— —"But He!—my Son ?—
Merciful Heaven!—where—WHERE IS JOHN?"

Within that cell, so dark and deep,
Lies One, as in a tranquil sleep,
A sight to make the sternest weep!—
—That little heart is pulseless now,
And cold that fair and open brow,
And closed that eye that beam'd with joy
And hope—"O God! my Boy! my Boy!"

Enough!—I may not,—dare not,—show
The wretched Father's frantic woe,
The Mother's tearless, speechless—No!
I may not such a theme essay—
Too bitter thoughts crowd in and stay
My pen—sad memory will have way!
Enough!—at once I close the lay,
Of fair Maud's fatal Wedding-day;

It has a mournful sound,
That single, solemn Bell!
As to the hills and woods around
It flings its deep-toned knell!
That measured toll!—alone—apart,
It strikes upon the human heart!
—It has a mournful sound!—

MORAL

Come, come, Mrs. Muse, we can't part in this way,
Or you'll leave me as dull as ditch-water all day.
Try and squeeze out a Moral or two from your lay!
And let us part cheerful, at least, if not gay!

First and foremost then, Gentlefolks, learn from my song,
Not to lock up your wine, or malt-liquor, too long!

Though port should have age; Yet I don't think it sage
To entomb it as some of your *connoisseurs* do,
Till it's losing in flavour, and body, and hue;
—I question if keeping it does it much good
After ten years in bottle and three in the wood.

If any young man, though a snubb'd younger brother,
 When told of his faults by his father and mother,
 Runs restive, and goes off to sea in a huff,
 Depend on't, my friends, that young man is a Muff!

Next—ill-gotten gains Are not worth the pains!—
 They prosper with no one!—so whether cheroots,
 Or Havannah cigars,—or French gloves, or French boots,—
 Whatever you want, pay the duty! nor when you
 Buy any such articles, cheat the revenue!

And “now to conclude,”— For it's high time I should,—
 When you *do* rejoice, mind,—whatsoever you do,
 That the hearts of the lowly rejoice with you too!—

Don't grudge them their jigs,

And their frolics and “rigs,”

And don't interfere with their soapy-tail'd pigs;

Nor, “because thou art virtuous,” rail and exhale

An *anathema*, breathing of vengeance and wail,

Upon every complexion less pale than sea-kale!

Nor dismiss the poor man to his pump and his pail,

With “Drink *there*!—we'll have henceforth no more cakes and
 ale!!”

The Blasphemer's Warning.

A LAY OF ST. ROMWOLD.

IN Kent, we are told,

There was seated of old,

A handsome young gentleman, courteous and bold,
 He'd an oaken strong-box, well-replenish'd with gold,
 With broad lands, pasture, arable, woodland, and wold,
 Not an acre of which had been mortgaged or sold;
 He'd a Plesaunce and Hall passing fair to behold,
 He had beeves in the byre, he had flocks in the fold,
 And was somewhere about five-and-twenty years old.

His figure and face, For beauty and grace,
 To the best in the county had scorn'd to give place.

Small marvel, then, If, of women and men
 Whom he chanced to foregather with, nine out of ten
 Express'd themselves charm'd with Sir Alured Denne.

From my earliest youth I've been taught as a truth,
 A maxim which most will consider as sooth,
 Though a few, peradventure, may think it uncouth :
 There are three social duties, the whole of the swarm
 In this great human hive of ours ought to perform,
 And that too as soon as conveniently may be ;

The first of the three— Is the planting a Tree !
 The next, the producing a Book—then, a Baby !
 (For my part, dear Reader, without any jesting, I,
 So far, at least, have accomplish'd my destiny.)

From the foremost, *i.e.*, The "planting the Tree,"
 The Knight may, perchance, have conceived himself free,
 Inasmuch as that, which way soever he looks,
 Over park, mead, or upland, by streamlets and brooks.
 His fine beeches and elms shelter thousands of rooks ;

In twelve eighty-two, There would also accrue
 Much latitude as to the article, Books ;
 But, if those we've disposed of, and need not recall,
 Might, as duties, appear in comparison small,
 One remain'd, there was no getting over at all,
 —The providing a male Heir for Bonnington Hall ;
 Which, doubtless, induced the good Knight to decide,
 As a matter of conscience, on taking a Bride.

It's a very fine thing and delightful to see
 Inclination and duty unite and agree,

Because it's a case That so rarely takes place ;
 In the instance before us then Alured Denne
 Might well be esteem'd the most lucky of men,

Inasmuch as hard by, Indeed so very nigh,
 That her chimneys, from his, you might almost descry,
 Dwelt a Lady at whom he'd long cast a sheep's eye,
 One whose character scandal itself could defy,
 While her charms and accomplishments rank'd very high,

And who would not deny A propitious reply,
 But reflect back his blushes, and give sigh for sigh.
 (A line that's not mine, but Tom Moore's, by-the-by.)

There was many a gay and trim bachelor near,
 Who felt sick at heart when the news met his ear,

That fair Edith Ingoldsby, she whom they all
 The "Rosebud of Tappington" ceased not to call,
 Was going to say, "Honour, love, and obey"
 To Sir Alured Denne, Knight, of Bonnington Hall,
 That all other suitors were left in the lurch,
 And the parties had even been "out-ask'd" in church.

For every one says, In those primitive days,
 And I must own I think it redounds to their praise,
 None dream'd of transferring a daughter or niece
 As a bride, by an "unstamped agreement," or lease,
 'Fore a Register's Clerk, or a Justice of Peace;

While young ladies had fain Single women remain,
 And unwedded maids to the last "crack of doom" stick,
 Ere marry, by taking a jump o'er a broomstick.

So our bride and bridegroom agreed to appear
 At holy St. Romwold's, a Priory near,
 Which a long while before, I can't say in what year,
 Their forebears had join'd with the neighbours to rear,
 And endow'd, some with bucks, some with beef, some with
 beer,

To comfort the friars, and make them good cheer.

Adorning the building With carving and gilding,
 And stone altars, fix'd to the chantries and fill'd in;
 (Papistic in substance and form, and on this count
 With Judge Herbert Jenner Fust justly at discount,
 See *Cambridge Societas Camdeniensis*

V. Faulkner, tert. prim. Januarii Mensis,
 With "Judgment reversed, cost of suit, and expenses;"
 All raised to St. Romwold, with some reason, styled
 By Duke Humphrey's confessor, "a Wonderful Child,"
 For ne'er yet was Saint, except him, upon earth
 Who made "his profession of faith" at his birth,
 And when scarce a foot high, or six inches in girth,
 Converted his "Ma," and contrived to amend a
 Sad hole in the creed of his grandsire, King Penda.

Of course to the shrine Of so young a divine
 Flow'd much holy water, and some little wine,
 And when any young folks did to marriage incline,
 The good friars were much in request, and not one
 Was more "sought unto" than the Sub-prior, Mess John.

To him, there and then, Sir Alured Denne
 Wrote a three-corner'd note with a small crow-quill pen,
 To say what he wanted, and fix "the time when,"
 And, as it's well known that your people of quality
 Pique themselves justly on strict punctuality,
 Just as the clock struck the hour he'd nam'd in it,
 The whole bridal party rode up to the minute.

Now whether it was that some rapturous dream,
 Comprehending "fat pullets and clouted cream,"
 Had borne the good man, in his vision of bliss,
 Far off to some happier region than this—
 Or whether his beads, 'gainst the fingers rebelling,
 Took longer than usual that morning in telling;
 Or whether, his conscience with knotted cord purging,
 Mess John was indulging himself with a scourging,
 In penance for killing some score of the fleas,
 Which, infesting his hair-shirt, deprived him of ease,
 Or whether a barrel of Faversham oysters,
 Brought in on the evening before, to the cloisters,

Produced indigestion, Continues a question :
 The particular cause is not worth a debate ;
 For my purpose it's clearly sufficient to state
 That whatever the reason, his rev'rence was late,

And Sir Alured Denne, Not the meekest of men,
 Began banning away at a deuce of a rate.

Now here, though I do it with infinite pain,
 Gentle reader, I find I must pause to explain

That there was—what, I own, I grieve to make known
 On the worthy Knight's character one single stain,
 But for which, all his friends had borne witness, I'm sure,
 He had been *sans reproche*, as he still was *sans peur*.

The fact is, that many distinguish'd commanders
 "Swore terribly (*teste* T. Shandy) in Flanders."

Now into these parts our Knight chancing to go, countries
 Named from this sad, vulgar custom, "The *Low Countries*,"
 Though on common occasions as courteous as daring,
 Had pick'd up this shocking bad habit of swearing,
 And if anything vex'd him, or matters went wrong,
 Was given to what low folks call "Coming it strong."

Good, bad, or indifferent then, young or old,
He'd consign them, when once in a humour to scold,
To a place where they certainly would not take cold.
—Now if there are those, and I've some in my eye,
Who'd esteem this a crime of no very deep dye,
Let them read on—they'll find their mistake by-and-by.

Near or far Few people there are,
But have heard, read, or sung about Young Lochinvar,
How in Netherby Chapel, "at morning tide,"
The Priest and the Bridegroom stood waiting the Bride ;
How they waited, "but ne'er A Bride was there."
Still I don't find, on reading the ballad with care,
The bereaved Mr. Graham proceeded to swear,
And yet to experience so serious a blight in
One's dearest affections, is somewhat exciting.

'Tis manifest then That Sir Alured Denne
Had far less excuse for such bad language, when
It was only the Priest, not the Bride, who was missing—
He had fill'd up the interval better with kissing.

And 'twas really surprising, And not very wise in
A Knight to go on so anathematizing,
When the head and the front of the Clergyman's crime
Was but being a little behind as to time :—

Be that as it may, He swore so that day
At the reverend gentleman's ill-judged delay,
That not a bystander who heard what he said,
But listen'd to all his expressions with dread,
And felt all his hair stand on end on his head ;

Nay, many folks there Did not stick to declare
The phenomenon was not confined to the hair,
For the little stone Saint who sat perch'd o'er the door,
St. Romwold himself, as I told you before,

What will scarce be believed, Was plainly perceived
To shrug up his shoulders, as very much grieved,

And look down with a frown So remarkably brown,
That all saw he'd now quite a different face on
From that he received at the hands of the mason ;
Nay, many averr'd he half rose in his niche,
When Sir Alured, always in metaphor rich,
Call'd his priest an "old son of—" some animal—which,

Is not worth the inquiry—a hint's quite enough on
The subject—for more I refer you to Buffon.

It's supposed that the Knight
Himself saw the sight,
And it's likely he did, as he easily might,
For 'tis certain he paused in his wordy attack,
And, in nautical language, seem'd "taken aback ;"
In so much that when now
The "prime cause of the row,"
Father John, in the chapel at last made his bow,
The Bridegroom elect was so mild and subdued,
None could ever suppose he'd been noisy and rude,
Or made use of the language to which I allude.
Fair Edith herself, while the knot was a tying,
Her bridesmaids around her, some sobbing, some sighing,
Some smiling, some blushing, half-laughing, half-crying,
Scarce made her responses in tones more complying,
Than he who'd been raging and storming so recently,
All softness now, and behaving quite decently.
Many folks thought too the cold stony frown
Of the Saint up aloft from his niche looking down,
Brought the sexton and clerk each an extra half-crown.
When, the rite being over, the fees were all paid,
And the party remounting, the whole cavalcade
Prepared to ride home with no little parade.

In a climate so very unsettled as ours
It's as well to be cautious and guard against showers.
For though, about One, You've a fine brilliant sun,
When your walk or your ride is but barely begun,
Yet long ere the hour-hand approaches the Two
There is not in the whole sky one atom of blue,
But it "rains cats and dogs," and you're fairly wet through
Ere you know where to turn, what to say, or to do ;
For which reason I've brought, to protect myself well, a
Good stout *Taglioni* and gingham umbrella.
But in Edward the First's days I very much fear
Had a gay cavalier Thought fit to appear
In any such "togger"—then 'twas term'd "gear"—
He'd have met with a highly significant sneer,

Or a broad grin extending from ear unto ear,
On the features of every soul he came near :
There was no taking refuge too then, as with us,
On a slip-sloppy day, in a cab or a 'bus ;
 As they rode through the woods
 In their wimples and hoods,
Their only resource against sleet, hail, or rain
Was, as Spenser describes it, to " pryck o'er the plaine ;"
That is, to clap spurs on, and ride helter-skelter
In search of some building or other for shelter.

Now it seems that the sky, Which had been of a dye
As bright and as blue as your lady-love's eye,
The season in fact being genial and dry,

 Began to assume An appearance of gloom
From the moment the Knight began fidget and fume,
Which deepen'd and deepen'd till all the horizon
Grew blacker than aught they had ever set eyes on,
And soon from the far west the elements, rumbling
Increased and kept pace with Sir Alured's grumbling.

Bright flashes between, Blue, red, and green,
All livid and lurid began to be seen ;
At length down it came—a whole deluge of rain,
A perfect Niagara, drenching the plain ;

And up came the reek, And down came the shriek
Of the winds like a steam-whistle starting a train ;
And the tempest began so to roar and to pour,
That the Dennes and the Ingoldsbys, starting at score,
As they did from the porch of St. Romwold's church door,
Had scarce gain'd a mile, or a mere trifle more,

 Ere the whole of the crew
 Were completely wet through.

They dash'd o'er the downs, and they dash'd through the
 vales,

They dash'd up the hills, and they dash'd down the dales,
As if elderly Nick was himself at their tails ;

 The Bridegroom in vain Attempts to restrain
The Bride's frighten'd palfrey by seizing the rein,
 When a flash and a crash

 Which produced such a splash
That a Yankee had call'd it "an Almighty Smash,"

Came down so complete At his own courser's feet
 That the rider, though famous for keeping his seat,
 From its kickings and plungings, now under, now upper,
 Slipp'd out of his demi-pique over the crupper,
 And fell from the back of his terrified cob
 On what bards less refined than myself term his "Nob."
 (To obtain a *genteel* rhyme's sometimes a tough job.)—
 Just so—for the nonce to enliven my song
 With a classical simile cannot be wrong—
 Just so—in such roads and in similar weather,
 Tydides and Nestor were riding together,
 When, so says old Homer, the King of the Sky,
 The great "Cloud-compeller," his lightnings let fly,
 And their horses both made such a desperate shy
 At this freak of old Zeus,
 That at once they broke loose,
 Reins, traces, bits, breechings, were all of no use ;
 If the Pylian Sage, without any delay,
 Had not whipp'd them sharp round and away from the fray,
 They'd have certainly upset his *cabriolet*,
 And there'd been the—a name I won't mention—to pay.

Well, the Knight in a moment recover'd his seat—
 Mr. Widdicombe's mode of performing that feat
 At Astley's could not be more neat or complete,
 —It's recorded, indeed, by an eminent pen
 Of our own days, that this *our* great Widdicombe, then
 In the heyday of life, had afforded some ten
 Or twelve lessons in riding to Alured Denne,—

It is certain the Knight Was so agile and light
 That an instant sufficed to set matters right,
 Yet the Bride was by this time almost out of sight ;
 For her palfrey, a rare bit of blood, who could trace
 Her descent from the "pure old Caucasian race,"

Sleek, slim, and bony, as Mr. Sidonia's
 Fine "Arab Steed" Of the very same breed,
 Which that elegant gentleman rode so genteelly
 —See "Coningsby," written by "B. Disraeli"—

That palfrey, I say, From this trifling delay
 Had made what at sea's call'd "a great deal of way."

"More fleet than the roe-buck," and free as the wind,
 She had left the good company rather behind ;
 They whipp'd and they spurr'd, and they after her press'd
 Still Sir Alured's steed was "by long chalks" the best
 Of the party, and very soon distanced the rest ;
 But long ere e'en he had the fugitive near'd,
 She dash'd into the wood and at once disappear'd !
 It's a "fashious" affair when you're out on a ride
 —Ev'n supposing you're *not* in pursuit of a bride,
 If you are, it's more fashious, which can't be denied,—
 And you came to a place where three cross-roads divide,
 Without any way-post, stuck up by the side
 Of the road to direct you and act as a guide,
 With a road leading here, and a road leading there,
 And a road leading no one exactly knows where.

When Sir Alured came In pursuit of the dame
 To a fork of this kind,—a three-prong'd one—small blame
 To his scholarship if in selecting his way
 His respect for the Classics now led him astray ;
 But the rule, in a work I won't stop to describe, is
In medio semper tutissimus ibis,
 So the Knight, being forced of three paths to enter one,
 Dash'd, with these words on his lips, down the centre one

Up and down hill, Up and down hill,
 Through brake and o'er briar he gallops on still,
 Aye banning, blaspheming, and cursing his fill
 At his courser because he had given him a "spill ;
 Yet he did not gain ground
 On the palfrey, the sound,
 On the contrary, made by the hoofs of the beast
 Grew fainter and fainter,—and fainter,—and—ceased !
 Sir Alured burst through the dingle at last,
 To a sort of a clearing, and there—he stuck fast ;
 For his steed, though a freer one ne'er had a shoe on,
 Stood fix'd as the Governor's nag in "Don Juan,"
 Or much like the statue that stands, cast in copper, a
 Few yards south-east of the door of the Opera,
 Save that Alured's horse had not got such a big tail,
 While Alured wanted the cock'd hat and pig-tail.

Before him is seen

A diminutive Green

Scoop'd out from the covert—a thick leafy screen
Of wild foliage, trunks with broad branches between
Encircle it wholly, all radiant and sheen,
For the weather at once appear'd clean and serene,
And the sky up above was a bright mazarine,
Just as though no such thing as a tempest had been.
In short, it was one of those sweet little places
In Egypt and Araby known as "oases."

There, under the shade

That was made by the glade,

The astonish'd Sir Alured sat and survey'd
A little low building of Bethersden stone,
With ivy and parasite creepers o'ergrown,

A *Sacellum*, or cell, In which Chronicles tell
Saints and anchorites erst were accustom'd to dwell ;
A little round arch, on which, deeply indented,
The zig-zaggy pattern by Saxons invented
Was cleverly chisell'd, and well represented,

Surmounted a door, Some five feet by four,
It might have been less or it might have been more,
In the primitive ages they made these thing lower
Than we do in buildings that had but one floor ;

And these Chronicles say, When an anchorite grey
Wish'd to shut himself up and keep out of the way,
He was commonly wont in such low cells to stay,
And pray night and day on the *rez de chaussée*.
There, under the arch I've endeavour'd to paint,
With no little surprise, And scarce trusting his eyes,
The Knight now saw standing that little Boy Saint !

The one whom before He'd seen over the door
Of the Priory shaking his head as he swore—
With mitre, and crozier, and rochet, and stole on,
The very self-same—or at least his Eidolon !
With a voice all unlike to the infantine squeak
You'd expect, that small Saint now address'd him to speak :

In a bold, manly tone, he Began, while his stony
Cold lips breath'd an odour quite *Eau de Cologne-y* !
In fact, from his christening, according to rumour, he
Beat Mr. Bruummell to sticks, in perfumery.

"Sir Alured Denne!" Said the Saint, "be attentive! Your ancestors, all most respectable men, Have for some generations been vot'ries of mine; They have brought me mould candles and bow'd at my shrine, They have made my monks presents of ven'son and wine, With a right of free pasturage, too, for their swine.

And, though you in this Have been rather remiss, Still I owe you a turn for the sake of "lang syne." And I now come to tell you, your cursing and swearing Have reach'd to a pitch that is really past bearing.

"Twere a positive scandal In even a Vandal, It ne'er should be done, save with bell, book, and candle: And though I've now learn'd, as I've always suspected, Your own education's been somewhat neglected; Still you're not such an uninform'd pagan, I hope, As not to know cursing belongs to the Pope! And his Holiness feels, very properly, jealous Of all such encroachments by paltry lay fellows.

Now, take my advice, Saints never speak twice, So take it at once, as I once for all give it; Go home! you'll find there all as right as a trivet, But mind and remember, if once you give way To that shocking bad habit, I'm sorry to say, I have heard you so sadly indulge in to-day, As sure as you're born, on the very first trip That you make—the first oath that proceeds from your lip,

I'll soon make you rue it! —I've said it—I'll do it! 'Forewarn'd is forearm'd,' you shan't say but you knew it. Whate'er you hold dearest or nearest your heart, I'LL TAKE IT AWAY, if I come in a cart!

I will on my honour! you know it's absurd To suppose that a Saint ever forfeits his word For a pitiful Knight, or to please any such man—I've said it! I'll do't—if I don't, I'm a Dutchman!"—

He ceased—he was gone as he closed his harangue, And some one outside shut the door with a bang!

Sparkling with dew, Each green herb anew Its profusion of sweets round Sir Alured threw, As pensive and thoughtful he slowly withdrew (For the hoofs of his horse had got rid of their glue).

And the cud of reflection continued to chew
Till the gables of Bonnington Hall rose in view.
Little reck'd he what he smelt, what he saw.

Brilliance of scenery, Fragrance of greenery,
Fail'd in impressing his mental machinery ;
Many an hour had elapsed, well I ween, ere he
Fairly was able distinction to draw
Twixt the odour of garlic and *bouquet du Roi*.

Merrily, merrily sounds the horn,
And cheerily ring the bells ;
For the race is run, The goal is won,
The little lost mutton is happily found,
The Lady of Bonnington's safe and sound
In the Hall where her new Lord dwells !
Hard had they ridden, that company gay,
After fair Edith, away and away :
This had slipp'd back o'er his courser's rump,
That had gone over his ears with a plump,
But the lady herself had stuck on like a trump,
Till her panting steed Relax'd her speed,
And feeling, no doubt, as a gentleman feels
When he's once shown a bailiff a fair pair of heels
Stopp'd of herself, as it's very well known
Horses will do, when they're thoroughly blown,
And thus the old group had foregather'd again,
Just as the sunshine succeeded the rain.
Oh, now the joy, and the frolicking, rollicking
Doings indulged in by one and by all !
Gaiety seized on the most melancholic in
All the broad lands around Bonnington Hall.
All sorts of revelry, All sorts of devilry,
All play at " High Jinks " and keep up the ball.
Days, weeks, and months, it is really astonishing,
When one's so happy, how Time flies away ;
Meanwhile the Bridegroom requires no admonishing,
As to what pass'd on his own wedding-day ;
Never since then, Had Sir Alured Denne
Let a word fall from his lip or his pen
That began with a D, or left off with an N !

Once, and once only, when put in a rage,
By a careless young rascal he'd hired as a Page,
All buttons and brass, When in handling a glass
Of spiced hippocras, throws It all over his clothes,
And spoils his best pourpoint, and smartest trunk hose,
While stretching his hand out to take it and quaff it (he
'd given a rose noble a yard for the taffety),
Then, and then only, came into his head,
A very sad word that began with a Z ;

But he check'd his complaint,

He remember'd the Saint,

In the nick—Lady Denne was beginning to faint—
That sight on his mouth acted quite as a bung,
Like Mahomet's coffin, the shocking word hung
Half-way 'twixt the root and the tip of his tongue.

Many a year Of mirth and good cheer
Flew over their heads, to each other more dear
Every day, they were quoted by peasant and peer
As the rarest examples of love ever known
Since the days of *Le Chivaler D'Arbie* and *Joanne*,
Who in Bonnington chancel lie sculptured in stone.

Well—it happen'd at last, After certain years past,
That an embassy came to our court from afar—
From the Grand-duke of Muscovy—now call'd the Czar,
And the Spindleshank'd Monarch, determined to do
All the grace that he could to a nobleman, who
Had sail'd all that way from a country which few
In our England had heard of, and nobody knew,
With a hat like a muff, and a beard like a Jew,
Our arsenals, buildings, and dock-yards to view,

And to say how desirous His Prince Wladimirus
Had long been with mutual regard to inspire us,
And how he regretted he was not much nigher us,

With other fine things, Such as Kings say to Kings
When each tries to humbug his dear Royal Brother, in
Hopes by such "gammon" to take one another in—

King Longshanks, I say, Being now on his way
Bound for France, where the rebels had kept him at bay,
Was living in clover At this time at Dover.

I the castle there, waiting a tide to go over.
 He had summon'd, I can't tell you how many men,
 Knights, nobles, and squires to the wars of Guienne,
 And among these of course was Sir Alured Denne,
 Who, acting like most Of the knights in the host,
 Whose residence was not too far from the coast,
 Had brought his wife with him, delaying their parting,
 Fond souls, till the very last moment of starting.

Of course, with such lots of lords, ladies, and knights,
 In their *Saracenettes*, and their bright chain-mail tights,
 All accustom'd to galas, grand doings, and sights,
 A matter like this was at once put to rights ;

 'Twould have been a strange thing,
 If so polish'd a king,
 With his Board of Green Cloth, and Lord Steward's depart-
 ment,
 Couldn't teach an Ambassador what the word "smart"
 meant.

A banquet was order'd at once for a score,
 Or more, of the *corps* that had just come on shore,
 And the King, though he thought it "a bit of a bore,"

 Ask'd all the *élite* Of his *levée* to meet
 The illustrious Strangers and share in the treat ;
 For the Boyar himself, the Queen graciously made him her
 Beau for the day, from respect to Duke Wladimir.
 (Queer as this name may appear in the spelling,

 You won't find it trouble you, Sound but the W
 Like the first L in Llan, Lloyd, and Llewellyn !)

Fancy the fuss and the fidgety looks
 Of Robert de Burghersh, the constables, cooks ;
 For of course the *cuisine* Of the King and the Queen
 Was behind them at London, or Windsor, or Sheene,
 Or wherever the Court ere it started had been,

 And it's really no jest, When a troublesome guest
 Looks in at a time when you're busy and prest,
 Just going to fight, or to ride, or to rest,
 And expects a good lunch when you've none ready drest.

 The servants, no doubt, Were much put to the rout,
 By this very *extempore* sort of set-out.

But they wisely fell back upon poor Richard's plan,
 "When you can't what you would, you must do what you can!"
 So they ransack'd the country, folds, pig-styes, and pens,
 For the sheep and the porkers, the cocks and the hens;
 'Twas said a Tom-cat of Sir Alured Denne's,

A fine tabby-grey, Disappear'd on that day,
 And whatever became of him no one could say,

They brought all the food That ever they cou'd,
 Fish, flesh, and fowl, with sea-coal and dry wood
 To his Majesty's *Dapifer*, Eudo (or Ude),
 They lighted the town up, set ringing the bells,
 And borrow'd the waiters from all the hotels.

A bright thought, moreover, came into the head
 Of *Dapifer* Eudo, who'd some little dread,
 As he said, for the thorough success of his spread.
 So he said to himself, "What a thing it would be

Could I have here with me Some one, two, or three
 Of their outlandish scullions from over the sea!
 It's a hundred to one if the *Suite* or their Chief
 Understand our plum-puddings, and barons of beef;
 But with five minutes' chat with their cooks or their valets
 We'd soon dish up something to tickle their palates!"
 With this happy conceit for improving the mess,
 Pooh-poohing expense, he despatch'd an express
 In a waggon and four on the instant to Deal,
 Who dash'd down the hill without locking the wheel,
 And, by means which I guess but decline to reveal,
 Seduced from the Downs, where at anchor their vessel rode,
 Lumpoff Icywitz, serf to a former Court Nesselrode,

A cook of some fame, Who invented the same
 Cold pudding that still bears the family name.
 This accomplish'd, the *Chef's* peace of mind was restored.
 And in due time a banquet was placed on the board
 "In the very best style," which implies, in a word,
 "All the dainties the season" (and king) "could afford."

There were snipes, there were rails,

There were woodcocks and quails,

There were peacocks served up in their pride (that is, tails)

Fricandeau, fricassees, Ducks and green peas,
Cotelettes à l'Indienne, and chops à la *Soubise*
 (Which last you may call "onion-sauce" if you please),

There are barbecu'd pigs Stuff'd with raisins and figs,
Omelettes and *haricots*, stews and *ragoûts*,
 And pork griskins, which Jews still refuse and abuse.
 Then the wines,—round the circle how swiftly they went,
 Canary, Sack, Malaga, Malvoisie, Tent ;
 Old Hock from the Rhine, wine remarkably fine,
 Of the Charlemagne vintage of seven ninety-nine,—
 Five cent'ries in bottle had made it divine !
 The rich juice of Rousillon, Gascoygne, Bordeaux,
 Marasquin, Curaçoa, Kirschen Wassar, Noyeau,
 And gin which the company voted "No Go ;"
 The guests all hob-nobbing, And bowing and bobbing,
 Some prefer white wine, while others more value red,
 Few, a choice few, Of more orthodox *goût*,
 Stick to "old crusted port," among whom was Sir Alured ;
 Never indeed at a banquet before
 Had that gallant commander enjoy'd himself more.

Then came "sweets"—served in silver were tartlets and pies—
 in glass,
 Jellies composed of punch, calves' feet, and isinglass,
 Creams, and whipt-syllabubs, some hot, some cool,
Blancmange, and quince-custards, and gooseberry-fool.
 And now from the good taste which reigns, it's confest,
 In a gentleman's, that is an Englishman's, breast,
 And makes him polite to a stranger and guest,
 They soon play'd the deuce
 With a large *Charlotte Russe* ;
 More than one of the party despatch'd his plate twice
 With "I'm really ashamed, but—another small slice !
 Your dishes from Russia are really *so* nice !"
 Then the prime dish of all ! "There was nothing so good in
 The whole of the Feed" One and all were agreed,
 "As the great Lumpoff Icywitz' Nesselrode pudding !"
 Sir Alured Denne, who'd all day, to say sooth,
 Like Iago, been "plagued with a sad raging tooth,"
 Which had nevertheless interfered very little
 With his—what for my rhyme I'm obliged to spell—vittle,
 Requested a friend Who sat near him to send
 Him a spoonful of what he heard all so commend,

And begg'd to take wine with him afterwards, grateful
 Because for a spoonful he'd sent him a plateful.
 Having emptied his glass—he ne'er balk'd or spill'd it—
 The gallant Knight open'd his mouth—and then fill'd it.

You must really excuse me—there's nothing could bribe
 Me at all to go on and attempt to describe

The fearsome look then Of Sir Alured Denne!
 —Astonishment, horror, distraction of mind,
 Rage, misery, fear, and iced pudding—combined!
 Lip, forehead, and cheek—how these mingle and meet
 All colours, all hues, now advance, now retreat,
 Now pale as a turnip, now crimson as beet!
 How he grasps his arm-chair in attempting to rise,
 See his veins how they swell! mark the roll of his eyes!
 Now east and now west, now north and now south,
 Till at once he contrives to eject from his mouth

That vile “spoonful”—what He has got he knows not,
 He isn't quite sure if it's cold or it's hot;
 At last he exclaims, as he starts from his seat,
 “A SNOWBALL by ——!” what I decline to repeat,—
 'Twas the name of a bad place, for mention unmeet.

Then oh what a volley!—a great many heard
 What flow'd from his lips, and 'twere really absurd
 To suppose that each man was not shock'd by each word
 A great many heard, too, with mix'd fear and wonder,
 The terrible crash of the terrible thunder,
 That broke as if bursting the building asunder;
 But very few heard, although every one might,
 The short, half-stifled shriek from the chair on the right,
 Where the lady of Bonnington sat by her knight;
 And very few saw—some—the number was small,
 In the large ogive window that lighted the hall,
 A small stony Saint in a small stony pall,
 With a small stony mitre, and small stony crosier,
 And small stony toes that owed nought to the hosier,
 Beckon stonily downward to *some one* below,
 As Merryman says “for to come for to go!”
 While every one smelt a delicious perfume
 That seem'd to pervade every part of the room!

Fair Edith Denne, The *bonne et belle* then,
 Never again was beheld among men !
 But there was the *fauteuil* on which she was placed,
 And there was the girdle that graced her small waist,
 And there was her stomacher, brilliant with gems,
 And the mantle she wore, edged with lace at the hems,
 Her rich brocade gown sat upright in its place,
 And her wimple was there—but where—WHERE WAS HER
 FACE ?

'Twas gone with her body—and nobody knows,
 Nor could any one present so much as suppose
 How that Lady contrived to slip out of her clothes !

But 'twas done—she was quite gone—the how and the where,
 No mortal was ever yet found to declare ;
 Though inquiries were made, and some writers record
 That Sir Alured offer'd a handsome reward.

* * * * *

King Edward went o'er to his wars in Guienne,
 Taking with him his barons, his knights, and his men.

You may look through the whole
 Of that King's muster-roll,
 And you won't find the name of Sir Alured Denne,
 But Chronicles tell that there formerly stood
 A little old chapel in Bilsington wood ;

The remains to this day, Archæologists say,
 May be seen, and I'd go there and look if I could.
 There long dwelt a hermit remarkably good,

Who lived all alone, And never was known
 To use bed or bolster, except the cold stone ;
 But would groan and would moan in so piteous a tone,
 A wild Irishman's heart had responded "Och hone !"
 As the fashion with hermits of old was to keep skins
 To wear with the wool on—most commonly sheep-skins—
 He, too, like the rest, was accustom'd to do so ;
 His beard, as no barber came near him, too, grew so,
 He bore some resemblance to Robinson Crusoe ;
 In Houndsditch, I'm told, you'll sometimes see a Jew so.

He lived on the roots, And the cob-nuts and fruits,
 Which the kind-hearted rustics, who rarely are churls
 In such matters, would send by their boys and their girls ;

They'd not get him to speak,
 If they tried for a week,
 But the colour would always mount up in his cheek,
 And he'd look like a dragon if ever he heard
 His young friends use a naughty expression or word.
 How long he lived or at what time he died,
 'Twere hard, after so many years, to decide,
 But there's one point, on which all traditions agree,
 That he *did* die at last, leaving no legatee,
 And his linen was mark'd with an A and a D.

Alas, for the glories of Bonnington Hall!
 Alas, for its splendour! alas, for its fall!

Long years have gone by Since the trav'ller might spy
 Any decentish house in the parish at all.
 For very soon after the awful event
 I've related, 'twas said through all that part of Kent
 That the maids of a morning, when putting the chairs
 And the tables to rights, would oft pop unawares,
 In one of the parlours, or galleries, or stairs,
 On a tall, female figure, or find her, far horridier,
 Slowly o' nights promenading the corridor;
 But whatever the hour, or wherever the place,
No one could ever get sight of her face!

Nor could they perceive any arm in her sleeve,
 While her legs and her feet, too, seem'd mere "make believe,"
 For she glided along with that shadow-like motion

Which gives one the notion
 Of clouds on a zephyr, or ships on the ocean;
 And though of her gown they could *hear* the silk rustle,
 They saw but that side on't *ornée* with the bustle.
 The servants, of course, though the house they were born in,
 Soon "wanted to better themselves," and gave warning.
 While even the new Knight grew tired of a guest
 Who would not let himself or his family rest;

So he pack'd up his all, And made a bare wall
 Of each well-furnish'd room in his ancestors' Hall,
 Then left the old Mansion to stand or to fall,
 Having previously barr'd up the windows and gates,
 To avoid paying cesses and taxes and rates,
 And settled on one of his other estates,

Where he built a new mansion, and called it Denne Hill,
And there his descendants reside, I think, still.

Poor Bonnington, empty, or left, at the most,
To the joint occupation of rooks and a Ghost,
Soon went to decay, And moulder'd away,
But whether it dropp'd down at last I can't say,
Or whether the jackdaws produced; by degrees, a
Spontaneous combustion like that one at Pisa

Some cent'ries ago, I'm sure I don't know,
But you can't find a vestige now ever so tiny,
"*Perierunt*," as some one says, "*etiam ruinæ*."

MORAL.

The first maxim a couple of lines may be said in,
If you *are* in a passion, don't swear at a wedding!

Whenever you chance to be ask'd out to dine,
Be exceedingly cautious—don't take too much wine!
In your eating remember one principal point,
Whatever you do, have your eye on the joint;
Keep clear of side dishes, don't meddle with those
Which the servants in livery, or those in plain clothes,
Poke over your shoulders and under your nose;
Or, if you *must* live on the fat of the land,
And feed on fine dishes you don't understand,
Buy a good book of cookery! I've a compact one,
First-rate of the kind, just brought out by Miss Acton,
This will teach you their names, the ingredients they're
made of,

And which to indulge in, and which be afraid of,
Or else, ten to one, between ice and cayenne,
You'll commit yourself some day, like Alured Denne.

"To persons about to be married" I'd say,
Don't exhibit ill-humour, at least on The Day!
And should there perchance be a trifling delay
On the part of officials, extend them your pardon,
And don't snub the parson, the clerk, or churchwarden!
To married men this—For the rest of your lives,
Think how your misconduct may act on your wives!
Don't swear then before them, lest haply they faint,
Or—what sometimes occurs—run away with a Saint!

The Brothers of Birchington.

A LAY OF ST. THOMAS À BECKET.

You are all aware that
On our throne there once sat
A very great king who'd an Angevin hat,
With a great sprig of broom, which he wore as a badge in it,
Named from this circumstance, Henry Plantagenet.

Pray don't suppose That I'm going to prose
O'er Queen Eleanor's wrongs, or Miss Rosamond's woes,
With the dagger and bowl, and all that sort of thing,
Not much to the credit of Miss, Queen, or King.

The tale may be true, But between me and you,
With the King's *escapade* I'll have nothing to do ;
But shall merely select, as a theme for my rhymes,
A fact which occur'd to some folks in his times.

If for health, or a "lark," You should ever embark
In that best of improvements on boats since the Ark,
The steam-vessel call'd the "Red Rover," the barge
Of an excellent officer, named Captain Large,

You may see, some half way
'Twixt the pier at Herne Bay
And Margate, the place where you're going to stay,
A village call'd Birchington, famed for its "Rolls,"
As the fishing-bank, just in its front, is for Soles.

Well,—there stood a fane In this Harry Broom's reign,
On the edge of the cliff, overhanging the main,
Renown'd for its sanctity all through the nation,
And orthodox friars of the Austin persuasion.

Among them there was one, Whom if once I begun
To describe as I ought I should never have done,
Father Richard of Birchington, so was the Friar
Yclept, whom the rest had elected their Prior.

He was tall and upright, About six feet in height,
His complexion was what you'd denominate light,
And the tonsure had left, 'mid his ringlets of brown,
A little bald patch on the top of his crown.

His bright sparkling eye Was of hazel, and nigh
Rose a finely-arch'd eye-brow of similar dye ;
He'd a small, well-form'd mouth with the *Cupidon* lip,
And an aquiline nose, somewhat red at the tip.

In-doors and out He was very devout,
With his *Aves* and *Paters*—and oh, such a knout !!
For his self-flagellations ! the Monks used to say
He would wear out two penn'orth of whipcord a day !

Then how his piety Shows in his diet, he
Dines upon pulse, or, by way of variety,
Sand-eels or dabs ! or his appetite mocks
With those small periwinkles, that crawl on the rocks.

In brief, I don't stick To declare Father Dick—
So they call'd him, "for short,"—was a "Regular Brick,"
A metaphor taken—I have not the page aright—
Out of an ethical work by the Stagyrte.

Now Nature, 'tis said, Is a comical jade,
And among the fantastical tricks she has play'd,
Was the making our good Father Richard a Brother,
As like him in form as one pea's like another ;

He was tall and upright, About six feet in height,
His complexion was what you'd denominate light,
And, though he had not shorn his ringlets of brown,
He'd a little bald patch on the top of his crown.

He'd a bright sparkling eye Of the hazel, hard by
Rose a finely-arch'd sourcil of similar dye ;
He'd a small, well-shaped mouth, with a *Cupidon* lip,
With a good Roman nose, rather red at the tip.

But here, it's pretended, The parallel ended !
In fact, there's no doubt his life might have been mended,
And people who spoke of the Prior with delight,
Shook their heads if you mention'd his brother the Knight

If you'd credit report, There was nothing but sport,
And High Jinks going on night and day at "the court,"
Where Sir Robert, instead of devotion and charity,
Spent all his time in unseemly hilarity.

He drinks and he eats Of choice liquors and meats,
And he goes out on We'n'sdays and Fridays to treats,
Gets tipsy whenever he dines or he sups,
And is wont to come quarrelsome home in his cups.

No *Paters*, no *Aves*; An absolute slave he's
To tarts, pickled salmon, and sauces, and gravies;
While as to his beads—what a shame in a Knight!—
He really don't know the wrong end from the right!

So, though 'twas own'd then, By nine people in ten,
That "Robert and Richard were two pretty men,"
Yet there the praise ceased, or at least the good Priest,
Was consider'd the "Beauty," Sir Robert the "Beast."

Indeed, I'm afraid More might have been laid
To the charge of the Knight than was openly said,
For then we'd no "Phiz's," no "H. B.'s," nor "Leeches,"
To call Roberts "Bobs," and illustrate their speeches.

'Twas whisper'd he'd rob, Nay murder! a job,
Which would stamp him no "brick" but a "regular snob,"
(An obsolete term, which, at this time of day,
We should probably render by *mauvais sujet*).

Now if *here* such affairs Get wind unawares,
They are bruited about, doubtless, much more "down-stairs,"
Where Old Nick has a register-office, they say,
With commissioners quite of such matters *au fait*.

Of course, when he heard What his people averr'd
Of Sir Robert's proceedings in deed and in word,
He ask'd for the ledger, and hasten'd to look
At the leaves on the creditor side of this book.

'Twas with more than surprise
That he now ran his eyes
O'er the numberless items, oaths, curses, and lies,
Et cætera, set down in Sir Robert's account,
He was quite "flabbergasted" to see the amount.

"Dear me! this is wrong! It's a great deal too strong, I'd no notion this bill had been standing so long—Send Levybub here!" and he fill'd up a writ Of "*Ca sa*," duly prefaced with "Limbo to wit."

"Here, Levybub, quick!" To his bailiff, said Nick, "I'm 'ryled,' and 'my dander's up,' Go a-ahead slick, Up to Kent—not Kentuck—and at once fetch away A snob there—I guess that's a *Mauvais Sujet*."

"One de Birchington, knight— 'Tis not clear quite What his t'other name is—they've not enter'd it right, Ralph, Robert, or Richard? they've not gone so far, Our critturs have put it down merely as 'R.'"

"But he's tall and upright, About six feet in height, His complexion, I reckon, you'd calculate light, And he's further 'set down' having ringlets of brown, With a little bald patch on the top of his crown."

"Then his eye and his lip, Hook-nose, red at tip, Are marks your attention can't easily slip; Take Slomanoch with you, he's got a good knack Of soon grabbing his man, and be back in a crack!"

That same afternoon Father Dick, who, as soon Would "knock in," or "cut chapel" as jump o'er the moon, Was missing at vespers—at compline—all night! And his monks were, of course, in a deuce of a fright.

Morning dawn'd—'twas broad day, Still no Prior! the tray With his muffins and eggs went untasted away;— He came not to luncheon—all said, "it was rum of him," —None could conceive what on earth had become of him.

They examined his cell, They peep'd down the well; They went up the tow'r, and look'd into the bell; They dragg'd the great fish-pond, the little one tried, But found nothing at all, save some carp—which they fried.

"Dear me! Dear me! Why, where can he be? He's fallen over the cliff?—tumbled into the sea?" "Stay—he talk'd," exclaim'd one, "if I recollect right, Of making a call on his brother, the Knight!"

He turns as he speaks, The "Court Lodge" he seeks,
Which was known then, as now, by the queer name of
Quekes,
But scarce half a mile on his way had he sped,
When he spied the good Prior in the paddock—stone dead.

Alas! 'twas too true! And I need not tell you
In the convent his news made a pretty to do;
Through all its wide precincts so roomy and spacious,
Nothing was heard but "Bless *me!*" and "Good gracious!!"

They sent for the May'r And the Doctor, a pair
Of grave men, who began to discuss the affair,
When in bounced the Coroner, foaming with fury,
"Because," as he said, "'twas pooh! pooh! ing his jury."

Then commenced a dispute, And so hot they went to't,
That things seem'd to threaten a serious *émeute*,
When, just in the midst of the uproar and racket,
Who should walk in but St. Thomas à Becket.

Quoth his saintship, "How now? Here's a fine coil, I
trow!
I should like to know, gentlemen, what's all this row?
Mr. Wickliffe—or Wackliffe—whatever your name is—
And you, Mr. May'r don't you know, sirs, what shame is?

"Pray what's all this clatter About?—what's the matter?
Here a monk, whose teeth funk and concern made to chatter,
Sobs out, as he points to the corpse on the floor,
"'Tis all dickey with poor Father Dick—he's no more!"

"How!—what?" says the Saint,
"Yes he is—no he ain't!
He can't be deceased—pooh! it's merely a feint,
Or some foolish mistake which may serve for our laughter,
'He *should* have died,' like the old Scotch Queen, 'hereafter.'

"His time is not out, Some blunder, no doubt,
It shall go hard but what I'll know what it's about—
I shan't be surprised if that scurvy old Nick's
Had a hand in't; it savours of one of his tricks."

When a crafty old hound Claps his nose to the ground,
Then throws it up boldly and bays out, "I've found!"
And the pack catch the note, I'd as soon think to check it,
As dream of bamboozling St. Thomas à Becket.

Once on the scent To business he went,
"You Scoundrel, come here, sir" ('twas Nick that he meant),
"Bring your books here this instant—bestir yourself—do,
I've no time to waste on such fellows as you."

Every corner and nook In all Erebus shook,
As he struck on the pavement his pastoral crook,
All its tenements trembled from basement to roofs,
And their *nigger* inhabitants shook in their hoofs.

Hanging his ears, Yet dissembling his fears,
Ledger in hand, straight "Auld Hornie" appears,
With that sort of half-sneaking, half-impudent look,
Bankrupts sport when cross-question'd by Cresswell or Cooke.

"So, Sir-r-r! you are here," Said the Saint with a sneer,
"My summons, I trust, did not much interfere
With your morning engagements—I merely desire,
At your leisure to know what you've done with my Prior?"

"Now, none of your lies, Mr. Nick! I'd advise
You to tell me the truth without any disguise,
Or-r-r!!" The Saint, while his rosy gills seem'd to grow
rosier,
Here gave another great thump with his crosier.

Like a small boy at Eton, Who's not quite a Crichton,
And don't know his task but expects to be beaten,
Nick stammer'd, scarce knowing what answer to make,
"Sir, I'm sadly afraid here has been a mistake.

"These things will occur, We are all apt to err,
The most cautious sometimes, as you know, holy sir;
For my own part—I'm sure I do all that I can—
But—the fact is—I fear—we have got the wrong man."

"Wrong man!" roar'd the Saint—
But the scene I can't paint,
The best colours I have are a vast deal too faint—

Nick afterwards own'd that he ne'er knew what fright
meant,
Before he saw Saint under so much excitement.

"Wrong man! don't tell me— Pooh!—fiddle-de-dee!
What's **your** right, Scamp, to *any* man!—come, let me see;
I'll teach you, you thorough-paced rascal, to meddle
With church matters, come, sirrah, out with your schedule!"

In support of his claim The fiend turns to the name
Of "De Birchington" written in letters of flame,
Below which long items stand, column on column,
Enough to have eked out a decent-sized volume!

Sins of all sorts and shapes,
From small practical japes
Up to dicings and drinkings, and murders and rapes,
And then of such standing!—a merciless tick
From an Oxford tobacconist,—let alone Nick.

The Saint in surprise Scarce believed his own eyes,
Still he knew he'd to deal with the father of lies,
And "So *this*!—you call *this*!" he exclaim'd in a searching
tone,

"This!!! the account of my friend Dick de Birchington!"

"Why," said Nick, with an air
Of great candour, "it's there
Lies the awkwardest part of this awkward affair—
I thought all was right—see the height tallies quite,
The complexion's what all must consider as light;
There's the nose, and the lip, and the ringlets of brown,
And the little bald patch on the top of the crown.

"And then the surname, So exactly the same—
I don't know—I can't tell how the accident came,
But *some* how—I own it's a very sad job,
But—my bailiff grabb'd Dick when he *should* have nabb'd
Bob.

"I am vex'd beyond bounds
You should have such good grounds
For complaint: I would rather have given five pounds,

And any apology, sir, you may choose,
I'll make with much pleasure, and put in the 'News.'"

"An apology!—pooh; Much good that will do!
An 'apology' quotha!—and that too from you!—
Before any proposal is made of the sort,
Bring back your stol'n goods, thief;—produce them in
Court."

In a moment so small It seem'd no time at all,
Father Richard sat up on his what-do-ye-call—
Sur son séant—and, what was as wondrous as pleasing,
At once began coughing, and sniffing, and sneezing.

While, strange to relate, The Knight, whom the fate
Of his brother had reach'd, and who knock'd at the gate,
To make further inquiries, had scarce made his bow
To the Saint ere he vanish'd, and no one knew how!

Erupit—evasit, As Tully would phrase it,
And none could have known where to find his *Hic jacet*—
That sentence which man his mortality teaches—
Sir Robert had disappear'd, body and breeches!

"Heyday! Sir, heyday! What's the matter now—ch?"
Quoth À Becket, observing the gen'ral dismay,
"How, again!—'pon my word this is really too bad!
It would drive any Saint in the calendar mad.

"What, still at your tricking?
You *will* have a kicking?
I see you won't rest till you've got a good licking—
Your claim, friend?—what claim?—why, you show'd me
before
That your *old* claim was cancell'd—you've cross'd out the
score!

"Is it that way you'd Jew one?
You've settled the true one?
Do you mean to tell me he has run up a new one?
Of the thousands you've cheated And scurvily treated,
Name one you've dared charge with a bill once receipted!

In the Bankruptcy Court should you dare to presume
To attempt it, they'd soon kick you out of the room,
—Ask Commissioner Fonblanque, or ask my Lord Brougham.

“And then to make under So barefaced a blunder
Your caption!—why, what's the world come to, I wonder
My patience! it's just like his impudence, rat him!
—Stand out of the way there, and let me get at him!”

The Saint raised his arm, But Old Nick, in alarm,
Dash'd up through the skylight, not doing much harm,
While, *quitte pour la peur*, the Knight, sound on the whole,
Down the chimney came tumbling as black as a coal!

Spare we to tell Of what after befell!
How the Saint lectured Robert de Birchington well,
Bade him alter his life, and held out as a warning
The narrow escape he had made on't that morning.

Nor need we declare How, then and there,
The jury and Coroner blew up the May'r
For his breach of decorum as one of the *quorum*,
In not having Levybub brought up before 'em.

Nor will you require Me to state how the Prior
Could never thenceforth bear the sight of a fire,
Nor ever was heard to express a desire
In cold weather to see the thermometer higher.

Nor shall I relate The subsequent fate
Of St. Thomas à Becket, whose reverend pate
Fitzurse and De Morville, and Brito and Tracy
Shaved off, as his crown had been merely a jasey.

Suffice it to say, From that notable day
The “Twin Birchington Brothers” together grew grey:
In the same holy convent continued to dwell,
Same food and same fastings, same habit, same cell.

No more the Knight rattles In broils and in battles,
But sells, by De Robins, his goods and his chattels,
And counting all wealth a mere Will-o'-the-wisp,
Disposes of Quekes to Sir Nicholas Crispe.

One spot alone Of all he had known
Of his spacious domain he retain'd as his own,
In a neighbouring parish, whose name I may say
Scarce any two people pronounce the same way.

Re-*cul-ver* some style it, While others revile it
As bad, and say *Re-culver*—'tisn't worth while, it
Would seem, to dispute, when we know the result immat-
erial—I accent, myself, the penultimate.

Sages with brains Full of "Saxon remains,"
May call me a booby, perhaps, for my pains,
Still I hold, at the hazard of being thought dull by 'em,
Fast by the quantity mark'd for *Regulbium*.

Call 't as you will The traveller still,
In the voyage that we talk'd about, marks on the hill
Overhanging the sea, the "twin towers" raised then
By "Robert and Richard, those two pretty men."

Both tall and upright, And just equal in height ;
The Trinity House talked of painting them white,
And the thing was much spoken of some time ago,
When the Duke, I believe—but I really don't know.

Well—there the "Twins" stand
On the verge of the land,
To warn mariners off from the Columbine sand,
And many a poor man have Robert and Dick,
By their vow caused to 'scape, like themselves, from Old
Nick,

So, whether you're sailors Or Tooley-street tailors,
Broke loose from your masters, those sternest of jailers,
And, bent upon pleasure, are taking your trip,
In a craft which you fondly conceive is a ship,

When you've pass'd by the Nore,
And you hear the winds roar
In a manner you scarce could have fancied before,
When the cordage and tackling
Are flapping and crackling,
And the boy with the bell Thinks it useless to tell
You that "dinner's on table," because you're unwell ;

When above you all's "scud," And below you the flood
 Looks a horrible mixture of soap-suds and mud,
 When the timbers are straining,
 And folks are complaining,
 The dead-lights are letting the spray and the rain in,
 When the helm's-man looks blue,
 And Captain Large too,
 And you really don't know what on earth you shall do ;

In this hubbub and row Think where you'd be now,
 Except for the Birchington boys and their vow !
 And while o'er the wide wave you feel the craft pitch hard,
 Praise for ye sowles of Robertte and Rycharde !

MORAL.

It's a subject of serious complaint in some houses,
 With young married men who have elderly spouses,
 That persons are seen in their figures and faces
 With very queer people in very queer places,
 So like them that one for the other's oft taken,
 And conjugal confidence thereby much shaken :
 Explanations too often are thought mere pretences,
 And Richard gets scolded for Robert's offences.

In a matter so nice, If I'm ask'd my advice,
 I say copy King Henry to obviate that,
 And stick something remarkable up in your hat !

Next, observe, in this world where we've so many cheats,
 How useful it is to preserve your receipts !
 If you deal with a person whose truth you don't doubt,
 Be particular, still, that your bill is cross'd out :
 But, with any inducement to think him a scamp,
 Have a formal receipt on a regular stamp !

Let every gay gallant my story who notes
 Take warning, and not go on "sowing wild oats !"

Nor depend that some friend Will always attend,
 And by "making all right" bring him off in the end,
 He may be mistaken, so let him beware,
 St. Thomas à Becket's are now rather rare.

Last of all, may'rs and magistrates, never be rude
 To juries ! they're people who won't be pooh-pooh'd !
 Especially Sandwich ones—no one can say
 But himself may come under their clutches one day ;
 They then may pay off In kind any scoff,
 And turning their late verdict quite "*wisey wersey*,"
 "*Acquit* you," and *not* "recommend you to mercy."

The Knight and the Lady.

A DOMESTIC LEGEND OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

"Hail, wedded love ! mysterious tie !"

Thomson—or Somebody.

THE LADY JANE was tall and slim,
 The lady Jane was fair,
 And Sir Thomas, her Lord, was stout of limb,
 But his cough was short, and his eyes were dim,
 And he wore green "*specs*," with a tortoiseshell rim,
 And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,
 And she was uncommonly fond of him,—
 And they were a loving pair !—
 And the name and the fame
 Of the Knight and his Dame
 Were ev'rywhere hail'd with the loudest acclaim ;
 And wherever they went, or wherever they came,
 Far and wide, The people cried
 "Huzzah ! for the Lord of this noble domain,—
 Huzzah ! huzzah ! huzzah !—once again !—
 Encore !—Encore !— One cheer more !
 —All sorts of pleasure, and no sort of pain
 To Sir Thomas the Good, and the Fair Lady Jane !!"

Now Sir Thomas the Good, Be it well understood,
 Was a man of a very contemplative mood,—

He would pore by the hour O'er a weed or a flower,
 Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower ;
 Black-beetles, and Bumble-bees,—Blue-bottle flies,
 And Moths were of no small account in his eyes ;
 An "Industrious Flea" he'd by no means despise,
 While an "Old Daddy-long-legs," whose "long legs" and
 thighs
 Pass'd the common in shape, or in colour, or size,
 He was wont to consider an absolute prize,
 Nay, a hornet or wasp he could scarce "keep his paws off"—he
 Gave up, in short, Both business and sport,
 And abandon'd himself *tout entier*, to Philosophy.

Now, as Lady Jane was tall and slim,—
 And Lady Jane was fair,
 And a good many years the junior of him,—
 And as he, All agree,
 Look'd less like her *Mari*,
 As he walk'd by her side, than her *Père*,
 There are some might be found entertaining a notion
 That such an entire and exclusive devotion
 To that part of science folks style Entomology,
 Was a positive shame, And, to such a fair Dame,
 Really demanded some sort of apology :
 —No doubt it *would* vex One half of the sex
 To see their own husband in horrid green "specs,
 Instead of enjoying a sociable chat,
 Still poking his nose into this and to that,
 At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,
 Or great ugly things, All legs and wings,
 With nasty long tails arm'd with nasty long stings ;
 And they'd join such a log of a spouse to condemn,
 —One eternally thinking,
 And blinking, and winking
 At grubs,—when he ought to be winking at them."—
 But no !—oh no ! 'Twas by no means so
 With the Lady Jane Ingoldsby—she, far discreeter,
 And, having a temper more even and sweeter,
 Would never object to *Her* spouse, in respect to
 His poking and peeping After "things creeping ;"

Much less be still keeping lamenting, and weeping,
Or scolding at what she perceived him so deep in.

Tout au contraire, No lady so fair
Was e'er known to wear more contented an air ;
And, let who would call,—every day she was there,
Propounding receipts for some delicate fare,
Some toothsome conserve, of quince, apple, or pear,
Or distilling strong waters,—or potting a hare,—
Or counting her spoons and her crockery-ware ;
Or else, her tambour-frame before her, with care
Embroidering a stool or a back for a chair
With needle-work roses, most cunning and rare,
Enough to make less gifted visitors stare,

And declare, where'er

They had been, that, "they ne'er
In their lives had seen aught that at all could compare
With dear Lady Jane's housewifery—that they would swear."

Nay more ; don't suppose With such doings as those
This account of her merits must come to a close ;
No ;—examine her conduct more closely, you'll find
She by no means neglected improving her mind ;
For there, all the while, with air quite bewitching,
She sat herring-boning, tambouring, or stitching,
Or having an eye to affairs of the kitchen.

Close by her side, Sat her kinsman, MacBride,
Her cousin, fourteen-times removed,—as you'll see
If you look at the Ingoldsby family tree,
In "Burke's Commoners," vol. xx., page 53.

All the papers I've read agree, Too, with the pedigree,
Where, among the collateral branches, appears
"Captain Dugald MacBride, Royal Scots Fusileers ;"
And I doubt if you'd find in the whole of his clan
A more highly intelligent, worthy young man ;—

And there he'd be sitting, While she was a knitting,
Or hemming, or stitching, or darning and fitting,
Or putting a "gore," or a "gusset," or "bit" in,
Reading aloud, with a very grave look,
Some very "wise saw" from some very good book,—

Some such pious divine as St. Thomas Aquinas :
Or, equally charming, The works of Bellarmine ;
Or else he unravels The "voyages and travels"

Of Hackluytz—(how sadly these Dutch names *do* sully verse!)—

Purchas's, Hawksworth's, or Lemuel Gulliver's,—
Not to name others, 'mongst whom there are few so
Admired as John Bunyan and Robinson Crusoe.—

No matter who came, It was always the same,
The Captain was reading aloud to the Dame,
Till, from having gone through half the books on the shelf,
They were almost as wise as Sir Thomas himself.

Well, it happen'd one day, —I really can't say
The particular month ; but I *think* 'twas in May,—
'Twas, I *know*, in the Spring-time,—when "Nature looks gay,"
As the Poet observes,—and on tree-top and spray
The dear little dickey-birds carol away ;
When the grass is so green, and the sun is so bright,
And all things are teeming with life and with light,—
That the whole of the house was thrown into affright,
For no soul could conceive what was gone with the Knight !

It seems he had taken A light breakfast—bacon,
An egg—with a little broil'd haddock—at most
A round and a half of some hot butter'd toast,
With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast.

And then—let me see!— He had two—perhaps three
Cups (with sugar and cream) of strong gunpowder tea,
With a spoonful in each of some choice *eau de vie*,
—Which with nine out of ten would perhaps disagree.—

—In fact, I and my son Mix "black" with our "Hyson,"
Neither having the nerves of a bull, or a bison,
And both hating brandy like what some call "pison."

No matter for that— He had call'd for his hat,
With the brim that I've said was so broad and so flat,
And his "specs" with the tortoiseshell rim, and his cane
With the crutch-handled top, which he used to sustain
His steps in his walks, and to poke in the shrubs
And the grass, when unearthing his worms and his grubs—
Thus arm'd, he set out on a ramble—alack !
He *set out*, poor dear Soul !—but he never came back !

"First dinner-bell" rang Out its euphonious clang
At five—folks kept early hours then—and the "Last"
Ding-dong'd, as it ever was wont, at half-past,

While Betsy and Sally, And Thompson the *Valet*,
 And every one else was beginning to bless himself,
 Wondering the Knight, had not come in to dress himself.—
 —Quoth Betsy, “Dear me! why the fish will be cold!”
 Quoth Sally, “Good gracious! how ‘Missis’ *will* scold!”

Thompson, the *Valet*, Look’d gravely at Sally,
 As who should say, “Truth must not always be told!”
 Then, expressing a fear lest the Knight might take cold,
 Thus exposed to the dews,
 Lamb’s-wool stockings and shoes,
 Of each a fresh pair, He put down to air,
 And hung a clean shirt to the fire on a chair.—

Still the Master was absent—the Cook came and said, “h,
 Much fear’d, as the dinner had been so long ready,
 The roast and the boil’d Would be all of it spoil’d,
 And the puddings, her Ladyship thought such a treat,
 He was morally sure, would be scarce fit to eat!”

This closed the debate— “’Twould be folly to wait,”
 Said the Lady, “Dish up!—Let the meal be served straight,
 And let two or three slices be put on a plate,
 And kept hot for Sir Thomas.—He’s lost sure as fate!
 And, a hundred to one, won’t be home till it’s late!”
 —Captain Dugald MacBride then proceeded to face
 The Lady at table,—stood up, and said grace,—
 Then set himself down in Sir Thomas’s place.

Wearily, wearily, all that night,
 That live-long night did the hours go by;
 And the Lady Jane, In grief and in pain,
 She sat herself down to cry!
 And Captain MacBride, Who sat by her side,
 Though I really can’t say that he actually cried,
 At least had a tear in his eye!—
 As much as can well be expected, perhaps,
 From “very young fellows” for very “old chaps;”
 And if he had said What he’d got in his head,
 ’Twould have been, “Poor old Buffer! he’s certainly dead!”
 The morning dawn’d,—and the next,—and the next,
 And all in the mansion were still perplex’d;
 No watch-dog “bay’d a welcome home,” as
 A watch-dog should to the “Good Sir Thomas;”

No knocker fell His approach to tell,
Not so much as a runaway ring at the bell—
The Hall was silent as Hermit's cell.

Yet the sun shone bright upon tower and tree,
And the meads smiled green as green may be,
And the dear little dickey-birds caroll'd with glee,
And the lambs in the park skipp'd merry and free—
Without all was joy and harmony!

"And thus 'twill be,—nor long the day,—
Ere we, like him, shall pass away!
Yon Sun, that now *our* bosoms warms,
Shall shine,—but shine on other forms;—
Yon Grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers
Us now, shall sound on other ears,—
The joyous Lamb, as now, shall play,
But other eyes its sports survey,—
The stream we love shall roll as fair,
The flowery sweets, the trim Parterre
Shall scent, as now, the ambient air,—
The Tree, whose bending branches bear
The One loved name—shall yet be there;—
But where the hand that carved it?—Where?"

These were hinted to me as The very ideas
Which pass'd through the mind of the fair Lady Jane,
Her thoughts having taken a sombre-ish train,
As she walk'd on the esplanade, to and again,

With Captain MacBride, Of course, at her side,
Who could not look quite so forlorn,—though he tried,
—An "idea," in fact, had got into *his* head,
That if "poor dear Sir Thomas" should really be dead,
It might be no bad "spec" to be there in his stead,
And, by simply contriving in due time, to wed

A Lady who was young and fair,

A Lady slim and tall,

To set himself down in comfort there,

The Lord of Tapton Hall.—

Thinks he, "We have sent Half over Kent,
And nobody knows how much money's been spent,
Yet no one's been found to say which way he went!—

The groom, who's been over To Folkestone and Dover,
Can't get any tidings at all of the rover!

—Here's a fortnight and more has gone by, and we've tried
Every plan we could hit on—the whole country-side,
Upon all its dead walls, with placards we've supplied,—
And we've sent round the Crier, and had him well cried—

'MISSING!! Stolen, or strayed, Lost or mislaid,
A GENTLEMAN;—middle-aged, sober, and staid;—
Stoops slightly;—and when he left home was array'd
In a sad-colour'd suit, somewhat dingy and fray'd;—
Had spectacles on with a tortoiseshell rim,
And a hat rather low-crown'd and broad in the brim.

Whoe'er Shall bear, Or shall send him with care
(Right side uppermost) home; or shall give notice where
The said middle-aged GENTLEMAN is; or shall state
Any fact that may tend to throw light on his fate,
To the man at the turnpike, call'd TAPPINGTON GATE,
Shall receive a REWARD of FIVE POUNDS for his trouble,—
(N.B.—If defunct the REWARD will be double!!)

Had he been above ground,
He *must* have been found,

No; doubtless he's shot,—or he's hanged,—or he's drown'd!

Then his Widow—ay! ay!—

But what will folks say!—

To address her at once—at so early a day!

Well—what then?—who cares!—let 'em say what they may—

A fig for their nonsense and chatter!—suffice it, her

Charms will excuse one for casting sheep's eyes at her!"

When a man has decided

As Captain MacBride did,

And once fully made up his mind on the matter, he
Can't be too prompt in unmasking his battery.

He began on the instant, and vow'd that "her eyes
Far exceeded in brilliance the stars in the skies,—

That her lips were like roses—her cheeks were like lilies—

Her breath had the odour of daffy-down-dillies!"—

With a thousand more compliments equally true,

And express'd in similitudes equally new!

—Then his left arm he placed

Round her jimp, taper waist—

—Ere she fix'd to repulse, or return, his embrace,
 Up came running a man, at a deuce of a pace,
 With that very peculiar expression of face
 Which always betokens dismay or disaster,
 Crying out—'twas the Gardener,—“ Oh, Ma'am! we've found
 Master! ”

—“ Where! where? ” scream'd the lady ; and Echo scream'd
 “ Where? ”

The man couldn't say “ There! ”

He had no breath to spare,

But, gasping for air, he could only respond
 By pointing—he pointed, alas!—TO THE POND.

—’Twas e'en so—poor dear Knight!—with his “ specs.” and his
 hat,

He'd gone poking his nose into this and to that ;

When, close to the side of the bank he espied

An “ uncommon fine ” Tadpole, remarkably fat!

He stoop'd ; and he thought her

His own ; he had caught her!

Got hold of her tail,—and to land almost brought her,

When—he plump'd head and heels into fifteen feet water!

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,

The Lady Jane was fair,

Alas for Sir Thomas!—she grieved for him,

As she saw two serving men, sturdy of limb,

His body between them bear,

She sobb'd, and she sigh'd ; she lamented, and cried,

For of sorrow brimful was her cup ;

She swoon'd, and I think she'd have fall'n down and died,

If Captain MacBride Had not been by her side,

With the Gardener ; they both their assistance supplied,

And managed to hold her up.—

But when she “ comes to,” Oh! 'tis shocking to view
 The sight which the corpse reveals!

Sir Thomas's body, It looks so odd—he

Was half eaten up by the eels!

His waistcoat and hose, and the rest of his clothes

Were all gnaw'd through and through ;

And out of each shoe An eel they drew ;

And from each of his pockets they pull'd out two !
 And the Gardener himself had secreted a few,
 As well we may suppose ;
 For, when he came running to give the alarm,
 He had six in the basket that hung on his arm
 Good Father John Was summon'd anon ;
 Holy water was sprinkled, And little bells tinkled,
 And tapers were lighted, And incense ignited,
 And masses were sung, and masses were said,
 All day, for the quiet repose of the dead.
 And all night no one thought about going to bed.

But Lady Jane was tall and slim
 And Lady Jane was fair,—
 And, ere morning came, that winsome dame
 Had made up her mind—or, what's much the same,
 Had *thought about*—once more “changing her name,”
 And she said, with a pensive air,
 To Thompson, the valet, while taking away,
 When supper was over, the cloth and the tray,—
 “Eels a many I've ate ;—but any
 So good ne'er tasted before !—
 They're a fish, too, of which I'm remarkably fond,—
 Go—pop Sir Thomas again in the Pond—
 Poor dear !—HE'LL CATCH US SOME MORE ! !”

MORAL.

All middle-aged Gentleman let me advise,
 If you're married, and have not got very good eyes,
 Don't go poking about after blue-bottle flies !—
 If you've spectacles, don't have a tortoiseshell rim,—
 And don't go near the water,—unless you can swim !

Married Ladies, especially such as are fair,
 Tall, and slim, I would next recommend to beware
 How, on losing *one* spouse, they give way to despair ;
 But let them reflect, “There are fish, and no doubt on't—
 As good *in* the river as ever came *out* on't !”

Should they light on a spouse that is given to roaming
 In solitude—*raison de plus*, in the “gloaming,”—
 Let them have a fix'd time for said spouse to come home in !

And if, when "last dinner-bell" 's rung, he is late,
To insure better manners in future—Don't wait!—

If of husband or children they chance to be fond,
Have a stout iron-wire fence put all round the pond!

One more piece of advice, and I close my appeals—

That is—if you chance to be partial to eels,

Then—*Crede experto*—trust one who has tried—

Have them spitch-cock'd—or stew'd—they're too oily when
fried!

The House-Warming!!

A LEGEND OF BLEEDING-HEART YARD.

Did you ever see the Devil dance?—OLD QUEBY.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON he danced with grace,

He'd a very fine form and a very fine face,

And his cloak and his doublet were guarded with lace,

And the rest of his clothes, As you well may suppose,
In taste were by no means inferior to those;

He'd a yellow-starch'd ruff,

And his gloves were of buff,

On each of his shoes a red heel and a rose.

And nice little moustaches under his nose;

Then every one knows How he turn'd out his toes,

And a very great way that accomplishment goes,

In a Court where it's thought, in a lord, or a duke, a

Disgrace to fall short in "the Brawls"—(their Cachouca).

So what with his form and what with his face,

And what with his velvet cloak guarded with lace,

And what with his elegant dancing and grace,

His dress and address So tickled Queen Bess

That her Majesty gave him a very snug place;

And seeing, moreover, at one single peep, her

Advisers were, few of them, sharper or deeper

(Old Burleigh excepted), she made him Lord Keeper!

I've heard, I confess, with no little surprise,
English history called a farrago of lies ;

And a certain Divine, A connection of mine,
Who ought to know better, as some folks opine,
Is apt to declare, Leaning back in his chair,
With a sort of smirking, self-satisfied air,
That "all that's recorded in Hume and elsewhere,

Of our early '*Annales*' A trumpery tale is,
Like the '*Bold Captain Smith's*,' and the '*Luckless Miss*
Bayley's'—

That old Roger Hovedon, and Ralph de Diceto,
And others (whose name should I try to repeat o-
ver, well I'm assured you would put in your veto),

Though all holy friars Were very great liars,
And raised stories faster than Grissell and Peto—
That Harold escaped with the loss of a '*glim*'—

That the shaft which kill'd Rufus ne'er glanced from a limb
Of a tree, as they say, but was aimed slap at *him*,—

That fair Rosamond never was poison'd or spitted,
But outlived Queen Nell, who was much to be pitied ;

That Nelly her namesake, Ned Longshank's wife,
Ne'er went crusading at all in her life,

Nor suck'd the wound made by the poison-tipp'd knife !

For as she O'er the sea,

Towards fair Galilee,

Never, even in fancy, march'd carcass or shook shanks,
Of course she could no more suck Longshanks than Cruik-
shanks,

But leaving her spindle-legg'd liege-lord to roam,
Stay'd behind, and suck'd something much better at home,

That it's quite as absurd

To say Edward the Third,

In reviving the Garter, afforded a handle

For any Court-gossip, detraction, or scandal,

As 'twould be to say, That at Court t'other day,

At the fête which the newspapers say was so gay,

His Great Representative then stole away

Lady Salisbury's garters as part of the play.—

—That as to Prince Hal's being taken to jail,

By the London Police, without mainprize or bail,

For cuffing a judge, It's a regular fudge ;

And that Chief-Justice Gascoigne, it's very well known,
Was kick'd out the moment he came to the throne.—

—Then that Richard the Third was a 'marvellous proper
man'—

Never kill'd, injured, or wrong'd of a copper, man!—

Ne'er wish'd to smother The sons of his brother,—

Nor ever struck Harry the Sixth, who, instead

Of being squabash'd, as in Shakespeare we've read,

Caught a bad influenza, and died in his bed,

In the Tower, not far from the room where the Guard is
(The octagon one that adjoins Duffus Hardy's).

—That, in short, all the 'facts' in the *Decem Scriptores*,
Are nothing at all but sheer humbugging stories."

Then if as he vows, both this country and France in,
Historians thus gave themselves up to romancing,
Notwithstanding what most of them join in advancing
Respecting Sir Christopher's capering and prancing,

'Twill cause no surprise If we find that his rise
Is *not* to be solely ascribed to his dancing!

The fact is, Sir Christopher, early in life,
As all bachelors should do, had taken a wife,

A Fanshawe by family,—one of a house
Well descended, but boasting less "nobles" than *nous*;

Though e'en as to purse He might have done worse,
For I find, on perusing her Grandfather's will, it is
Clear she had "good gifts besides possibilities,"

Owches and rings, And such sort of things,
Orellana shares (then the American Stocks),
Jewell'd stomachers, coifs, ruffs, silk-stockings with clocks,
Point-lace, cambric handkerchiefs, night-caps, and—socks—
(Recondite apparel contain'd in her box),

—Then the height of her breeding
And depth of her reading
Might captivate any gay youth, and, in leading
Him on to "propose," well excuse the proceeding:
Truth to tell, as to "reading," the Lady was thought to do
More than she should, and know more than she ought to do;

Her maid, it was said, Declared that she read
(A custom all staid folks discourage) in bed ;

And that often o' nights, Odd noises and sights
 In her mistress's chamber had given her sad frights,
 After all in the mansion had put out their lights,
 And she verily thought that hobgoblins and sprites
 Were there, kicking up all sorts of devil's delights ;—
 Miss Alice, in short, was supposed to "collogue"—I
 Don't much like the word—with the subtle old rogue, I
 've heard call'd by so many names, one of them's "Bogy"—

Indeed, 'twas conceived, And by most folks believed,
 —A thing at which all of her well-wishers grieved—
 That should she incline to play such a vagary,
 Like sage Lady Branhholm, her comtempo-rary
 (Excuse the false quantity, reader, I pray),
 She could turn a knight into a waggon of hay,
 Or two nice little boys into puppies at play,
Raison de plus, not a doubt could exist of her
 Power to turn "Kit Hatton" into "Sir Christopher ;"
 But what "mighty magic," or strong "conjunction,"
 Whether love-powder, philtre, or other potation,
 She used, I confess, I'm unable to guess,—
 Much less to express By what skill and address
 She "cut and contrived" with such signal success,
 As we Londoners say, to "inwiggle" Queen Bess,
 Inasmuch as I lack heart To study the Black Art ;
 Be that as it may,—it's as clear as the sun,
 That, however she did it, 'twas certainly done !

Now, they're all very well, titles, honour, and rank,
 Still we can't but admit, if we choose to be frank,
 There's no harm in a snug little sum in the Bank !

An old proverb says, "Pudding still before praise !"
 An adage well known I've no doubt in those days,
 And George Colman the Younger, in one of his plays,
 Makes one of his characters loudly declare
 That "a Lord without money,"—I quote from his "Heir-
 At-law"—" 's but a poor wishy-washy affair ;"—
 In her subsequent conduct I think we can see a
 Strong proof the Dame entertain'd some such idea,

For, once in the palace, We find Lady Alice
 Again playing tricks with her Majesty's chalice

In the way that the jocose, in
 Our days, term "hocussing ;"
 The liquor she used, as I've said, she kept close,
 But whatever it was, she now doubled the dose !
 (So true is the saying "We never can stay, in
 Our progress, when once with the foul fiend we league us.")
 —She "doctor'd" the punch, and she "doctor'd" the negus,
 Taking care not to put in sufficient to flavour it,
 Till, at every fresh sip, That moisten'd her lip,
 The Virgin Queen grew more attach'd to her Favourite.
 "No end" now he commands Of money and lands,
 And, as George Robins says, when he's writing about houses,
 "Messuages, tenements, crofts, tofts, and outhouses,"
 Parks, manors, chases, She "gives and she grants,
 To him and his heirs, and his uncles and aunts ;"
 Whatever he wants, he has only to ask it,
 And all other suitors are "left in the basket,"
 Till Dudley and Rawleigh Began to look squally,
 While even grave Cecil, the famous Lord Burleigh,
 Himself, "shook his head," and grew snappish and surly.
 All this was fine sport, As our authors report,
 To dame Alice, become a great Lady at Court,
 Where none than her Ladyship's husband look'd bigger,
 Who "led the brawls" still with the same grace and vigour,
 Though losing a little in slimness and figure ;
 For eating and drinking all day of the best
 Of viands well drest, With "Burgess's Zest,"
 Is apt, by degress, to enlarge a man's vest ;
 And, what in Sir Christopher went to increase it, he
 'd always been rather inclined to obesity ;
 —Few men in those times were found to grow thinner
 With beef-steaks for breakfast and pork-pie for dinner.

Now it's really a difficult problem to say
 How long matters might have gone on in this way,
 If it had not unluckily happen'd one day
 That Nick,—who, because He'd the gout in his claws
 And his hoofs—(he's by no means so young as he was,
 And is subject of late to a sort of rheumatic a-
 -ttack that partakes both of gout and sciatica),—

All the night long had twisted and grinned,
 His pains much increased by an easterly wind,
 Which always compels him to hobble and limp,
 Was strongly advised by his medical Imp
 To lie by a little, and give over work,
 For he'd lately been slaving away like a Turk,
 On the Guinea-coast, helping to open a brave trade,
 In niggers, with Hawkins who founded the slave-trade,
 So he call'd for his ledger, the constant resource
 Of your mercantile folk, when they're "not in full force ;"
 —If a cold or catarrh makes them husky and hoarse,
 Or a touch of gout keeps them away from "the BOURSE,"
 They look over their books as a matter of course.
 Now scarce had Nick turn'd over one page or two,
 Ere a prominent *item* attracted his view,
 A Bill! that had now been some days overdue,
 From one Alice Hatton, *née* Fanshawe—a name
 Which you'll recognise, reader, at once as the same
 With that borne by Sir Christopher's erudite dame!
 The signature—much more *pronounced* than pink,
 Seem'd written in blood—but it might be red ink—

While the rest of the deed He proceeded to read,
 Like ev'ry "bill, bond, or acquittance" whose date is
 Three hundred years old, ran in Latin.—"*Sciatis*
 (*Diaboli ?*) *omnes ad quos hæc pervenient*—"

—But courage, dear Reader, I mean to be lenient,
 And scorn to inflict on you half the "Law-reading,"
 I pick'd up "umquhile" in three-days' special pleading,
 Which cost me—a theme I'll not pause to digress on—
 Just thirty-three pounds six-and eightpence a lesson—
 "As I'm stout, I'll be merciful," therefore, and sparing
 All these technicalities, end by declaring

The deed so correct, As to make one suspect
 (Were it possible any such person could go there)
 Old Nick had a Special Attorney below there :
 'Twas so fram'd and express'd no tribunal could shake it,
 And firm as red wax and *black* ferret could make it.

By the roll of his eye As Old Nick put it by,
 It was clear he had made up his mind what to do

In respect to the course he should have to pursue,
When his hoof would allow him to put on a shoe!!

Now, although the Lord Keeper held under the crown, house
And land in the country—he'd never a Town-house,

And, as we have seen, His course always had been,
When he wanted a thing, to solicit the Queen,
So now, in the hope of a fresh acquisition,
He danced off to Court with his "Humble Petition."

"Please your Majesty's Grace, I have not a place
I can well put my head in, to dine, sup, or sleep!
Your Grace's Lord Keeper has nowhere to *keep*,
So I beg and entreat, At your Majesty's feet,
That your Grace will be graciously pleased for to say,
With as little delay As your Majesty may,
Where your Majesty's Grace's Lord Keeper's to stay—
—And your Grace's Petitioner ever will pray!"

The Queen, when she heard This petition preferr'd,
Gave ear to Sir Christopher's suit at a word ;—
"Odds Bobs, my good Lord!" was her gracious reply,
"I don't know, not I, Any good reason why
A Lord Keeper, like you, should not always be nigh
To advise—and devise—and revise—our supply—
A House! we're surprised that the thing did not strike
Us before—Yes!—of course!—Pray, whose house would you
like?"

When I *do* things of this kind, I do them genteelly.
A House?—let me see! there's the Bishop of Ely!
A capital mansion, I'm told, the proud knave is in,
Up there in Holborn, just opposite Thavies Inn—
Where the strawberries grow so fine and so big,
Which our Grandmother's Uncle tuck'd in like a pig,
King Richard the Third, which you all must have read of—
The day,—don't you know?—he cut Hastings' head off—
And mark me, proud Prelate!—I'm speaking to you,
Bishop Heaton!—you need not, my Lord, look so blue—
Give it up on the instant! I don't mean to shock you,
Or else by——!—(The Bishop *was* shock'd!)—I'll unfrock
you!!"

The Queen turns abruptly her back on the group,
 The courtiers all bow as she passes, and stoop
 To kiss, as she goes, the hind flounce of her hoop,
 And Sir Christopher, having thus danced to some tune,
 Skips away with much glee in his best rigadon !

While poor Bishop Heaton, Who found himself beaten,
 In serious alarm at the Queen's contumelious
 And menacing tone, at once gave him up Ely House,
 With every appurtenance thereto belonging,
 Including the strawberry-beds 'twas so strong in ;
 Politely he bow'd to the gratified minion,
 And said, "There can be, my good lord, in opinion,
 No difference betwixt yours And mine as to fixtures,
 And tables, and chairs— We need no survey'rs—
 Take them just as you find them, without reservation
 Grates, coppers, and all, at your own valuation !"

Well ! the object is gain'd ! A good town-house obtain'd
 The next thing to be thought of, is now

The "house-warming" party—the *when* and the *how*,—

The Court ladies call, One and all, great and small,
 For an elegant "Spread," and more elegant Ball,
 So, Sir Christopher, vain as we know of his capering,
 No sooner had finish'd his painting and papering

Than he sat down and wrote A nice little pink note
 To every great Lord whom he knew, and his spouse,
 "From our poor place on Holborn-hill (late Ely House) :
 Lord Keeper and Dame Alice Hatton request,
 Lord So-and-so's (name, style, or title exprest)

Good company on The next eve of St. John,"
 Viz : Friday week, June 24th, as their guest,

To partake of pot-luck, And taste a fat buck.

N.B. Venison on table exactly at 3,

Quadrilles in the afternoon.

R. S. V. P.

For my good Lord of So-and-so these, and his wife ;
 Ride ! ride ! for thy life ! for thy life ! for thy life !
 Thus, courtiers were wont to indorse their expresses
 In Harry the VIIIth's time, and also Queen Bess's.

The Dame, for her part, too, took order that cards
Should be sent to the mess-rooms of all the Hussars,
The Household troops, Train-bands, and horse and foot
Guards.

Well, the day for the rout At length came about,
And the bells of St. Andrew's rang merrily out,
As horse-litter, coach, and pad-nag, with its pillion,
(The mode of conveyance then used by "the Million,")

All gallant and grand Defiled from the Strand.
Some through Chancery (then an unpaved and much wetter)
Lane,

Others through Shoe (which was not a whit better) Lane ;
Others through Fewtar's (corrupted to Fetter) Lane ;
Some from Cheapside and St. Mary-le-Bow,
From Bishopsgate Street, Dowgate Hill, and Budge Row.

They come and they go,
Squire and Dame, Belle and Beau,
Down Snore Hill (which we have since whitewash'd to Snow)
All eager to see the magnificent show,
And sport what some call "a fantastical toe ;"

In silk and in satin, To batten and fatten
Upon the good cheer of Sir Christopher Hatton.

A flourish, trumpets !—sound again !

He comes, bold Drake, the chief who made a
Fine hash of all the pow'rs of Spain,

And so served out their Grand Armada :
With him come Frobisher and Hawkings,
In yellow ruffs, rosettes, and stockings.

Room for my Lord !—proud Leicester's Earl

Retires awhile from courtly cares,
Who took his wife, poor helpless girl !

And pitch'd her neck and heel down-stairs,
Proving, in hopes to wed a richer,
If not her "friend," at least her "pitcher."

A flourish, trumpets !—strike the drums !

Will Shakspeare, never of his pen sick,
Is here—next Doctor Masters comes,
Renown'd afar for curing men sick,—

Queen's Serjeant Barham with his bums
 And tipstaves, coif, and wig forensic
 (He lost, unless Sir Richard lies, his
 Life at the famous "Black Assizes").

Room! Room! for great Cecil!—place, place, for his Dame!—
 Room! Room! for Southampton—for Sydney, whose name
 As a *Preux Chevalier*, in the records of Fame,
 "Beats Banagher"—e'en now his praises, we all sing 'em,
 Knight, Poet, Gentleman!—Room! for Sage Walsingham!

Room! for Lord Hunsdon!—for Sussex!—for Rawleigh!—
 For INGOLDSBY!! Oh! it's enough to appal ye!

Dear me! how they call!

How they squall! how they bawl!

This dame has lost her shoe—that one her shawl—
 My lord's got a tumble—my lady a fall!

Now a Hall! a Hall! A Brawl! a Brawl!

Here's my Lord Keeper Hatton, so stately and tall!
 Has led out Lady Hunsdon to open the Ball.

Fiddlers! Fiddlers! fiddle away!

Resin your catgut! fiddle and play!

A roundelay! Fiddle away!

Obeys! obeys!—hear what they all say!

Hip!—Music Nosey!—play up there!!—play!

Never was anything half so gay

As Sir Christopher Hatton's grand holiday!

The clock strikes twelve!—Who cares for the clock?

Who cares for—Hark!—What a loud Single-knock!

Dear me! dear me! Who can it be?—

Why, who can be coming at this time of night,

With a knock *like that* honest folk to affright!—

"Affright?"—yes, *affright*!—there are many who mock

At fear, and in danger stand firm as a rock,

Whom the roar of the battle-field never could shock,

Yet quail at the sound of a vile "Single knock!"

Hark!—what can the Porter be thinking of?—What!—

If the booby has not let him in I'll be shot!—

Dear me! how hot The room's all at once got!—

And what rings through the roof?—

It's the sound of a *hoof*!

It's some donkey a-coming up-stairs at full trot!
 Stay!—the folding-doors open! the leaves are thrown back,
 And in dances a tall *Figurant*—ALL IN BLACK!!
 Gracious me what an *entrechat*! Oh, what a bound!
 Then with what an *a-plomb* he comes down to the ground!
 Look there! look there! Now he's up in the air!
 Now he's here! now he's there!—now he's no one knows
 where!—

See! see!—he's kick'd over a table and chair!
 There they go!—all the strawberries, flowers, and sweet herbs,
 Turn'd o'er and o'er Down on the floor,
 Ev'ry caper he cuts oversets or disturbs
 All the "Keen's Seedlings," and "Wilmot's Superbs!"
 There's a *pirouette*!—we're
 All a great deal too near!

A ring!—give him room or he'll "shin" you—stand clear!
 There's a spring again!—oh! 'tis quite frightful!—oh dear!
 His toe's broke the top of the glass chandelier!!

Now he's down again—look at the *congées* and bows
 And *salaams* which he makes to the Dame of the House,
 Lady Alice, the noble Lord Treasurer's spouse!

Come, now we shall view A grand *pas de deux*
 Perform'd in the very first style by these two.

—But no!—she recoils—she could scarce look more pale if
 Instead of a Beau's 'twas the bow of a bailiff!—
 He holds out his hand—she declines it, and draws
 Back her own—see!—he grasps it with horrid black claws,
 Like the short, sharp, strong nails of a Polar Bear's paws!!

Then she "scream'd such a scream!"

Such another, I deem,
 As, long after, Miss Mary Brown scream'd in her dream.
 Well she might! for 'twas shrewdly remark'd by her Page,
 A sharp little boy about twelve years of age,

Who was standing close by When she utter'd her cry,
 That the whole of her arm shrivell'd up, and grew dry,
 While the fingers and thumb of the hand he had got
 In his clutches became on the instant RED HOT!!

Now he whirls and he twirls
 Through the girls in their curls,

And their rouge, and their feathers, and diamonds, and pearls ;
 Now high,—now low,— Now fast, and now slow,
 In terrible circumgyration they go ;
 The flame-colour'd Belle and her coffee-faced Beau !

Up they go once ! and up they go twice !—
 Round the hall!—round the hall!—and now up they go
 thrice !

Now one grand *pirouette*, the performance to crown !
 Now again they go UP!!—and they NEVER COME DOWN!!!

The thunder roars ! And the rain it pours !
 And the lightning comes in through the windows and doors !
 Then more calling, and bawling,
 And squalling, and falling,
 Oh ! what a fearful “stramash” they are all in !
 Out they all sally, The whole *corps de ballet*—
 Some dash down Holborn-hill into the valley,
 Where stagnates Fleet Ditch at the end of Harp Alley,
 Some t’other way with a speed quite amazing,
 Nor pause to take breath till they get beyond Gray’s Inn.
 In every sense of the word, such a *roul* of it,
 Never was made in London, or out of it !

When they came the next day to examine the scene,
 There was scarcely a vestige of all that had been ;
 The beautiful tapestry, blue, red, and green,
 Was all blacken’d and scorch’d, and look’d dirty and mean.
 All the crockery broken, dish, plate, and tureen !
 While those that look’d up could perceive in the roof,
 One very large hole in the shape of a *hoof* !

Of poor Lady Hatton, it’s needless to say,
 No traces have ever been found to this day,
 Or the terrible dancer who whisk’d her away ;
 But out in the court-yard—and just in that part
 Where the pump stands—lay bleeding a LARGE HUMAN Heart,
 And sundry large stains Of blood and of brains,
 Which had not been wash’d off notwithstanding the rains,
 Appear’d on the wood, and the handle and chains,
 As if somebody’s head, with a very hard thump,
 Had been recently knock’d on the top of the pump.

That pump is no more!—that of which you've just read,—
 But they've put a new iron one up in its stead,
 And still, it is said, At that "small hour" so dread,
 When all sober people are cosy in bed,
 There may sometimes be seen on a moonshiny night,
 Standing close by the new pump a Lady in White,
 Who keeps pumping away with, 'twould seem, all her might,
 Though never a drop comes her pains to requite!
 And hence many passengers now are debarr'd
 From proceeding at nightfall through Bleeding-Heart Yard!

MORAL.

Fair ladies, attend! And if you've a "friend
 At Court," don't attempt to bamboozle or trick her!
 —Don't meddle with negus, or any mix'd liquor!—
 Don't dabble in "Magic!" my story has shown
 How wrong 'tis to use any charms but your own!

Young gentlemen, too, may, I think, take a hint
 Of the same kind, from what I've here ventured to print

All Conjuring's bad! they may get in a scrape,
 Before they're aware, and whatever its shape,
 They may find it no easy affair to escape.
 It's not everybody that comes off so well
 From *leger-de-main* tricks as Mr. Brunel.

Don't dance with a Stranger who looks like a Guy,
 And *when* dancing don't cut your capers too high!

Depend on't the fault's in Your method of waltzing,
 If ever you kick out the candles—don't try!

At a ball or a play, Or any *soirée*,
 When a *petit souper* constitutes the "*Après*,"
 If strawb'ries and cream with CHAMPAGNE form a part,
 Take care of your HEAD—and take care of your HEART!

If you want a new house For yourself and your spouse,
 Buy, or build one,—and honestly pay, every brick, for it!
 Don't be so green as to go to Old Nick for it—
 —Go to George Robins—he'll find you "a perch"
 (*Dulce Domum's* his word) without robbing the Church.

The last piece of advice which I'd have you regard
Is, "don't go of a night into Bleeding-Heart Yard,"
It's a dark, little, dirty, black, ill-looking square,
With queer people about, and unless you take care,
You may find when your pocket's clean'd out and left bare,
That the *iron* one is not the *only* "PUMP" there!

The Forlorn One.

AH! why those piteous sounds of woe,
Lone wanderer of the dreary night?
Thy gushing tears in torrents flow,
Thy bosom pants in wild affright!

And thou, within whose iron breast
Those frowns austere too truly tell,
Mild pity, heaven-descended guest,
Hath never, never deign'd to dwell.

"That rude, uncivil touch forego,"
Stern despot of a fleeting hour!
Nor "make the angels weep" to know
The fond "fantastic tricks" of power!

Know'st thou not "mercy is not strain'd,
But droppeth as the gentle dew,"
And while it blesseth him who gain'd,
It blesseth him who gave it, too?

Say, what art thou? and what is he,
Pale victim of despair and pain,
Whose streaming eyes and bended knee
Sue to thee thus—and sue in vain?

Cold callous man!—he scorns to yield,
Or aught relax his felon gripe,
But answers, "I'm Inspector Field!
And this here warment's prigg'd your wipe."

Unsophisticated Wishes.

BY MISS JEMIMA INGOLDSBY, AGED 15.

(Communicated by her Cousin Tom.)

OH! how I should like in a Coach to ride,
Like the Sheriffs I saw upon Lord Mayor's day,
With a Coachman and little Postilion astride
On the back of the leader, a prancing bay.

And then behind it, oh ! I should glory
To see the tall serving men standing upright,
Like the two who attend Mr. Montefiore
(Sir Moses I should say), for now he's a Knight.

And then the liveries, I know it is rude to
Find fault—but I'll hint as he can't see me blush,
That I'd not have the things I can only allude to
Either orange in hue or constructed of plush ;

But their coats and their waistcoats and hats are delightful,
Their charming silk stockings—I vow and declare
Our John's ginger gaiters so wrinkled and frightful,
I never again shall be able to bear.

Oh! how I should like to have diamonds and rubies,
And large plume of feathers and flowers in my hair.
My gracious! to think how our Tom and those boobies,
Jack Smith and his friend Mister Thompson, would stare.

Then how I should like to drive to Guildhall,
And to see the nobility flocking in shoals,
With their two-guinea tickets to dance at the ball
Which the Lord Mayor gives for the relief of the Poles.

And to look at the gas so uncommonly pretty,
And the stars and the armour all just as they were
The day that the Queen came in state to the City
To dine with the whole Corporation and Mayor.

Oh! how I should like to see Jane and Letitia,
Miss Jones and the two Misses Frump sitting still,
While dear Ensign Brown, of the West Kent Militia,
Solicits my hand for the "Supper" Quadrille.

With fine white his teeth and his cheek like a rose,
 And his black cravat and his diamond pin,
 And the nice little moustache under his nose,
 And the dear *little* tuft on the tip of his chin.

And how I should like some fine morning to ride
 In my coach, and my white satin shoes and gown,
 To St. James's Church, with a Beau by my side,
 And I shouldn't much care if his name was Brown.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Hermann; or, the Broken Spear.

AN Emperor, famous in council and camp,
 Has a son who turns out a remarkable scamp;
 Takes to dicing and drinking,
 And d—mning and sinking,
 And carries off maids, wives, and widows, like winking!
 Since the days of Arminius, his namesake, than Hermann
 There never was seen a more profligate German.

He escapes from the city; And joins some banditti
 Insensible quite to remorse, fear, and pity;
 Joins in all their carousals, and revels and robberies,
 And in kicking up all sorts of shindies and bobberies.

Well, hearing one day His associates say
 That a bridal procession was coming their way,
 Inflamed with desire, he Breaks into a priory,
 And kicking out every man Jack of a friar, he
 Upsets in a twinkling the mass-books and hassocks,
 And dresses his rogues in the clergymen's cassocks.

The new-married folks Taken in by this hoax,
 Mister Hermann grows frisky and full of his jokes:

To the serious chagrin of her late happy suitor,
Catching hold of the Bride, he attempts to salute her.

Now Heaven knows what Had become of the lot,
It's Turtle to Tripe they'd have all gone to pot—

If a Dumb Lady, one Of her friends, had not run
To her aid, and, quite scandalized, stopp'd all his fun !

Just conceive what a caper He cut, when her taper
Long fingers scrawl'd this upon whitey-brown paper
(At the instant he seized, and before he had kiss'd her)—
"Ha' done, Mister Hermann ! for shame : it's your sister !"
His hair stands on end,—he desists from his tricks,
And remains in a "pretty particular fix,"

As he knows Sir John Nicholl Still keeps rods in pickle
Offences of this kind severely to tickle.

At so near an escape from his court and its sentence
His eyes fill with tears and his breast with repentance :

So, picking and stealing, And unrighteous dealing
Of all sorts, he cuts, from this laudable feeling :

Of wickedness weary, With many a tear, he
Now takes a French leave of the vile *Condottieri* :
And the next thing we hear of this penitent villain
He is begging in rags in the suburbs of Milan.

Half-starved, meagre, and pale, His energies fail,
When his sister comes in with a pot of mild ale :

But though tatter'd his jerkins,

His heart is whole,—workings

Of conscience debar him from "Barclay and Perkins."

"I'll drink," exclaims he, "Nothing stronger than tea,
And that but the worst and the weakest Bohea,
Till I've done—from my past scenes of folly a far actor—
Some feat shall redeem both my wardrobe and character."

At signs of remorse so decided and visible

Nought can equal the joy of his fair sister Isabel,

And the Dumb Lady too,

Who runs off to a Jew

And buys him a coat of mail spick and span new,
In the hope that his prowess and deeds as a Knight
Will keep his late larcenies quite out of sight.

By the greatest good luck, his old friends the banditti
Choose this moment to make an attack on the city !

Now you all know the way,
Heroes hack, hew, and slay,
When once they get fairly mixed up in a fray :
Hermann joins in the *mêlée*,
Pounds this to a jelly,
Runs that through the back, and a third through the belly,
Till many a broken bone, bruised rib, and flat head,
Makes his *ci-devant* friends curse the hour that he ratted.

Amid so many blows, Of course you'll suppose
He must get a black eye, or, at least, bloody nose :
"Take that !" cried a bandit, and struck, while he spoke it,
His spear in his breast, and, in pulling it out, broke it.

Hermann fainted away, When, as breathless he lay,
A rascal claim'd all the renown of the day ;
A recreant, cowardly, white-liver'd knight,
Who had skulk'd in a furze-bush the whole of the fight.

But the Dumb Lady soon Put some gin in a spoon,
And half strangles poor Hermann, who wakes from his swoon,
And exhibits his wound, when the head of the spear
Fits its handle, and makes his identity clear,
The murder thus out, Hermann's *fêted* and thankèd,
While his rascally rival gets toss'd in a blanket ;

And to finish the play—As reform'd rakes, they say,
Make the best of all husbands—the very same day
Hermann sends for a priest, as he must wed with some—lady,
Buys a ring and a licence, and marries the Dumb Lady.

MORAL

Take warning, young people, of every degree,
From Hermann's example, and don't live too free !
If you get in bad company, fly from it soon !
If you chance to get thrash'd, take some gin in a spoon ;
And remember, since wedlock's not *all* sugar-candy,
If you wish to 'scape "wiggling" a dumb wife's the dandy !

The Poplar.

AY, here stands the poplar so tall and so stately,
On whose tender rind—'twas a little one then—
We carved *her* initials ; though not very lately—
We think in the year eighteen hundred and ten.

Yes, here is the G which proclaim'd Georgiana ;
Our heart's empress then ; see, 'tis grown all askew :
And it's not without grief we perforce entertain a
Conviction, it now looks much more like a Q.

This should be the great D too, that once stood for Dobbin,
Her loved patronymic—ah ! can it be so ?
Its once fair proportions, time, too, has been robbing ;
A D ?—we'll be *Deed* if it isn't an O !

Alas ! how the soul sentimental it vexes,
That thus on our labours stern *Chronos* should frown,
Should change our soft liquids to izzards and Xes,
And turn true-love's alphabet all upside down !

New-made Honour.

(IMITATED FROM MARTIAL)

A FRIEND I met some half-hour since—
“ *Good morrow, Jack !* ” quoth I ;
The new-made Knight, like any Prince
Frown'd, nodded, and pass'd by ;
When up came Jem—“ *Sir John, your Slave !* ”
“ Ah, James ; we dine at eight—
Fail not—(low bows the supple knave)
Don't make my lady wait.”
The King can do no wrong ? As I'm a sinner,
He's spoilt an honest tradesman and my dinner.

The Confession.

THERE's somewhat on my breast, father.

There's somewhat on my breast !

The livelong day I sigh, father,

And at night I cannot rest.

I cannot take my rest, father,

Though I would fain do so ;

A weary weight oppreseth me—

This weary weight of woe !

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,

Nor want of worldly gear ;

My lands are broad, and fair to see,

My friends are kind and dear.

My kin are leal and true, father,

They mourn to see my grief ;

But, oh ! 'tis not a kinsman's hand

Can give my heart relief !

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,

'Tis not that she's unkind ;

Though busy flatterers swarm around,

I know her constant mind.

'Tis not *her* coldness, father,

That chills my labouring breast ;

It's that confounded cucumber

I've ate and can't digest.

Song.

THERE sits a bird on yonder tree,

More fond than Cushtat Dove ;

There sits a bird on yonder tree,

And sings to me of love.

Oh ! stoop thee from thine eyrie down !

And nestle thee near my heart,

For the moments fly, And the hour is nigh,
 When thou and I must part,
 My love !
 When thou and I must part.

In yonder covert lurks a Fawn,
 The pride of the sylvan scene ;
 In yonder covert lurks a Fawn,
 And I am his only queen ;
 Oh ! bound from thy secret lair,
 For the sun is below the west ;
 No mortal eye May our meeting spy,
 For all are closed in rest,
 My love !
 Each eye is closed in rest.

Oh ! sweet is the breath of morn,
 When the sun's first beams appear :
 Oh ! sweet is the shepherd's strain,
 When it dies on the list'ning ear ;
 And sweet the soft voice which speaks
 The Wanderer's welcome home ;
 But sweeter far By yon pale mild star,
 With our true Love thus to roam,
 My dear !
 With our own true Love to roam !

As I Laye A-thynkyng.

THE LAST LINES OF THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye !
 There came a noble Knyghte,
 With his hauberke shynynge brighte,
 And his gallant heart was lyghte,
 Free and gaye ;
 As I laye a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree !

There seem'd a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte lay slayne,
And a steed with broken rein

Ran free,

As I laye a-thynkyng, most pitiful to see !

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe ;

A lovely Mayde came bye,
And a gentil youth was nyghe,
And he breathed many a syghe

And a vowe ;

As I laye a-thynkyng, her hearte was gladsome now.

As I laye a thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne ;

No more a youth was there,
But a Maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sad despaire,

"That I was borne !"

As I laye a-thynkyng, she perished forlorne.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar ;

There came a lovely Childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled

On his sire ;

As I laye a-thynkyng, a Cherub mote admire.

But I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier ;

That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the Swan

Doth appear,

As I laye a-thynkyng—oh ! bitter flow'd the tear !

As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking,
O merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her breast.

With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
While soaring to the skies,
'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,
As to her nest.

As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest :—

“Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,”—

'Twas so she seem'd to saye,

“HERE IS REST !”

T. I.

THE END.

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